



So I told Jeane Dixon, I says, "Jeane....."



THE REAL MOTHER SHIPTON.



Ya wanta get in the god game, Mac;  
it starts right here.

# Classic Ghosts and Vampires

BY  
KURT SAXON

SADUCISMUS  
TRIUMPHATUS  
OR  
FULL AND PLAIN  
EVIDENCE  
CONCERNING  
WITCHES AND  
APPARITIONS  
1686

THE DIVINING ROD  
VAMPIRISM  
GHOSTS  
TRANCES  
SOMNAMBULISM  
CATALEPSY  
RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS  
MESMERISM  
1849

THE HIDDEN ROOM  
1889

THE HAUNTED HOUSE  
AT WATERTOWN  
1867

KEEPING SCORE ON  
OUR MODERN  
PROPHETS




Now this here gob of leaves means Ethel Kennedy  
will run off with a buppy.



Whattaya want Dearie, TWA?





# Classic Ghosts and Vampires

BY

KURT SAXON

From the Past to  
the Future

◆  
Affectionately Dedicated to  
STANTON ZAHAROFF LA VEY

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# Classic Ghosts and Vampires

Compiled by Kurt Saxon

This is an entertaining and instructive compilation of the most famous ghost and witch stories ever written. Its main feature is *SADUCISMUS TRIUMPHATUS—OR FULL AND PLAIN EVIDENCE CONCERNING WITCHES AND APPARITIONS*, by Joseph Glanville and Henry More, reprinted from an original volume printed in 1686. The stories are fun to read and are also chilling, as they were written by those who believed them to be true. They are reproduced in the Elizabethan English just as originally printed. A great study for scholars of that period as well as a work to be read by candlelight and to scare hell out of the kids.



Joseph Glanville (1636-1680).

The father of modern psychical research.

**Glanville, Joseph.** The "ablest advocate" of superstition and author of the very popular *Saducismus Triumphatus, or full and plain evidence concerning witches and apparitions*. "It was thought to have put the belief in apparitions and witchcraft on an unshakable basis of science and philosophy," wrote Kittredge. "No other English work on the subject had a more powerful influence."

Joseph Glanville (1636-80) took his M.A. at Oxford in 1658—he regretted not having gone to Cambridge—and ultimately became chaplain to King Charles II. His interest in the occult was fostered by his

belief that science could explain the supernatural, and was reinforced by his personal experience of the drummer fiend of Tedworth.

The *Saducismus Triumphatus* refuted such disbelievers as John Wagstaffe and John Webster. Said Glanville: "Atheism is begun in Sadducism. And those that dare not bluntly say there is no God, content themselves (for a fair step and introduction) to deny there are spirits or witches." Glanville's book achieved its success, not by its reasoning, but by its collection of twenty-six witch "relations." This "small collection of the most credible and best attested stories" was written "to confirm and prove the main subject," that is, the actuality of witchcraft. However, Glanville received only one story *firsthand*, and that from an epileptic. Some of these stories were discussed at the informal séances which met at Ragley Castle, the home of Lady Anne Conway, and were attended by her physician, Dr. Francis van Helmont, Dr. Henry More, Lady Roydon, and the scientist Robert Boyle. To this circle came notorious mediums who demonstrated their prowess.

Unfortunately, Glanville's standards of credibility were hardly scientific, as his acceptance of the evidence at witch trials showed. For example, Florence Newton, accused of witchcraft, felt severe pain when a tile from her prison was heated and the urine of a bewitched woman poured over it. Or again, the owner cut off and burned the ears of some bewitched cattle, forcing Juliana Cox, a seventy-year-old witch, to rush in agony to snatch them from the flames. Other equally unreasonable facts were acceptable to this Fellow of the Royal Society: "The more absurd and unaccountable these actions seem, the greater confirmations are they to me of the truth of those relations and the reality of what the objectors would destroy." Such legends were no way to answer the logical arguments of Webster or Wagstaffe, and it is no wonder



that, as Glanvill ruefully admitted—

of all relations of fact there are none like to give a man such trouble and disreputation as those that relate to witchcrafts and apparitions, which so great a party of men (in this age especially) do so rally and laugh at and, without much ado, are resolved to explode and despise as mere winter tales and old wives' fables.

It is easy to laugh at Glanvill's gullibility; yet theoretically he tried to be skeptical and objective, and to sift the evidence for the supernatural in the anecdotes told him. In this respect, he may be regarded as the father of modern psychical research.

**More, Henry.** Henry More (1614-87) spent his life within the confines of Christ's College, Cambridge, emerging only for Lady Ragley's séances [see Glanvill] and local witch trials. A retiring scholar, More refused two bishoprics. He was the leader of the Cambridge Platonists, philosophers opposed to medieval scholasticism, unbending Calvinism, as well as ritualistic Episcopalianism. Like Plato and Plotinus, he turned to mysticism, stressing the "world" soul, the "actual knowledge of eternal truths" always in the mind, and the substantiality and immortality of the soul.

Influenced by the new scientific thinking of the seventeenth century (which tended to materialism), More tried to prove the existence of God by visible indications, the clearest of which were witches and demons. "No spirit, no God," he declared. In *An Antidote Against Atheism* (1653), More accepted the reality of witches because of testimony for their existence by disinterested witnesses, agreement of eyewitnesses, and the sensory effects which witchcraft produced. Even this position was in advance of that of his contemporary, Meric Casaubon, D.D., who believed in witches because everybody believed in witches. (*Of Credulity and Incredulity*, 1668)

Such opinions were harmless in the study. Yet More provided the philosophic justification for the excesses of the most extreme witch hunters. No English writer

accepted so completely and unreservedly the whole paraphernalia of witchcraft constructed by such men as Remy and Bodin. Even Meric Casaubon admitted these authorities were more credulous than he. More believed literally in transvection, metamorphosis, sabbats, familiars, and sexual intercourse with devils.

More's advocacy of witchcraft in the seventeenth century was as fantastic as belief in "bug-eyed monsters" by any twentieth-century atomic scientist. As one of England's most learned and most respected professors, More countenanced ignorance and superstition, instead of using his intellectual leadership to turn the less gifted and fortunate away from witchcraft. He personally interrogated a girl accused of witchcraft at Cambridge. She made a fantastic confession of a devil's assembly. Wrote More:

As for my own part, I should have looked upon this whole narration as a mere idle fancy or sick man's dream, had it not been that my belief was so much enlarged by that palpable satisfaction I received from what we heard from four or five witches which we lately examined before. And yet what I heard was but such matters as are ordinarily acknowledged by such witches as will confess.

Instead of applying scientific methods to break down superstition, More used these methods to reinforce witch beliefs. He explained the devil's coldness as due to coagulated air. He rationalized lycanthropy as follows:

For I conceive the devil gets into their body, and by his subtle substance, more operative and searching than any fire or putrefying liquor, melts the yielding compages [structures] of the body to such a consistency, and so much of it as is fit for his purpose, and makes it pliable to his imagination; and then it is easy for him to work it into what shape he pleaseth, as it is to work the air into such forms and figures as he ordinarily doth.

Most writers on More praise him as "one of the finer spirits of English philosophy," but pass very lightly over his views on



witchcraft. Yet his whole philosophy rested fundamentally on a belief in demons, witches, and wonders.

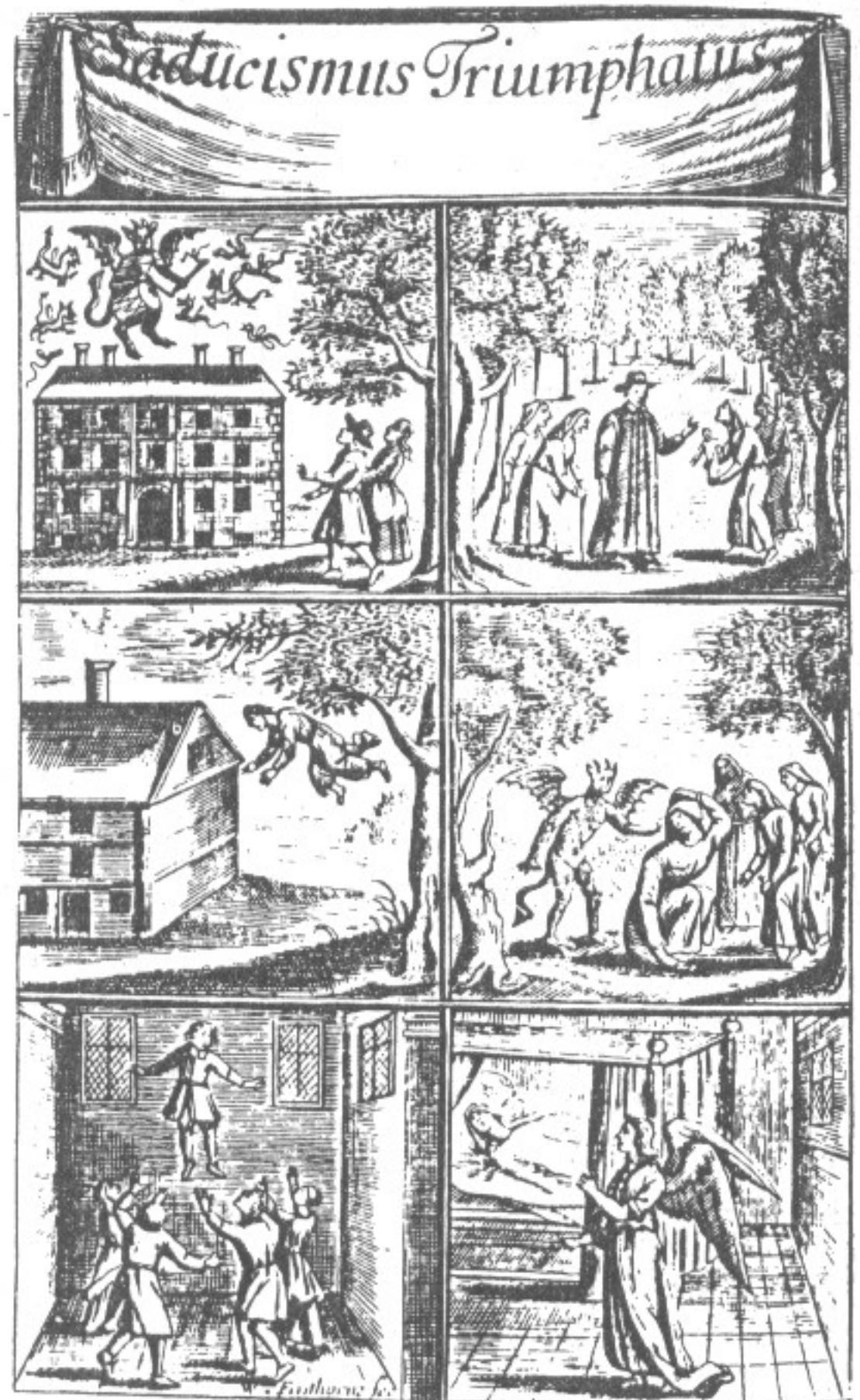
#### QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED OF A WITCH

1. How long have you been a witch?
2. Why did you become a witch?
3. How did you become a witch, and what happened on that occasion?
4. Who is the one you chose to be your incubus [*compagnon*]? What was his name?
5. What was the name of your master among the evil demons?
6. What was the oath you were forced to render him?
7. How did you make this oath, and what were its conditions?
8. What finger were you forced to raise? Where did you consummate your union with your incubus?
9. What demons and what other humans participated [at the sabbat]?
10. What food did you eat there?
11. How was the sabbat banquet arranged?
12. Were you seated at the banquet?
13. What music was played there, and what dances did you dance?
14. What did your incubus give you for your intercourse?
15. What devil's mark did your incubus make on your body?
16. What injury have you done to such and such a person, and how did you do it?
17. Why did you inflict this injury?
18. How can you relieve this injury?
19. What herbs or what other methods can you use to cure these injuries?
20. Who are the children on whom you have cast a spell? And why have you done it?
21. What animals have you bewitched to sickness or death, and why did you commit such acts?
22. Who are your accomplices in evil?
23. Why does the devil give you blows in the night?
24. What is the ointment with which you rub your broomstick made of?
25. How are you able to fly through the air? What magic words do you utter then?
26. What tempests have you raised, and who helped you to produce them?

27. What [plagues of] vermin and caterpillars have you created?
28. What do you make these pernicious creatures out of and how do you do it?
29. Has the devil assigned a limit to the duration of your evil-doing?

When it is remembered that the accused had to answer these questions, that refusal to answer was taciturnity which necessitated still harsher torture, that the judges or other court officials would prompt the accused's memory, there is no mystery about the uniformity of confessions.

The excerpts on Joseph Glanville and Henry More, plus the list of questions to be asked of a witch are from *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY*, compiled by Rossell Hope Robbins. It was published by Crown Publishers, Inc., New York, Copyright 1959. It is the most comprehensive work on the subject I've seen and can be ordered through any bookstore if unavailable at your local library.



Frontpiece of Glanville's *SADUCISMUS TRIUMPHATUS*, 1686, showing six devilish happenings. "Probably the ablest book ever published in defense of the superstition"—W.E.H. Lecky (1865). The boxes represent the drummer of Tedworth, the Somerset Witch (Julian Cox), levitation of Richard Jones at Shepton Mallet, the rendezvous of witches at Trister Gate (Wincanton), Margaret Jackson, a Scottish witch, devoting herself to the devil, and celestial apparition at Amsterdam.



My edition, the third, was published in 1686 in London. It was 600 pages long and I only included the last half, containing the stories on witchcraft and ghosts. I omitted the first half as it would be exceedingly boring to anyone but a scholar of 17th Century theology. In it, Glanville and More used every scriptural and logical argument of their day to prove the existance of witches. I found that part of the work to be tedious and full of irrelevant nit-picking.

Any scholar who wants to read the omitted section can apply at most any college library as the entire work has been reprinted in a single volume.

As I took the latter half of the book apart for reprinting, I found a tiny insert of paper with the picture of a cat printed on it. It was cleverly inserted in such a way that it could not be discovered unless the book were taken apart. It is reproduced below in actual size and enlarged.



#### Modern Version

About the year of our Lord, 1632, (as near as I can remember, having left my notes and the copy of the letter to Sergeant Hutton, but am sure that I most perfectly remember the substance of the story) near unto Chester in the street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman-man of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman that kept his house, who was by the neighbors suspected to be with child, and was towards the dark of the evening sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals underground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn-Hundred in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the winter-time after, one James Graham or Grime (for so in that country thry call them) being a Miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and as about twelve or one o'clock at night, he came down the stairs from having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down and all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much frightened and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted. To which she said, "I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place where I should be well looked to until I was brought in bed and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.

"And accordingly", said the apparition, "I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who upon a moor (naming a place that Walker knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds and after, threw my body into a coal-pit hard by and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavored to wash; but seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there." And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed (avoided) as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

It was printed on the same paper, with the same ink. This leads me to believe that the printer was a warlock. Cats were then considered to be familiars of witches. In my opinion, it was inserted as a joke or as an act of defiance against those who were against the practice, or religion, of witchcraft.

I have reprinted the stories in their original state, since they are far more interesting in that way than if I had redone the work in modern English. At first glance, the language may seem hard to read. Actually, with a few minutes practice the reading of it becomes simple. A basic rule to follow is that if a letter appears to be an s it is an f. If it seems to be an f it is an s. Also, some words have both f's and regular s's and there seems to be no consistent rule. So just use your own judgement.

I have reproduced, below, a ghost story from the first few pages of the book in the part I did not see fit to reprint. This was the only ghost story in the omitted portions and I wanted it in, not only for its interest, but so I could put beside it the same story in more modern English. If you read the modern version first, then read the same in the old style, you should have no trouble in reading the rest.

#### Old Version

*About the year of our Lord, 1632. (as near as I can remember, having lost my Notes and the Copy of the Letter to Serjeant Hutton, but am sure that I do most perfectly remember the substance of the story) near unto Chester in the Street, there lived one Walker a Yeoman-man of good Estate, and a Widower, who had a young Woman to his Kinswoman that kept his House, who was by the Neighbours suspected to be with Child, and was towards the dark of the Evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a Collier, or one that digged Coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blakeburn-Hundred in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the Winter-time after, one James Graham or Grime (for so in that Country they call them) being a Miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the Mill grinding Corn; and as about twelve or one a clock at night, he came down the Stairs from having been putting Corn in the Hopper, the Mill-doors being shut, there stood a Woman upon the midst of the Floor, with her Hair about her Head hanging down and all bloody, with five large Wounds on her Head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless him, and at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the Spirit of such a Woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with Child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well lookt to until I was brought in Bed and well again, and then I should come again and keep his House.*

*And accordingly, said the Apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a Moor (naming a place that the Miller knew) slew me with a Pick (such as men dig Coals withal) and gave me these five Wounds, and after threw my Body into a Coal-Pit hard by, and hid the Pick under a Bank: and his Shoes and Stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash; but seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there. And the Apparition further told the Miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the Mill within night without company, thinking thereby to escape the seeing again of that frightful Apparition.*



But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him, Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas' Eve before Christmas, when being soon after sunset walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him and frightened him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes (court session) following (I think it was at Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some that reported, that the apparition did appear to the judge, or the foreman of the jury, (who was alive in Chester in the street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed) but of that I know no certainty.

Mr. William Lumley of Lumley, being an ancient gentleman, and at the trial of Walker and Sharp, upon the murder of Anne Walker, saith, that he doth very well remember, that the said Anne was a servant to Walker, and that she was supposed to be with child, but would not disclose by whom. But being removed to her aunt's in the same town, called Dame Carie, told her aunt that he that had got her with child, would take care both for her and it, and bid her not trouble herself. After some time she had been at her aunt's, it was observed that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being a sworn brother of Walker's; and they two called her forth from her aunt's house, which night she was murdered.

About fourteen days after the murder, there appeared to one Graime a fuller, at his mill, six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a woman, with her hair about her head, and the appearance of five wounds in her head, as the said Graime gave in evidence. That the appearance bid him go to a justice of peace, and relate to him how that Walker and Sharp had murdered her, in such a place as she was murdered: But he fearing to disclose a thing of that nature against a person of credit as Walker was, would not have done it; but she continually appearing night by night to him, and pulling the clothes off his bed, told him, he should never rest till he had disclosed it. Upon which the said Graime did go to a justice of peace, and related the whole matter. Whereupon the justice of peace granted warrants against Walker and Sharp, and committed them to prison. But they found bail to appear at the next assizes. At which time they came to their trial, and upon evidence of the circumstances with that of Graime of the appearance, they were both found guilty, and executed.

Will. Lumley

The other testimony is of Mr. James Smart of the City of Durham; who saith, that the trial of Sharp and Walker was in the month of August 1631 before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in evidence upon oath, that he saw the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders during the time of the trial: At which time the judge was very much troubled, and gave sentence that night the trial was; which was a thing never used (experienced) in Durham before or after.

But notwithstanding, one night when it began to be dark, the Apparition met him again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, That if he did not reveal the Murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it until St. Thomas's Eve before Christmas, when being soon after Sun-set walking in his Garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened him and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a Magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the Body was found in a Coal-Pit, with five Wounds in the Head, and the Pick, and Shoes, and Stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the Apparition had related unto the Miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the Assizes following (I think it was at Durham) they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the Fact. There were some that reported, that the Apparition did appear to the Judge, or the Foreman of the Jury, (who was alive in Chester in the Street about ten years ago, as I have been credibly informed) but of that I know no certainty.

Mr. William Lumley of Lumley, being an ancient Gentleman, and at the Tryal of Walker and Sharp, upon the Murder of Anne Walker, saith, That he doth very well remember, that the said Anne was Servant to Walker, and that she was supposed to be with Child, but would not disclose by whom. But being removed to her Aunts in the same Town, called Dame Carie, told her Aunt that he that had got her with Child, would take care both for her and it, and bid her not trouble her self. After some time she had been at her Aunts, it was observed that Sharp came to Lumley one night, being a sworn Brother of the said Walker's; and they two that night called her forth from her Aunts House, which night she was murdered.

About fourteen days after the Murder, there appeared to on Graime a Fuller, at his Mill, six miles from Lumley, the likeness of a Woman, with her Hair about her Head, and the appearance of five Wounds in her Head, as the said Graime gave it in Evidence. That that appearance bid him go to a Justice of Peace, and relate to him how that Walker and Sharp had murdered her, in such a place as she was murdered: But he fearing to disclose a thing of that nature against a person of credit as Walker was, would not have done it; but she continually appearing night by night to him, and pulling the Cloathes off his Bed, told him, He should never rest till he had disclosed it. Upon which the said Graime did go to a Justice of Peace, and related the whole matter. Whereupon the Justice of Peace granted Warrants against Walker and Sharp, and committed them to Prison. But they found Bail to appear at the next Assizes. At which time they came to their Tryal, and upon evidence of the Circumstances with that of Graime of the Appearance, they were both found guilty, and executed.

Will. Lumley.

The other Testimony is of Mr. James Smart of the City of Durham; who saith, That the Tryal of Sharp and Walker was in the Month of August 1631. before Judge Davenport. One Mr. Fairhair gave it in Evidence upon Oath, that he see the likeness of a Child stand upon Walker's Shoulders during the time of the Tryal: At which time the Judge was very much troubled, and gave Sentence that night the Tryal was; which was a thing never used in Durham before nor after.



## CLASSIC GHOSTS AND VAMPIRES

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS, 1849, by Herbert Mayo, M.D. (probably ancestor of the Mayo Brothers), was written by a physician attempting to expose the "superstitions" of his day. The funny thing about it is that Mayo wrote a beautiful set of articles proving the existance of ghosts, vampires, etc. Then he attempts to refute them in so stupid and clumsy a manner that the reader is left convinced that ghosts and vampires are indeed lurking everywhere.

Included also, are two chilling ghost stories reprinted from 19th Century works as well as my own KEEPING SCORE ON OUR MODERN PROPHETS.

This collection is a classic of occult thrillers and any ghost chaser, scholar or anyone who likes to read of things that go boomp in the night can justify sleeping with the lights on.

A great Halloween gift. Fun reading all the way through.



*Saducismus Triumphatus :*  
OR,  
Full and Plain EVIDENCE  
Concerning  
**WITCHES**  
AND  
APPARITIONS.

In Two PARTS.

The First treating of their  
**POSSIBILITY;**  
The Second of their  
**Real Existence.**

By *Joseph Glanvil*, late Chaplain in Ordinary  
to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

**The Third Edition.**

The Advantages whereof above the former, the  
Reader may understand out of Dr *H. More's* Ac-  
count prefixed thereunto.

With two Authentick, \*but wonderful Stories of certain *Swedish*  
*Witches*; done into *English* by *A. HORNECK*, D.D.

London, Printed for *S. L.* and are to be sold by *Anth. Baskerville*, at  
the Bible, the Corner of *Essex-street*, without *Temple-Bar*,  
M DC LXXXIX.

Dim areas, blotches and overprinting  
were due to the state of the art at  
the time of the printing.

The PUBLISHER to the READER.

READER,

**T**HAT thou hast no sooner enjoyed this long  
expected Edition, thou canst not justly blame  
either the Author or my self. Not my self,  
for I could not publish the Book before I had it; nor  
the Author, because many unexpected occasions drove  
off his Mind to other matters, and interrupted him in  
his present design, insomuch that he was snatcht away  
by Death before he had quite finished it. But though  
the learned World may very well lament the loss of so  
able and ingenious a Writer, yet as to this present  
point, if that may mitigate thy sorrow, in all likelihood  
this Book had not seen the light so soon if he had li-  
ved, so many emergent occasions giving him new in-  
terruption, and offering him new temptations to fur-  
ther delay.

Indeed it had been desirable that it might have had  
the polishing of his last hand, as the peruser of his Pa-  
pers signifies in his last Advertisement. But to com-  
pensate this loss, the said Peruser, a Friend as well  
to his Design as to his Person, has digested those

Materials he left, into that order and distinctness, and  
has so tied things together, and supplied them in his  
Advertisements, that, to the judicious Reader, no-  
thing can seem wanting that may serve the ends of his  
intended Treatise. Not to intimate what conside-  
rable things are added, more than it is likely had been,  
if he had finished it himself: For, besides the Ad-  
vertisements of the careful Peruser of his Papers,  
and those two notable late Stories of the *Swedish*  
*Witches*, translated out of German into the English  
Tongue, there is also added a short Treatise of the  
true and genuine Notion of a Spirit, taken out of  
Dr. More's *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, to enter-  
tain those that are more curious searchers into the na-  
ture of these things.

The Number also of the Stories are much increa-  
sed above what was designed by Mr. Glanvil, though  
none admitted, but such as seemed very well attested  
and highly credible to his abovesaid Friend, and such,  
as rightly understood, contain nothing but what is



consonant to right Reason and sound Philosophy, as I have heard him earnestly avouch, though it had been too tedious to have explained all; and it may be more grateful to the Reader to be left to exercise his own wit and ingenie upon the rest. These are the advantages this Edition of Mr. Glanvil's *Dæmon of Tedworth*, and his Considerations about Witchcraft have, above any Edition before, though the last of them was so bought up, that there was not a Copy of them to be had in all London and Cambridge, but the Peruser of his Papers was fain to break his own to serve the Press with; If these intimations may move thy Appetite to the reading so pleasant and useful a Treatise.

And yet I can add one thing more touching the story of the *Dæmon of Tedworth*, which is very considerable. It is not for me indeed to take notice of that meanness of spirit in the Exploders of Apparitions and Witches, which very strangely betrayed it self in the decrying of that well-attested Narrative touching the Stirs in Mr. Mompeyson's House. Where, although they that came to be spectators of the marvelous things there done by some invisible Agents, had all the liberty imaginable (even to the ripping of the Bolsters open) to search and try if they could discover any natural cause or cunning Artifice whereby such strange feats were done; and numbers that had free access from day to day, were abundantly satisfied of the reality of the thing, that the House was haunted and disturbed by *Dæmons* or Spirits; yet some few years after the Stirs had ceased, the truth of this story lying so unease in the minds of the disgusters of such

things, they raised a Report, (when none of them, no not the most diligent and curious could detect any trick or fraud themselves in the matter) that both Mr. Glanvil himself, who published the Narrative, and Mr. Mompeyson, in whose House these wonderful things happened, had confessed the whole matter to be a Cheat and Imposture. And they were so diligent in spreading abroad this gross untruth, that it went current in all the three Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. An egregious discovery of what kind of Spirit this sort of Men are! which, as I said, though it be not for me to take notice of, yet I will not stick to signifie (it being both for mine own Interest, and the Interest of Truth) that those reports raised touching Mr. Glanvil and Mr. Mompeyson, are by the present Edition of this Book demonstrated to be false to all the World. That concerning Mr. Glanvil, by his Preface to the second Part of the Book, That touching Mr. Mompeyson, by two Letters of his own, the one to Mr. Glanvil, the other to Mr. James Collins, which are subjoined to the said Preface: Which thing alone may justly be deemed to add a very great weight to the value, as of that Story, so of this present Edition.

But I will not, Reader, upon pretence of exciting thy Appetite, keep thee from the satisfying it by an overlong Preface. I shall therefore add nothing more, but that I am

Your humble Servant,  
S. L.

## Proof of Apparitions, Spirits, and Witches, from a choice Collection of modern Relations.

### RELATION I.

*Which is the enlarged Narrative of the Dæmon of Tedworth, or of the Disturbances at Mr. Mompeyson's House, caused by Witchcraft, and the villany of the Drummer.*

**M**R. John Mompeyson of Tedworth, in the County of Wilts, being about the middle of March, in the Year 1661. at a Neighbouring Town called Ludgarshal, and hearing a Drum beat there, he inquired of the Bailiff of the Town, at whose House he then was, what it meant. The Bailiff told him, that they had for some days been troubled with an idle Drummer, who demanded Money of the Constable by vertue of a pretended Pass, which he thought was counterfeit. Upon this Mr. Mompeyson sent for the Fellow, and askt him by what Authority he went up and down the Country in that manner with his Drum. The Drummer answered, he had good authority, and produced his Pass, with a Warrant under the Hands of Sir

William Cawl, and Colonel Ayliff of Gretenham. Mr. Mompeyson knowing these Gentlemens Hands, discovered that the Pass and Warrant were counterfeit, and thereupon commanded the Vagrant to put off his Drum, and charged the Constable to carry him before the next Justice of the Peace, to be further examined and punished. The Fellow then confessed the Cheat, and begged earnestly to have his Drum. Mr. Mompeyson told him, that if he understood from Colonel Ayliff, whose Drummer he said he was, that he had been an honest Man, he should have it again, but in the mean time he would secure it. So he left the Drum with the Bailiff, and the Drummer in the Constable's hands, who it seems was prevailed on by the Fellows intreaties to let him go.

About the midst of April following, when Mr. Mompeyson was preparing for a Journey to London, the Bailiff sent the Drum to his House. When he was returned from that Journey, his Wife told him, that they had been much affrighted in the Night by Thieves, and that the House had been like to have been broken up. And he had not been at home above three Nights, when



the same noise was heard that had disturbed his Family in his absence. It was a very great knocking at his Doors, and the outsides of his House. Hereupon he got up, and went about the House with a Brace of Pistols in his hands. He opened the Door where the great knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another Door. He opened that also, and went out round his House, but could discover nothing, only he still heard a strange noise and hollow sound. When he was got back to Bed, the noise was a Thumping and Drumming on the top of his House, which continued a good space, and then by degrees went off into the Air.

After this, the noise of Thumping and Drumming was very frequent, usually five Nights together, and then it would intermit three. It was on the outsides of the House, which is most of it of Board. It constantly came as they were going to sleep, whether early or late. After a Months Disturbance without, it came into the Room where the Drum lay, four or five nights in seven, within half an hour after they were in Bed, continuing almost two. The sign of it just before it came, was, they still heard an hurling in the Air over the House, and at its going off, the beating of a Drum like that at the breaking up of a Guard. It continued in this Room for the space of two Months, which time Mr. *Mompesson* himself lay there to observe it. In the fore part of the night, it used to be very troublesome, but after two hours all would be quiet.

Mrs. *Mompesson* being brought to Bed, there was but little noise the night she was in Travail, nor any for three Weeks after, till she had recovered strength. But after this civil cessation, it returned in a ruder manner than before, and followed and vexed the youngest Children, beating their Bedsteads with that violence, that all present expected when they would fall in pieces. In laying Hands on them, one should feel no blows, but might perceive them to shake exceedingly. For an hour together it would beat, *Round-heads and Cuckolds*, the *Tat-too*, and several other points of War, as well as any Drummer. After this, they should hear a scratching under the Childrens Bed, as if by something that had Iron Talons. It would lift the Children up in their Beds, follow them from one Room to another, and for a while haunted none particularly but them.

There was a Cock-loft in the House which had not been observed to be troubled, thither they removed the Children, putting them to Bed while it was fair day, where they were no sooner laid, but their troubler was with them as before.

On the Fifth of November 1661. it kept a mighty noise, and a servant observing two Boards in the Childrens room seeming to move, he bid it give him one of them. Upon which the Board came (nothing moving it that he saw) within a yard of him. The Man added, Nay let me have it in my Hand; upon which it was shov'd quite home to him. He thrust it back, and it was driven to him again, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. *Mompesson* forbid his Servant such Familiarities. This was in the day-time, and seen by a whole Room full of people. That morning it left a sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the Minister, one Mr. *Cragg*, and divers of the Neighbours came to the House on a visit. The Minister went to Prayers with them, kneeling at the Childrens Bed-side, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During Prayer-time it withdrew into the Cock-loft, but returned as soon as Prayers were done, and then in sight of the Company, the Chairs walkt about the Room of themselves, the Childrens shooes were hurled over their Heads, and

every loose thing moved about the Chamber. At the same time a Bedstaff was thrown at the Minister, which hit him on the Leg, but so favourably, that a Lock of Wooll could not have fallen more softly, and it was observed, that it stopt just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

Mr. *Mompesson* perceiving, that it so much persecuted the little Children, he lodged them out at a Neighbours House, taking his Eldest Daughter, who was about Ten years of age into his own Chamber, where it had not been a Month before. As soon as she was in Bed, the disturbance begun there again, continuing three Weeks Drumming, and making other noises, and it was observed, that it would exactly answer in Drumming any thing that was beaten or called for. After this, the House where the Children were Lodged out, happening to be full of strangers, they were taken home, and no disturbance having been known in the Parlour, they were lodged there, where also their Persecutor found them, but then only pluckt them by the Hair and Night-cloaths, without any other disturbance.

It was noted, that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no Dog about the House would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous and rude, that it hath been heard at a considerable distance in the Fields, and awakened the Neighbours in the Village, none of which live very near this House. The Servants sometimes were lift up with their Beds, and then let gently down again without hurt, at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their Feet.

About the latter end of Dec. 1661. the Drummings were less frequent, and then they heard a noise like the gingling of Money, occasioned, as it was thought, by somewhat Mr. *Mompesson*'s Mother had spoken the day before to a Neighbour, who talkt of Fayries leaving Money, viz. That she should like it well, if it would leave them some to make amends for their trouble. The night after the speaking of which, there was a great chinking of Money over all the House.

After this it desisted from the ruder noises, and employed it self in little Apish and less troublesome Tricks. On *Christmas Eve* a little before day, one of the little Boys arising out of his Bed, was hit on a fore place upon his Heel, with the Latch of the Door, the Pin that it was fastened with, was so small, that it was a difficult matter to pick it out. The night after *Christmas* day, it threw the old Gentlewomans Cloaths about the Room, and hid her Bible in the Ashes. In such silly tricks it was frequent.

After this, it was very troublesome to a Servant of Mr. *Mompesson*'s, who was a stout Fellow, and of sober Conversation. This Man lay within, during the greatest disturbance, and for several nights something would endeavour to pluck his Cloaths off the Bed, so that he was fain to tug hard to keep them on, and sometimes they would be pluckt from him by main force, and his shoes thrown at his head. And now and then he should find himself forcibly held, as it were bound Hand and Foot, but he found that whenever he could make use of his Sword, and struck with it, the Spirit quitted its hold.

A little after these contests, a Son of Sir *Thomas Bennet*, whose Workman the Drummer had sometimes been, came to the House, and told Mr. *Mompesson* some words that he had spoken, which it seems was not well taken. For as soon as they were in Bed, the Drum was beat up very violently and loudly, the Gentleman arose and called his Man to him, who lay with Mr. *Mompesson*'s Servant just now spoken of, whose name was *John*.



As soon as Mr. *Bennet's* Man was gone, *John* heard a rustling noise in his Chamber, and something came to his Bedside, as if it had been one in Silk. The Man presently reacheth after his Sword, which he found held from him, and 'twas with difficulty and much tugging that he got it into his power, which as soon as he had done, the Spectre left him, and it was always observed that it still avoided a Sword.

About the beginning of *January* 1662. they were wont to hear a Singing in the Chimney before it came down. And one night about this time, Lights were seen in the House. One of them came into Mr. *Mompesson's* Chamber which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the Eyes of those that saw it. After the Light something was heard coming up the Stairs, as if it had been one without Shooes. The Light was seen also four or five times in the Childrens Chamber; and the Maids confidently affirm, that the Doors were at least ten times opened and shut in their sight, and when they were opened they heard a noise as if half a dozen had entred together. After which some were heard to walk about the Room, and one rustled as if it had been in silk. The like Mr. *Mompesson* himself once heard.

During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a Gentleman of the Company said, *Satan*, if the Drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more, which it did very distinctly and stopt. Then the Gentleman knockt, to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not. For further trial, he bid it for confirmation, if it were the Drummer, to give five knocks and no more that night, which it did, and left the House quiet all the night after. This was done in the presence of Sir *Thomas Chamberlain* of *Oxfordshire*, and divers others.

On *Saturday* Morning, an hour before day, *Jan. 10.* a Drum was heard beat upon the outsides of Mr. *Mompesson's* Chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the House, where some Gentlemen strangers lay, playing at their door and without, four or five several Tunes, and so went off into the air.

The next night, a Smith in the Village lying with *John* the Man, they heard a noise in the room, as if one had been shoeing of an Horse, and somewhat came, as it were with a pair of Pincers, snipping at the Smiths nose most part of the night.

One morning Mr. *Mompesson* rising early to go a Journey, heard a great noise below, where the Children lay, and running down with a Pistol in his hand, he heard a Voice, crying a *Witch*, a *Witch*, as they had also heard it once before. Upon his entrance all was quiet.

Having one Night played some little tricks at Mr. *Mompesson's* Beds feet, it went into another Bed, where one of his Daughters lay; There it passed from side to side, lifting her up as it passed under. At that time there were three kinds of noises in the Bed. They endeavoured to thrust at it with a Sword, but it still shifted and carefully avoided the thrust, still getting under the Child when they offered at it. The night after it came panting like a Dog out of breath. Upon which one took a Bedstaff to knock, which was caught out of her hand, and thrown away, and company coming up, the room was presently filled with a bloomy noisome smell, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very sharp and severe Winter. It continued in the Bed panting and scratching an hour and half, and then went into the next Chamber, where it knockt a little, and seemed to rattle a Chain; thus it did for two or three nights together.

After this, the old Gentlewomans Bible was found in the Ashes, the Paper side being downwards. Mr. *Mompesson* took it up, and observed, that it lay open at the third Chapter of *St. Mark*, where there is mention of the unclean Spirits falling down before our Saviour, and of his giving power to the Twelve to cast out Devils, and of the Scribes Opinion, that he cast them out through *Beelzebub*. The next night they strewed Ashes over the Chamber, to see what impressions it would leave. In the morning they found in one place the resemblance of a great Claw, in another of a Lesser, some Letters in another, which they could make nothing of, besides many Circles and Scratches in the Ashes.

About this time I went to the House, on purpose to inquire the truth of those passages, of which there was so loud a report. It had ceased from its Drumming and ruder noises before I came thither, but most of the more remarkable circumstances before related, were confirmed to me there, by several of the Neighbours together, who had been present at them. At this time it used to haunt the Children, and that as soon as they were laid. They went to Bed that night I was there, about Eight of the Clock, when a Maid-servant coming down from them, told us it was come. The neighbours that were there, and two Ministers who had seen and heard divers times, went away, but Mr. *Mompesson* and I, and a Gentleman that came with me went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up the Stairs, and when we came into the Room, I perceived it was just behind the Bolster of the Childrens Bed, and seemed to be against the Tick. It was as loud a scratching, as one with long Nails could make upon a Bolster. There were two little modest Girls in the Bed, between Seven and Eleven years old as I guest. I saw their hands out of the Cloaths, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads. They had been used to it, and had still some body or other in the Chamber with them, and therefore seemed not to be much affrighted. I standing at the Beds-head, thrust my hand behind the Bolster, directing it to the place whence the noise seemed to come. Whereupon the noise ceased there, and was heard in another part of the Bed. But when I had taken out my hand it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told that it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the Sheet, as 5, and 7, and 10, which it followed and still stopt at my number. I searcht under and behind the Bed, turned up the Cloaths to the Bed-cords, graspt the Bolster, sounded the Wall behind, and made all the search that possibly I could to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it; the like did my Friend, but we could discover nothing. So that I was then verily perswaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some *Demon* or *Spirit*. After it had scratcht about half an hour or more, it went into the midst of the Bed under the Children, and there seemed to pant like a Dog out of breath very loudly. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the Bed bearing up against it, as if something within had thrust it up. I graspt the Feathers to feel if any living thing were in it. I looked under and every where about, to see if there were any Dog or Cat, or any such Creature in the Room, and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion it caused by this panting was so strong, that it shook the Room and Windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my Friend and I staid in the Room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting, I chanced to see as it had been something (which I thought was a Rat or Mouse) moving in a Linnen Bag, that hung up against another Bed that was



in the Room. I slept and caught it by the upper end with one Hand, with which I held it, and drew it through the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was no body near to shake the Bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a Living Creature had moved in it. This passage I mention not in the former Editions, because it depended upon my single Testimony, and might be subject to more Evasions than the other I related; but having told it to divers Learned and inquisitive Men, who thought it not altogether inconsiderable, I have now added it here. It will I know be said by some, that my Friend and I were under some Affright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the Eternal Evasion. But if it be possible to know how a Man is affected, when in fear, and when unconcerned, I certainly know for mine own part, that during the whole time of my being in the Room, and in the House, I was under no more affrightment than I am, while I write this Relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the Objects that are before me, I know that I heard and saw the particulars I have told. There is, I am sensible, no great matter for story in them, but there is so much as convinceth me, that there was somewhat extraordinary, and what we usually call preternatural in the business. There were other passages at my being at *Tedworth*, which I published not, because they are not such plain and unexceptionable Proofs. I shall now briefly mention them, *valeant quantum valere possunt*. My Friend and I lay in the Chamber, where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early before day in the Morning, I was awakened, (and I awakened my Bedfellow) by a great knocking just without our Chamber door. I askt who was there several times, but the knocking still continued without answer. At last I said, *In the Name of God, who is it, and what would you have?* To which a Voice answered, *Nothing with you*. We thinking it had been some Servant of the House, went to sleep again. But speaking of it to Mr. *Mompesson* when we came down, he assured us, that no one of the House lay that way, or had business thereabout, and that his Servants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day. Which they confirmed, and protested that the noise was not made by them.

Mr. *Mompesson* had told us before, that it would be gone in the middle of the night, and come again divers times early in the Morning about Four a Clock, and this I suppose was about that time.

Another passage was this, my Man coming up to me in the Morning, told me, that one of my Horses (that on which I rode) was all in a sweat, and lookt as if he had been rid all night. My Friend and I went down and found him so. I enquired how he had been used, and was assured that he had been well fed, and ordered as he used to be, and my Servant was one that was wont to be very careful about my Horses. The Horse I had had a good time, and never knew but that he was very sound. But after I had rid him a Mile or two, very gently over a plain Down from Mr. *Mompesson's* House, he fell lame, and having made a hard shift to bring me home, died in two or three days, no one being able to imagine what he ailed. This I confess might be accident, or some unusual distemper, but all things being put together, it seems very probable that it was somewhat else.

But I go on with Mr. *Mompesson's* own particulars. There came one Morning a light into the Childrens Chamber, and a Voice crying, *a Witch, a Witch*, for at least an hundred times together.

Mr. *Mompesson* at another time (being in the day) seeing some Wood move that was in the Chimney of a Room, where he was, as of it self, discharged a Pistol into it, after which they found several drops of Blood on the Hearth, and in divers places of the Stairs.

For two or three nights after the discharge of the Pistol, there was a calm in the House, but then it came again, applying it self to a little Child newly taken from Nurse. Which it so persecuted, that it would not let the poor Infant rest for two nights together, nor suffer a Candle in the Room, but carry them away lighted up the Chimney, or throw them under the Bed. It so scared this Child by leaping upon it, that for some hours it could not be recovered out of the fright. So that they were forced again to remove the Children out of the House. The next night after which, something about Mid-night came up the Stairs, and knockt at Mr. *Mompesson's* door, but he lying still, it went up another pair of Stairs, to his Man's Chamber, to whom it appeared standing at his Beds foot. The exact shape and proportion he could not discover, but he saith he saw a great Body with two red and glaring Eyes, which for some time were fixed steadily upon him, and at length disappeared.

Another night strangers being present, it purr'd in the Childrens Bed like a Cat, at which time also the Cloaths and Children were lift up from the Bed, and six Men could not keep them down: hereupon they removed the Children, intending to have ript up the Bed. But they were no sooner laid in another, but the second Bed was more troubled than the first. It continued thus four hours, and so beat the Childrens Leggs against the Bed-posts, that they were forced to arise, and sit up all night. After this it would empty Chamber-pots into their Beds, and strew them with Ashes, though they were never so carefully watcht. It put a long piked Iron into Mr. *Mompesson's* Bed, and into his Mothers a naked Knife upright. It would fill Porrengers with Ashes, throw every thing about, and keep a noise all day.

About the beginning of *April* 1663. a Gentleman that lay in the House, had all his money turned black in his Pockets; and Mr. *Mompesson* coming one Morning into his Stable, found the Horse he was wont to Ride, on the Ground, having one of his hinder Leggs in his Mouth, and so fastened there, that it was difficult for several Men to get it out with a Leaver. After this, there were some other remarkable things, but my Account goes no further. Only Mr. *Mompesson* writ me word, that afterwards the House was several nights beset with seven or eight in the shape of Men, who, as soon as a Gun was discharged, would shuffle away together into an Arbour.

The Drummer was tryed at the Assizes at *Salisbury* upon this occasion. He was committed first to *Gloucester* Gaol for stealing, and a *Wiltshire* Man coming to see him, he askt what news in *Wiltshire*? The Visitant said, he knew of none. No, saith the Drummer! do not you hear of the Drumming at a Gentlemans House at *Tedworth*? That I do enough, said the other. I, quoth the Drummer, I have plagued him (or to that purpose) and he shall never be quiet, till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my Drum. Upon Information of this, the Fellow was tryed for a Witch at *Sarum*, and all the main circumstances I have related, were sworn at the Assizes by the Minister of the Parish, and divers others of the most intelligent and substantial Inhabitants, who had been Eye and Ear-witnesses of them, time after time for divers years together.

The fellow was condemned to Transportation, and



accordingly sent away; but I know not how ('tis said by raising storms, and affrighting the Seamen) he made a shift to come back again. And 'tis observable, that during all the time of his restraint and absence the House was quiet, but as soon as ever he came back at liberty, the disturbance returned.

He had been a Souldier under *Cromwel*, and used to talk much of Gallant Books he had of an odd Fellow, who was counted a Wizzard. Upon this occasion I shall here add a passage, which I had not from Mr. *Mompesson*, but yet relates to the main purpose.

The Gentleman, who was with me at the House, Mr. *Hill*, being in company with one *Compton* of *Somersetshire*, who practised Physick, and pretends to strange matters, related to him this story of Mr. *Mompesson*'s disturbance. The Physician told him, he was sure it was nothing but a Rendezvous of Witches, and that for an hundred pounds, he would undertake to rid the House of all disturbance. In pursuit of this discourse, he talkt of many high things, and having drawn my Friend into another Room apart from the rest of the Company, said, he would make him sensible he could do something more than ordinary, and askt him who he desired to see. Mr. *Hill* had no great confidence in his talk, but yet being earnestly preit to name some one, He said, he desired to see no one so much as his Wife, who was then many miles distant from them at her home. Upon this *Compton* took up a Looking-glass that was in the Room, and setting it down again, bid my Friend look in it; which he did, and there, as he most solemnly and seriously professeth, he saw the exact Image of his Wife in that habit which she then wore, and working at her Needle in such a part of the Room (there represented also) in which and about which time she really was, as he found upon enquiry when he came home. The Gentleman himself averred this to me, and he is a very sober, intelligent, and credible person. *Compton* had no knowledge of him before, and was an utter stranger to the person of his Wife. The same Man we shall meet again in the story of the Witchcrafts of *Elizabeth Style*, whom he discovered to be a Witch, by foretelling her coming into an House, and going out again without speaking, as is set down in the third Relation. He was by all counted a very odd person.

Thus I have written the summ of Mr. *Mompesson*'s disturbance, which I had partly from his own mouth related before divers, who had been witnesses of all, and confirmed his relation, and partly from his own Letters, from which the order and series of things is taken. The same particulars he writ also to Dr. *Creed*, then Doctor of the Chair in *Oxford*.

Mr. *Mompesson* is a Gentleman, of whose truth in this account, I have not the least ground of suspicion, he being neither vain nor credulous, but a discreet, sagacious and manly person. Now the credit of matters of Fact depends much upon the Relators, who, if they cannot be deceived themselves nor supposed any ways interested to impose upon others, ought to be credited. For upon these circumstances, all humane Faith is grounded, and matter of Fact is not capable of any proof besides, but that of immediate sensible evidence. Now this Gentleman cannot be thought ignorant, whether that he relates be true or no, the Scene of all being his own House, himself a witness, and that not of a circumstance or two, but of an hundred, nor for once or twice only, but for the space of some years, during which he was a concerned, and inquisitive Observer. So that it cannot with any shew of reason be supposed that any of his Servants abused him, since in all that time he must needs have detected the deceit. And what interest

could any of his Family have had (if it had been possible to have managed without discovery) to continue so long so troublesome, and so injurious an Imposture? Nor can it with any whit of more probability be imagined, that his own melancholy deluded him, since (besides that he is no crazy nor imaginative person) that humour could not have been so lasting and pertinacious. Or if it were so in him, can we think he infected his whole Family, and those multitudes of Neighbours and others, who had so often been Witnesses of those passages? such Supposals are wild, and not like to tempt any, but those whose Wills are their Reasons. So that upon the whole, the principal Relator Mr. *Mompesson* himself knew, whether what He reports was true or not, whether those things acted in his House were contrived Cheats, or extraordinary Realities. And if so, what Interest could he serve in carrying on, or conniving at a juggling Design and Imposture?

He suffered by it in his Name, in his Estate, in all his Affairs, and in the general Peace of his Family. The Unbelievers in the matter of Spirits and Witches took him for an Impostor. Many others judged the Permission of such an extraordinary Evil to be the Judgment of God upon him, for some notorious wickedness or impiety. Thus his Name was continually exposed to Censure, and his Estate suffered, by the Concourse of People from all parts to his House, by the Diversion it gave him from his Affairs, by the Discouragement of Servants, by reason of which he could hardly get any to live with him. To which if I add the continuall Hurry that his Family was in, the Affrights, Vexations and Tossings up and down of his Children, and the Watchings and Disturbance of his whole House (in all which, Himself must needs be the most concerned) I say, if these things are considered, there will be little reason to think he could have any Interest to put a Cheat upon the World, in which He would most of all have injured and abused Himself. Or if he should have designed and managed so incredible, so unprofitable a Delusion, 'tis strange that he should have troubled himself so long in such a Business, only to deceive, and to be talkt of. And it is yet more so, that none of those many inquisitive Persons that came thither purposely to criticize and examine the Truth of those Matters, could make any Discoveries of the Juggling, especially since many came prejudiced against the Belief of such things in general, and others resolved before-hand against the Belief of this, and all were permitted the utmost Freedom of Search and Enquiry. And after Things were weighed and examined, some that were before greatly prejudiced went away fully convinced. To all which I add, That

There are divers Particulars in the Story, in which no Abuse or Deceit could have been practised, as the Motion of Boards and Chairs of themselves, the beating of a Drum in the midst of a Room, and in the Air, when nothing was to be seen: the great Heat in a Chamber that had no Fire in excessive cold weather, the Scratching and Panting, the violent Beating and Shaking of the Bedsteads, of which there was no perceivable Cause or Occasion: In these and such like Instances, it is not to be conceived how Tricks could have been put upon so Many, so Jealous, and so Inquisitive Persons as were Witnesses of them.

'Tis true, that when the Gentlemen the King sent were there, the House was quiet, and nothing seen nor heard that night, which was confidently and with triumph urged by many, as a confutation of the story. But 'twas bad Logick to conclude in matters of Fact from a single Negative, and such a one against numerous Affir-



*matrices*, and so affirm, that a thing was never done, because not at such a particular time, and that no body ever saw what this Man or that did not. By the same way of reasoning, I may infer that there were never any Robberies done on Salisbury Plain, Hounslow Heath, or the other noted places, because I have often Travelled all those ways, and yet was never Robbed; and the Spaniard inferred well that said, *There was no Sun in England, because he had been six weeks here, and never saw it.* This is the common argument of those that deny the Being of Apparitions, they have Travelled all hours of the night, and never saw any thing worse than themselves (which may well be) and thence they conclude, that all pretended Apparitions are Fancies or Impostures. But why do not such arguers conclude, that there was never a Cut-Purse in London, because they have lived there many years without being met with by any of those Practisers? Certainly he that denies Apparitions upon the confidence of this Negative against the vast heap of Positive assurances, is credulous in believing there was ever any Highway-man in the World, if he himself was never Robb'd. And the Trials of Assizes and Attestations of those that have (if he will be just) ought to move his Assent no more in this case, than in that of Witches and Apparitions, which have the very same evidence.

But as to the quiet of Mr. Mompeyson's House, when the Courtiers were there, it may be remembered and considered, that the disturbance was not constant, but intermitted sometimes several days, sometimes weeks. So that the intermission at that time might be accidental, or perhaps the Demon was not willing to give so publick a Testimony of those Transactions, which possibly might convince those, who he had rather should continue in the unbelief of his existence. But however it were, this circumstance will afford but a very slender inference against the credit of the story, except among those who are willing to take any thing for an Argument against things which they have an interest not to acknowledge.

I have thus related the sum of the story, and noted some circumstances that assure the truth of it. I confess the passages recited are not so dreadful, tragical and amazing, as there are some in story of this kind, yet are they never the less probable or true, for their being not so prodigious and astonishing. And they are strange enough to prove themselves effects of some invisible extraordinary Agent, and so demonstrate that there are Spirits, who sometimes sensibly intermeddle in our affairs. And I think they do it with clearness of evidence. For these things were not done long ago, or at far distance, in an ignorant age, or among a barbarous people; they were not seen by two or three only of the Melancholick and superstitious, and reported by those that made them serve the advantage and interest of a party. They were not the passages of a Day or Night, nor the vanishing glances of an Apparition; but these Transactions were near and late, publick, frequent, and of divers years continuance, witnessed by multitudes of competent and unbiassed Attestors, and acted in a searching incredulous Age: Arguments enough one would think to convince any modest and capable reason.



## Advertisement.

**T**His Narrative of the Dæmon of Tedworth is published in an Epistolary Form in the former Impressions. But the enlargement thereof, that is to say, the said Narrative enlarged for this intended Edition, is not in that form, and therefore is thus published according to Mr. Glanvil's MS. in this bare simple form it was found. We proceed now to the second Relation.

### RELAT. II.

Which is concerning Witchcraft practised by Jane Brooks upon Richard Jones, Son of Henry Jones of Shepton Mallet.

**O**N Sunday 15. of Novemb. 1657. about Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, Richard Jones then a sprightly youth about twelve years old, Son of Henry Jones of Shepton Mallet, in the County of Somerset, being in his Father's House alone, and perceiving one looking in at the Windows, went to the Door, where one Jane Brooks of the same Town (but then by name unknown to this Boy) came to him. She desired him to give her a piece of clove Bread, and gave him an Apple. After which she also stroked him down on the right side, shook him by the hand, and so bid him good night. The youth returned into the House, where he had been left well, when his Father and one Gibson went from him, but at their return, which was within an hour or thereabout, they found him ill, and complaining of his right side, in which the pain continued the most part of that night. And on Munday following in the Evening, the Boy rosted the Apple he had of Jane Brooks, and having eaten about half of it, was extreemly ill, and sometimes speechless, but being recovered, he told his Father that a Woman of the Town on Sunday before, had given him that Apple, and that she stroked him on the side. He said he knew not her name, but should her person, if he saw her. Upon this Jones was advised to invite the Women of Shipton to come to his House, upon the occasion of his Sons illness, and the Child told him, that in case the Woman should come in when he was in his Fit, if he were not able to speak, he would give him an intimation by a Jogg, and desired that his Father would then lead him through the Room, for he said he would put his hand upon her, if she were there. After this he continuing very ill, many Women came daily to see him. And Jane Brooks the Sunday after, came in with two of her Sisters, and several other Women of the Neighbourhood were there.

Upon her coming in, the Boy was taken so ill, that for some time he could not see nor speak, but having recovered his sight, he gave his Father the Item, and he led him about the Room. The Boy drew towards Jane Brooks, who was behind her two Sisters among the other Women, and put his hand upon her, which his Father perceiving, immediately scratcheth her Face and drew Blood from her. The Youth then presently cried out that he was well, and so he continued seven or eight days. But then meeting with Alice Coward, Sister to Jane Brooks, who passing by said to him, [How do you my Honey] he presently fell ill again. And after that, the said Coward and Brooks often appeared to him. The Boy would describe the Cloths and Habit they were in at the time exactly, as the Constable and others have found upon repairing to them, though Brook's House was at a good distance from Jones's. This they often



tried, and always found the Boy right in his Descriptions.

On a certain *Sunday* about Noon, the Child being in a Room with his Father and one *Gibson*, and in his Fit, he on the sudden called out, that he saw *Jane Brooks* on the Wall, and pointed to the place, where immediately *Gibson* struck with a Knife. Upon which the Boy cried out, [O Father, cooz *Gibson* hath cut *Jane Brook's* hand, and 'tis Bloody] The Father and *Gibson* immediately repaired to the Constable, a discreet Person, and acquainting him with what had passed, desired him to go with them to *Jane Brook's* House, which he did. They found her sitting in her Room on a Stool, with one hand over the other. The Constable askt her how she did? She answered, not well. He askt again why she sat with one hand over the other? She replied, she was wont to do so. He enquired if any thing were amiss with her Hand? Her answer was, it was well enough. The Constable desired he might see the Hand that was under, which she being unwilling to shew him, he drew it out and found it bloody, according to what the Boy had said. Being askt how it came so, she said 'twas scratched with a great Pin.

On the Eighth of *December*, 1657. The Boy, *Jane Brooks*, and *Alice Coward*, appeared at *Castle-Cary* before the Justices, Mr. *Hunt* and Mr. *Cary*. The Boy having begun to give his Testimony, upon the coming in of the two Women, and their looking on him, was instantly taken Speechless; and so remained till the Women were removed out of the Room, and then in a short time, upon Examination, he gave a full relation of the mentioned particulars.

On the Eleventh of *January* following, the Boy was again examined by the same Justices at *Shepton Mallet*, and upon the sight of *Jane Brooks*, was again taken Speechless, but was not so afterwards when *Alice Coward* came into the Room to him.

On the next appearance at *Shepton*, which was on the Seventeenth of *February*, there were present many Gentlemen, Ministers and others. The Boy fell into his Fit upon the sight of *Jane Brooks*, and lay in a Man's Arms like a dead Person; the Woman was then willed to lay her Hand on him, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprang out in a very strange and unusual manner. One of the Justices to prevent all possibilities of Legerdemain, caused *Gibson* and the rest to stand off from the Boy, and then that Justice himself held him; the Youth being blindfolded, the Justice called as if *Brooks* should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three successively did, but the Boy appeared not concerned. The Justice then called on the Father to take him, but had privately before desired one Mr. *Geoffry Strode*, to bring *Jane Brooks* to touch him at such a time as he should call for his Father, which was done, and the Boy immediately sprang out after a very odd and violent fashion. He was after touched by several Persons and moved not, but *Jane Brooks* being again caused to put her Hand upon him, he started and sprang out twice or thrice as before. All this while he remained in his Fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a Bed in the same Room, the People present could not for a long time bow either of his Arms or Legs.

Between the mentioned 15 of *Nov.* and the 11 of *Jan.* the two Women appeared often to the Boy, their Hands cold, their Eyes staring, and their Lips and Cheeks looking pale. In this manner on a *Thursday* about Noon, the Boy being newly laid into his Bed, *Jane Brooks* and *Alice Coward* appeared to him, and told him, that what they had begun they could not perform. But

if he would say no more of it, they would give him Money, and so put a Two-pence into his Pocket. After which they took him out of his Bed, laid him on the ground, and vanished, and the Boy was found, by those that came next into the Room, lying on the Floor, as if he had been dead. The Two-pence was seen by many, and when it was put into the Fire, and hot, the Boy would fall ill; but as soon as it was taken out and cold, he would be again as well as before. This was seen and observed by a Minister, a discreet Person, when the Boy was in one Room, and the Two-pence (without his knowledge) put into the Fire in another, and this was divers times tried in the presence of several Persons.

Between the 8. of *Dec.* and the 17. of *Feb.* in the Year mentioned, divers Persons, at sundry times, heard in the Boy a noise like the croaking of a Toad, and a Voice within him saying, *Jane Brooks*, *Alice Coward*, twelve times in near a quarter of an hour. At the same time some held a Candle before the Boys Face, and earnestly looked on him, but could not perceive the least motion of his Tongue, Teeth or Lips, while the Voice was heard.

On the 25. of *Feb.* between two and three in the Afternoon, the Boy being at the House of *Richard Isles* in *Shepton Mallet*, went out of the Room into the Garden, *Isles* his Wife followed him, and was within two Yards when she saw him rise up from the ground before her, and so mounted higher and higher, till he passed in the Air over the Garden-Wall, and was carried so above ground more than 30 Yards, falling at last at one *Jordan's* Door at *Shepton*, where he was found as dead for a time. But coming to himself, told *Jordan*, that *Jane Brooks* had taken him up by the Arm out of *Isles* his Garden, and carried him in the Air, as is related.

The Boy at several other times was gone on the sudden, and upon search after him found in another Room as dead, and at sometimes strangely hanging above the ground; his Hands being flat against a great Beam in the top of the Room, and all his Body two or three foot from ground. There he hath hung a quarter of an hour together, and being afterwards come to himself, he told those that found him, that *Jane Brooks* had carried him to that place and held him there. Nine People at a time saw the Boy so strangely hanging by the Beam.

From the 15. of *Nov.* to the 10. of *March* following, he was by reason of his Fits much wasted in his body and unspirited, but after that time, being the day the two Women were sent to Gaol, he had no more of those Fits.

*Jane Brooks* was Condemned and Executed at *Charde Affizes*, *March* 26. 1658.

This is the sum of Mr. *Hunt's* Narrative, which concludes with both the Justices attestation, thus:

The aforesaid passages were some of them seen by us: and the rest, and some other remarkable ones, not here set down, were upon the Examination of several credible Witnesses taken upon Oath before us.

Subscribed,

*Rob. Hunt, John Cary.*

This I think is good evidence of the being of Witches; if the *Sadducee* be not satisfied with it, I would fain know what kind of Proof he would expect. Here are the Testimonies of sense, the Oaths of several credible Attesters, the nice and deliberate scrutiny of quick-sighted and judicious Examiners, and the judgment of an Affize upon the whole. And now the security of all our Lives and Fortunes depends upon no greater circum-



stances of evidence than these. If such proof may not be credited, no Fact can be proved, no wickedness can be punished, no right can be determined, Law is at an end, and blind Justice cannot tell how to decide any thing.

## Advertisement.

**T**HE most fit Advertisement here is Mr. Glanvil's Transition to fresh Evidences, out of Mr. Hunt's Examinations, which is this. Thus far, saith he, the Evidence of Fact went in the former Editions, but having resolved upon this Re-enforcement, I writ again to my honoured Friend Mr. Hunt, knowing that he had more materials for my purpose, and such as would afford proof sufficient to any modest doubter. In Answer he was pleased to send me his Book of Examinations of Witches, which he kept by him fairly written. It contains the discovery of such an hellish Knot of them, and that discovery so clear and plain, that perhaps there hath not yet any thing appeared to us with stronger Evidence to confirm the belief of Witches. And had not his discoveries and endeavours met with great opposition and discouragements from some then in Authority, the whole Clan of those hellish Confederates in these parts had been justly exposed and punished. Out of that Book I have Collected some main instances, the clearness of which I think will be enough to overcome and silence any indifferent prejudice. But some are so settled and obdurate, that no proof in the World is sufficient to remove them. I begin with the Witchcrafts of Elizabeth Style.

### RELAT. III.

Which containeth the Witchcrafts of Elizabeth Style of Bayford, Widow.

**T**HIS Elizabeth Style of Stoke Trister, in the County of Somerset, was accused by divers Persons of Credit upon Oath before Mr. Hunt, and particularly and largely confessed her guilt her self, which was found by the Jury at her Trial at Taunton. But she prevented Execution by dying in Gaol, a little before the expiring of the term her Confederate Damon had set for her enjoyment of Diabolical pleasures in this life. I have shortned the Examinations, and cast them into such an order, as I think fittest for the rendring the matter clear and intelligible.

1. Exam. **R**ich. Hill of Stoke Trister, in the County of Somerset, Yeoman, being Examined upon Oath Jan. 23. 1664. before Rob. Hunt, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for that County, concerning the bewitching of his Daughter by Eliz. Style, declareth, That his Daughter Eliz. Hill, about the Age of 13. Years, hath been for about two Months last past taken with very strange Fits which have held an hour, two, three, and more; and that in those Fits the Child hath told her Father the Examinant and others, that one Eliz. Style of the same Parish appeared to her, and is the Person that Torments her. She also in her Fits usually tells what Cloths Eliz. Style hath on at that time, which the Informant and others have seen and found true.

He saith further, that about a Fortnight before Christmas last, he told Style that his Daughter spoke much of her in her Fits, and did believe that she was bewitched by her. Whereupon Francis White, and Walter, and

Robert Thick being present, willed her to complain to the Justice against him for accusing of her. But she having used several put-offs, said she would do worse than fetch a Warrant. After which the Girl grew worse than before, and at the end of a Fit she tells the Examinant when she shall have another, which happens accordingly, and affirms, that Style tells her when the next Fit shall come. He informs further, that Munday Night after Christmas-Day, about Nine of the Clock, and four or five times since about the same hour of the Night, his Daughter hath been more Tormented than formerly, and that though held in a Chair by four or five People, sometimes six, by the Arms, Legs, and Shoulders, she would rise out of her Chair, and raise her body about three or four foot high. And that after, in her Fits, she would have holes made in her Hand-Wrists, Face, Neck, and other parts of her body, which the Informant and others that saw them, conceived to be with Thorns. For they saw Thorns in her Flesh, and some they hooked out. That upon the Childs pointing with her Finger from place to place, the Thorns and Holes immediately appeared to the Informant and others looking on. And as soon as the Child can speak after the Fit, she saith that Widow Style did prick her with Thorns in those several places, which was horrible Torment, and she seemed to the Informant and others standing by, to be in extream pain and torture. The Child hath been so tormented and pricked with Thorns four several Nights, at which times the Informant and many other People have seen the Flesh rise up in little bunches in which Holes did appear. The Pricking held about a quarter of an hour at a time during each of the four Fits, and the Informant hath seen the Child take out some of those Thorns.

The same Rich. Hill Examined Jan. 26. 1664. informs, that when he rode from the Justices House with a Warrant to bring Style before him, his Horse on a suddain sat down on his Breech, and he could not after ride him, but as soon as he attempted to get up, his Horse would sit down and paw with his Feet before. He saith further, that since Style was Examined before the Justice and made her Confession to him, she hath acknowledged to the Informant that she had hurt his Daughter, and that one Anne Bishop, and Alice Duke, did join in bewitching of her.

Taken upon Oath before me,

Rob. Hunt.

2. Exam. **W**illiam Parsons Rector of Stoke Trister, in the County of Somerset, Examined the 26. of Jan. 1664. before Rob. Hunt, Esq; concerning the bewitching of Rich. Hill's Daughter, saith, That on Monday Night after Christmas-Day then last past, he came into the Room when Eliz. Hill was in her Fit, many of his Parishioners being present and looking on. He there saw the Child held in a Chair by main force by the People, plunging far beyond the strength of nature, foaming and catching at her own Arms and Cloths with her Teeth. This Fit he conceives held about half an hour. After some time, she pointed with her Finger to the left side of her Head, next to her left Arm, and then to her left Hand, &c. and where she pointed he perceived a red spot to arise with a small black in the midst of it like a small Thorn. She pointed also to her Toes one after another, and exprest great sense of Torment. This latter Fit he guesles continued about a quarter of an hour, during most or all of which time, her Stomach seemed to swell, and her Head where she seemed to be prickt did so very much. She sate foaming



This Confession of *Style* was free and unforced, without any torturing or watching, drawn from her by a gentle Examination, meeting with the Convictions of a guilty Conscience. She confesseth, that she desired the Devil to torment *Eliz. Hill*, by thrusting Thorns into her Flesh, which he promised, and said he had done it. That a Picture was Baptized for her the said *Elizabeth*, and that she, the Familiar, and *Alice Duke*, stuck Thorns into several places of the Neck, Hand-Wrists, Fingers, and other parts thereof, which exactly agrees with the strange effects related, concerning the torments the Child suffered; and this mischief she confesseth she did, because her Father said she was a Witch. She confesseth she gave two Apples to *Vining's* Wife, one of which she had from the Devil, who said it would do the business, which sutes also with the Testimony of *Vining* concerning his Wife.

She confesseth further, That the Devil useth to suck her in the Poll, about four a Clock in the Morning, in the Form of a Fly like a Millar, concerning which, let us hear Testimony (the other particulars of her Confession we shall consider as occasion offers.)

7. Exam. **N**icholas Lambert Examined again Jan. 26. 1664. before *Rob. Hunt*, Esq; concerning what happened after *Style's* Confession, testifyeth, That *Eliz. Style* having been Examined before the Justice, made her Confession, and committed to the Officer, the Justice required this Examinant, *William Thick* and *William Read* of *Bayford* to watch her, which they did; and this Informant sitting near *Style* by the Fire, and reading in the *Practice of Piety*, about Three of the Clock in the Morning, there came from her Head a glittering bright Fly, about an Inch in length, which pitched at first in the Chimney, and then vanished. In less than a quarter of an hour after, there appeared two Flies more of a less size, and another colour, which seemed to strike at the Examinant's hand, in which he held his Book, but missed it, the one going over, the other under at the same time. He looking stedfastly then on *Style*, perceived her Countenance to change, and to become very black and gasty, the Fire also at the same time changing its colour; whereupon the Examinant, *Thick* and *Read* conceiving that her Familiar was then about her, looked to her Poll, and seeing her Hair shake very strangely, took it up, and then a Fly like a great Millar flew out from the place, and pitched on the Table-board, and then vanished away. Upon this the Examinant, and the other two persons looking again in *Style's* Poll, found it very red, and like raw Beef. The Examinant askt her what it was that went out of her Poll, she said it was a Butterfly, and askt them why they had not caught it. *Lambert* said, they could not. I think so too, answered she. A little while after, the Informant and the others looking again into her Poll, found the place to be of its former colour. The Examinant demanding again what the Fly was, she confessed it was her Familiar, and that she felt it tickle in her Poll, and that was the usual time when her Familiar came to her.

Taken upon Oath before me

*Robert Hunt.*

8. Exam. **E***liz. Torwood* of *Bayford*, Examined Feb. 7. 1664. before *Robert Hunt*, Esq; concerning the mark found about *Eliz. Style* after her Confession, Deposeth, That she together with *Catherine White*, *Mary Day*, *Mary Bolster*, and *Bridget Prankard*, did a little after *Christmas* last search *Eliz. Style*, and that in

her Poll they found a little rising which felt hard like a Kernel of Beef, whereupon they suspecting it to be an ill mark, thrust a Pin into it, and having drawn it out, thrust it in again the second time, leaving it sticking in the flesh for some time, that the other Women might also see it. Notwithstanding which, *Style* did neither at the first or second time make the least shew that she felt any thing. But after, when the Constable told her he would thrust in a Pin to the place, and made a shew as if he did, O Lord, said she, do you prick me, whenas no one then touched her.

The Examinant further saith, that *Style* hath since confessed to her, that her Familiar did use to suck her in the place mentioned, in the shape of a great Millar, or Butterfly.

*Catherine White*, *Mary Day*, *Mary Bolster*, and *Bridget Prankard*, do say, that the abovesaid Examination of *Eliz. Torwood* is truth.

Taken upon Oath before me

*Rob. Hunt.*

#### RELAT. IV.

Which is the Examination and Confession of *Alice Duke*, alias *Manning* (another Witch of *Style's* Knot) of *Wincaunton*, in the County of *Somerset*, Widow, taken Jan. 27. and Feb. 2, 7, 10, 21. An. 1664. before *Robert Hunt* Esq;.

**T**HE Examinant saith, That when she lived with *Anne Bishop* of *Wincaunton*, about Eleven or Twelve years ago, *Anne Bishop* perswaded her to go with her into the Church-yard in the Night-time, and being come thither, to go backward round the Church, which they did three times. In their first round, they met a Man in black Cloths, who went round the second time with them, and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black Toad, which leapt up against the Examinant's Apron. In their third round they met somewhat in the shape of a Rat, which vanished away. After this the Examinant and *Anne Bishop* went home, but before *Anne Bishop* went off, the Man in black said somewhat to her softly, which the Informant could not hear.

A few days after, *Ann Bishop* speaking about their going round the Church, told the Examinant, that now she might have her Desire, and what she would wish for. And shortly after, the Devil appeared to her in the shape of a Man, promising that she should want nothing, and that if she cursed any thing with *A Pox* take it, she should have her Purpose, in case she would give her Soul to him, suffer him to suck her Blood, keep his Secrets, and be his Instrument to do such Mischief as he would set her about. All which, upon his second appearing to her, she yielded to, and the Devil having prickt the fourth Finger of her right hand between the middle and upper Joynt (where the mark is yet to be seen) gave her a Pen, with which she made a Cross or Mark with her Blood on Paper or Parchment, that the Devil offered her for the Confirmation of the Agreement, which was done in the presence of *Ann Bishop*. And as soon as the Examinant had signed it, the Devil gave her Sixpence, and went away with the Paper or Parchment.

Further she confesseth, That she had been at several Meetings in *Lie Common*, and other Places in the Night, and that her Forehead being first anointed with a Feather dipt in Oyl, she hath been suddenly carried to the Place of their Meeting. That about five or



six Weeks since (or more) she met in the said Common in the Night, where were present *Ann Bishop*, *Mary Penny* of *Wincaunton*, *Elizabeth Style* of *Bayford*, and a Man in black Cloaths with a little Band, whom she supposeth to have been the Devil. At the meeting there was a Picture in Wax, which the Man in black took in his Arms, and having anointed its Forehead with a little greenish Oyl, and using a few Words, baptized it by the Name of *Elizabeth* or *Bess Hill*, for the Daughter of *Richard Hill*. Then the Devil, this Examinant, *Ann Bishop*, and *Elizabeth Style* stuck Thorns in the Neck, Head, Hand-wrists, Fingers and other parts of the Picture, saying, *A Pox on thee, I'll spite thee*. This done, all fate down, a white Cloath being spread on the Ground, and did drink Wine, and eat Cakes and Meat. After all was ended, the Man in black vanished, leaving an ugly Smell at parting. The rest were on a sudden conveyed to their Homes.

On Monday night after Christmas day last, she met the same Company again, near about the same Place, and then *Ann Bishop* (who was there in a green Apron, a French Waistcoat and a red Petticoat) brought in her Apron a Picture in blackish Wax, which the Devil baptized as before, by the Name of *John Newman*, for the son of *Rob. Newman* of *Wincaunton*, and then the Devil first, after *Ann Bishop* and this Examinant thrust in Thorns into the Picture, *Ann Bishop* sticking in two Thorns into the Arms of it. The Picture *Ann Bishop* carried away with her. They were all there present in their Cloaths, and the Devil in the shape of a Man in black.

About five Years and a half since, the same Persons were at the Baptizing of another Image, by the Name of *Peter Newman*, another Son of *Robert Newman*, both which are since dead, and then *Ann Bishop* desired the Examinant to joyn with her in the Bewitching of *Peter* and *John Newman*.

At another time she was carried to a Meeting in the Night, to a green Place near *Marnbull* as she was then told, where were present *Ann Bishop*, *Eliz. Style*, *Mary Penny*, and some unknown to her. Then also an Image in Wax was baptized by the Devil, in the fore-related Manner, by the Name of *Ann* or *Rachel Hatcher* one of *Marnbull*, as she was then informed. After the Ceremony was ended they had Wine, Cakes, &c.

She likewise confesseth, that she was at another such Meeting, where twelve Persons were present, many of whom were unknown to her, but she took notice of one lame Man in blackish Hair among them, and of the Devil as before.

She saith that after their Meetings, they all make very low Obeysances to the Devil, who appears in black Cloaths and a little Band. He bids them welcome at their coming, and brings Wine or Beer, Cakes, Meat, or the like. He sits at the higher End, and usually *Ann Bishop* sits next him. They eat, drink, dance, and have Musick. At their parting they use to say, *Merry meet merry part*, and that before they are carried to their Meetings, their Foreheads are anointed with greenish Oyl that they have from the Spirit which smells raw. They for the most part are carried in the Air. As they pass, they say, *Thout, tout a tout, tout, throughout and about*. Passing back they say, *Rentum Tormentum*, and another word which she doth not remember.

She confesseth that her Familiar doth commonly suck her right Breast about seven at night, in the shape of a little Cat of a dunnish Colour, which is as smooth as a Want, and when she is sucked, she is in a kind of a Trance.

That she hurt *Thomas Garret's* Cows, because he re-

fused to write a Petition for her.

That she hurt *Thomas Conway*, by putting a Dish into his Hand, which Dish she had from the Devil, she gave it him to give his Daughter for good hanfel.

That she hurt *Dorothy* the Wife of *George Vining*, by giving an Iron slate to put into her steeling Box.

That being angry with *Edith Wats*, the Daughter of *Edmond Wats* for treading on her Foot, she cursed *Edith* with a *Pox on you*, and after touched her, which hath done the said *Edith* much harm, for which she is sorry.

That being provoked by *Swanton's* first Wife, she did before her Death curse her with a *Pox on you*, believes she did thereby hurt her, but denies she did bewitch Mr. *Swanton's* Cattle.

She saith, That when the Devil doth any thing for her, she calls for him by the Name of *Robin*, upon which he appears, and when in the shape of a Man, she can hear him speak, but his Voice is very low. He promised her when she made her Contract with him, that she should want nothing, but ever since she hath wanted all things.

Taken before me

*Rob. Hunt.*

1. Exam. **T** *Thomas Conway* of *Wincaunton*, in the County of *Somerset*, Examined Feb. 12. 1664. before *Robert Hunt* Esquire, concerning *Alice Duke*, informeth, That about twelve Months since *Alice Duke* alias *Manning*, brought a little Pewter Dish to this informant, and told him it was good hanfel for his Daughter. The Examinant willed the said *Alice* to carry it to her, she being within by the Fire, but she forced the Dish into his Hand and went away. Shortly after he was taken extreamly ill in all his Limbs. Of which Illness the Physicians, whom he applied himself to, could give no Account. When she went from him, she was very angry and muttered much, because he would not sign a Petition on her behalf: she hath confessed to him since that she had the Dish from the Devil, and gave it him on purpose to hurt him. He hath been, and is since in great Torment, and much weakened and wasted in his Body, which he imputes to the evil Practices of *Alice Duke*.

Taken upon Oath before me

*Rob. Hunt.*

2. Exam. **M** *Ary* the Wife of *Tho. Conway*, Examined March 6. 1664. before *Rob. Hunt* Esq; concerning *Alice Duke*, saith, That her Husband *Tho. Conway* about a year ago, delivered her a little Pewter Dish, telling her he had it from *Alice Duke* for good hanfel for his Daughter, who had lately lain in. In this Dish she warmed a little Deer-sewet and Rose-water, anointing her Daughter's Nipple with it, which put her to extream Pain. Upon which suspecting harm from the Dish, she put it into the Fire, which then presently vanished, and nothing of it could afterwards be found. After, when she anointed her Daughter's Nipples with the same Deer-sewet and Rose-water, warmed in a Spoon, she complained not of any Pain. She further saith, That her Husband after he had received the Dish from the Hands of *Alice Duke*, was taken ill in all his Limbs, and held for a long time in a very strange Manner.

Taken upon Oath before me

*Rob. Hunt.*



3. Exam. **E**dward Watts of Wincaunton in the County of Somerset, Examined Mar. 6. 1664. before Rob Hunt Esq; concerning Alice Duke, saith, That he hath a Child called Edith, about ten years of Age, who for the space of half a year hath languished and pined away, and that she told him that treading one day on the Toe of Alice Duke, she in great anger cursed her with a Pox on thee, and that from that time the Child began to be ill and to pine away, which she hath done ever since.

Taken upon Oath before me

Rob. Hunt.

## Advertisement.

**B**esides the plain Agreement betwixt the Witnesses, and the Witches own Confession, it may be worth the taking notice here, how well her Confession of having her Familiar suck her in the shape of a Cat, agrees with Eliz. Style's Confession, that she had seen Alice Duke's Familiar suck her in that shape. As also how the bewitching of Edward Watt's Child by Alice Duke, her saying, a Pox on her, agrees with the promise of the Devil to her, which is expressly, That if she cursed any thing with a Pox take it, she should have her purpose. She also testifying of the Baptizing the Image of Eliz. Hill, and of those forms of words, Thout, tout a tout, and Rentum Tormentum, at their going to their meetings and departing, plainly shews, that these are not transacted in dreams but in reality. The Devil also, as in other stories, leaving an ill smell behind him, seems to imply the reality of the business, those ascititious particles he held together in his visible vehicle, being loosened at his vanishing, and so offending the nostrils by their floating and diffusing themselves in the open Air.

### RELAT. V.

Which is the Examination and Confession of Christian Green, aged about thirty three years, Wife of Robert Green of Brewham, in the County of Somerset, taken before Robert Hunt, Esq; March 2. 1664.

**T**His Examinant saith, That about a year and a half since (she being in great poverty) one Catherine Green of Brewham, told her, that if she would she might be in a better condition, and then perswaded her to make a Covenant with the Devil. Being afterwards together in one Mr. Hussy's Ground in Brewham Forest, about Noon, Catherine called for the Devil, who appeared in the shape of a Man in blackish Cloths, and said somewhat to Catherine which Christian could not hear. After which the Devil (as she conceived him) told the Examinant, that she should want neither Cloths, Victual, nor Money, if she would give her Body and Soul to him, keep his Secrets, and suffer him to suck her once in twenty four hours, which at last, upon his and Catherine Green's perswasion, she yielded to; then the Man in black prickt the fourth Finger of her Right-hand, between the middle and upper Joints, where the sign yet remains, and took two drops of her blood on his Finger, giving her four-pence-half-penny, with which she after bought Bread in Brewham. Then he spake again in private with Catherine and vanished, leaving a smell of Brimstone behind.

Since that time the Devil (she saith) hath and doth

usually suck her left Breast about five of the Clock in the Morning in the likeness of an *Hedg-hog*, bending, and did so on Wednesday Morning last. She saith it is painful to her, and that she is usually in a trance when she is sucked.

She saith also, that Catharine Green, and Margaret Agar of Brewham, have told her, that they are in Covenant with the Devil, and confesseth, that she hath been at several meetings in the Night at Brewham Common, and in a Ground of Mr. Hussy's, that she hath there met with Catharine Green and Margaret Agar, and three or four times with Mary Warberton of Brewham; That in all those meetings the Devil hath been present in the shape of a Man in black Cloths. At their first coming he bids them welcome, but always speaks very low.

That at a Meeting about three Weeks or a Month since, at or near the former place, Margaret Agar brought thither an Image in Wax for Elizabeth the Wife of Andrew Cornish of Brewham, and the Devil in the shape of a Man in black Cloths did Baptize it, and after stuck a Thorn into its Head; that Agar stuck one into its Stomach, and Catharine Green one into its side. She further saith, that before this time, Agar said to her this Examinant, that she would hurt Eliz. Cornish, who since the Baptizing of the Picture hath been taken and continues very ill.

She saith, that three or four days before Jos. Talbot of Brewham died, Margaret Agar told her, that she would rid him out of the World, because he being Overseer of the Poor, he made her Children go to Service, and refused to give them such good Cloths as she desired. And since the Death of Talbot, she confessed to the Examinant, that she had bewitched him to Death. He died about a year since, was taken ill on Friday, and died about Wednesday after.

That her Mother-in-Law Catharine Green, about five or six years ago was taken in a strange manner. One day one Eye and Cheek did swell, another day another, and so she continued in great pain, till she died. Upon her death she several times said, in the hearing of the Examinant, that her Sister-in-Law Catharine Green had bewitched her, and the Examinant believes, that she bewitched her to Death.

That a little before Michaelmas last, the said Catharine cursed the Horses of Rob. Walter of Brewham, saying, A Murrain on them Horses to Death. Upon which the Horses being three, all died.

Taken before me

Rob. Hunt.

### RELAT. VI.

Containing further Testimonies of the villainous feats of that rampant Hagg Margaret Agar of Brewham, in the County of Somerset.

1. Exam. **E**lizabeth Talbot of Brewham, Examined March 7. 1664. before Robert Hunt, Esq; saith, That about three Weeks before her Father Jos. Talbot died, Margaret Agars fell out with him, because he being Overseer for the Poor, did require Agars Daughter to go to Service, and said to him, that he was proud of his living, but swore by the Blood of the Lord, that he should not long enjoy it. Within three Weeks of which he was suddenly taken in his Body as if he had been stabb'd with Daggers, and so continued four or five days in great pain, and then died.

Rob. Hunt.



2. Exam. **J**os. Smith of Brewham, Husbandman, Examined March 15. 1664. before Rob. Hunt Esq; saith, That some few days before Jos. Talbot died, he heard Margaret Agar rail very much at him, because he had caused her Daughter to go to Service, and said, that he should not keep his living, but be drawn out upon four Mens shoulders. That she should tread upon his Jaws, and see the grasse over his head, which she swore by the Blood of the Lord.

Taken upon Oath before

Rob. Hunt.

3. Exam. **M**ary the Wife of William Smith of Brewham, Examined March 8. 1664. before Rob. Hunt Esq; saith, That about two years since Margaret Agar came to her and called her Whore, adding, *A Plague take you for an old Whore*, I shall live to see thee rot on the Earth before I die, and thy Cows shall fall and die at my feet. A short time after which, she had three Cows that died very strangely, and two of them at the door of Margaret Agar. And ever since the Examinant hath consumed and pined away, her Body and her Bowels rotting, and she verily believes, that her Cattle and her self were bewitched by Agar.

Taken upon Oath before

Rob. Hunt.

4. Exam. **C**atharine Green alias Cornish of Brewham, Widow, Examined May 16. 1665. before Rob. Hunt Esq; saith, That on Friday in the Evening, in the beginning of March last, Margaret Agar came to her, and was earnest she should go with her to a Ground called *Huffeys-knap*, which she did, and being come thither they saw a little Man in black Cloths, with a little Band. As soon as they came to him, Margaret Agar took out of her Lap a little Picture in blackish Wax, which she delivered to the Man in black, who stuck a Thorn into the Crown of the Picture, and then delivered it back to Agar. Upon which she stuck a Thorn towards the heart of the Picture, cursing, and saying, *A Plague on you*; which she told the Examinant was done to hurt Eliz. Cornish, who as she hath been told, hath been very ill ever since that time.

That a little above a year since Jos. Talbot, late of Brewham, being Overseer for the Poor, did cause two of Agar's Children to go to Service. Upon which she was very angry, and said in the Examinant's hearing, a few days before he fell sick and died, that she had trod upon the Jaws of three of her Enemies, and that she should shortly see Talbot rot and tread on his Jaws. And when this Examinant desired her not to hurt Talbot, she swore by the Blood of the Lord, she would confound him if she could. The day before he died, she said to the Examinant, Gods wounds, I'll go and see him, for I shall never see him more; and the next day Talbot died.

That she heard Margaret Agar curse Mary Smith, and say, she should live to see her and her Cattle fall and rot before her face.

Taken upon Oath before

Rob. Hunt.

5. Exam. **M**ary Green of Brewham, single Woman, Examined June 3. 1665. before Rob. Hunt, Esq; saith. That about a Month before Jos. Talbot late of Brewham died, Margaret Agar fell out with

him about the putting out of her Child to Service. After that she saw a Picture in Clay or Wax in the hands of Agar, which she said was for Talbot, the Picture she saw her deliver in Redmore, to the Fiend in the shape of a Man in black, about an hour in the Night, who stuck a Thorn in or near the Heart of it; Agar stuck another in the Breast, and Catharine Green, Alice Green, Mary Warberton, Henry Walter, and Christian Green, all of Brewham, were then and there present, and did all stick Thorns into the Picture.

At that time Catherine Green spake to Agar not to hurt Talbot, because she received somewhat from him often times, but Agar replied, by the Lord's Blood she would confound him, or words to that Purpose.

That a little before Talbot was taken sick, Agar being in the House where the Examinant lived, swore that she should ere long tread upon his Jaws. And that if Talbot made her Daughter to go to Service for a year, yet if she came home in a quarter it would be time enough to see him carried out upon four Mens shoulders, and to tread upon his Jaws.

That on the day Talbot dyed, she heard Agar swear that she had now plagued Talbot; and that being in Company with her some time before, and seeing a dead Horse of Talbot's drawn along by another of his Horses, she swore that that Horse should be also drawn out to morrow, and the next day she saw the well Horse also drawn out dead.

That above a Month before Margaret Agar was sent to Gaol, she saw her, Henry Walter, Catherine Green, Joan Syms, Christian Green, Mary Warberton, and others, meet at a place called *Huffeys-knap* in the Forest in the Night time, where met them the Fiend in the shape of a little Man in black Cloths, with a little Band, to him all made obeysances, and at that time a Picture in Wax or Clay was delivered by Agar to the Man in black, who stuck a Thorn into the Crown of it, Margaret Agar one towards the Breast, Catharine Green in the side; after which Agar threw down the Picture, and said, there is Cornish's Picture with a Murrain to it, or Plague on it. And that at both the meetings there was a noisom smell of Brimstone.

That about two years since in the Night there met in the same place Agar, Henry Walter, Catharine Green, Joan Syms, Alice Green, and Mary Warberton. Then also Margaret Agar delivered to the little Man in black a Picture in Wax, into which he and Agar stuck Thorns, and Henry Walter thrust his Thumb into the side of it. Then they threw it down and said, there is Dick Green's Picture with a Pox in't. A short time after which Richard Green was taken ill and died.

Further, she saith, That on Thursday Night before Whitunday last, about the same place met Catharine Green, Alice Green, Joan Syms, Mary Warberton, Dinah, and Dorothy Warberton, and Henry Walter, and being met they called out Robin. Upon which instantly appeared a little Man in black Cloths, to whom all made obeysance, and the little Man put his hand to his Hat, saying, How do ye? speaking low but big. Then all made low obeysances to him again. That she hath seen Margaret Clark twice at the meetings, but since Margaret Agar was sent to Prison she never saw her there.

Taken before me

Rob. Hunt.

## Advertisement.

**B**Efore we pass to other Relations, it will not be amiss further to remark upon these taken out of the Examinations of Mr. Hunt: From the poisoned Apples that Jane



Brooks gave to Rich. Jones, and Eliz. Style to Agnes Vining, and the poisoned Pewter-Dish that Alice Duke put into the hands of Tho. Conway, (which Dish and Apples they had from the Devil) we may observe in what a peculiar sense Witches and Wizzards are called *magicians*, Venefici and Veneficæ, Poysoners. Not that they mischieve People ordinarily by natural Poisons, as Arsenick and the like, but rather by some hellish malignancy infused into things by the art and malice of the Devil, or by the steams of their own Body which the Devil sucks. For the hand of Jane Brooks stroaking down Rich. Jones his side impressed a pain thereon.

We may observe also what an eximious Example of Moses his Mecalcephah (the word which he uses in that Law, Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live) Margaret Agar is, and how unsitly some Interpreters render Mecalcephim, Malefici, from the great mischief they do and delight in. And what a great credit this Agar is to J. Webster and the rest of the Hagg-advocates, which would make them to be meer couzening Queans, or melancholick Fopps, that had nothing to do with the Devil. As if the Man in black, and a little Band, were but such another as J. Webster, or any other Hagg-advocate, that in waggery acted the part of the Devil in Hussey's Knap, or any such like place of a Forest, and so after all, quickly and suddenly recoiling behind a bush, and letting fly into the wind, the deluded Hags took it for the vanishing of the very Fiend, and his perfuming the Air with the smell of Brimstone. One that can resolve all the feats of the Hartummim of Egypt into tricks of Legerdemain, cannot he easily delude the Company with such a feat as this, the old Wives being thick of hearing, and carrying their Spectacles not on their noses, but in their pockets?

And lastly from the Devils covenanting with the Witches for their Souls, it may be observed, that the old Hags dealing bona fide, and thinking they have Souls surviving their Bodies, are better Philosophers than the huffy Wits of our Age that deny distinction of Soul and Body. But if they have not (as these Huffers would have it) and the Hags think so themselves, it is a pretty Paradox that these old Fopps should be able to out-wit the very Devil; who does not in bartering for their Bodies and Souls buy a Pig-in-a-poke, as the Proverb is, but a poke without a Pig. But I rather believe, that these huffing Wits, as high as they are, may learn one true point of Philosophy from these Hags and their Familiars; these evil Spirits certainly making their Bargains wisely enough in covenanting for the Witches Soul. Which clause, if it were not exprest, the Soul were free from the Familiars jurisdiction after death. Wherefore it is no contemptible argument these evil Spirits covenanting for the Soul of the Witch, that they know the Soul survives the Body, and therefore make their Bargain sure for the possession of it as their Peculium after death. Otherwise, if the Soul were mortal they would tell the Witches so, the more easily to precipitate them into all wickedness, and make them more eager by their ministry to enjoy this present life. But this Doctrine is inconsistent with the form of his Covenant, whereby they are assured to him after death.

## RELAT. VII.

*Touching Florence Newton an Irish Witch of Youghal, taken out of her Tryal at the Assizes held for the County of Corke, Septemb. 11. Ann. 1661.*

**T**His Florence Newton was committed to Youghall Prison, by the Mayor of the Town, March 24. 1661. for bewitching Mary Longdon, who gave Evidence against her at Cork Assizes, as follows. Mary Longdon being sworn and examined what she could say against the

said Florence Newton for any practice of Witchcraft upon her self, and being bidden to look on the Prisoner, her Countenance changed pale, and she was very fearful to look towards her, but at last she did. And being askt whether she knew her, she said she did, and wisht she never had. Being askt how long she had known her, she said for three or four years. And that at Christmas last the said Florence came to the Deponent, at the House of John Pyne in Youghall, where the Deponent was a Servant; and askt the Deponent to give her a piece of Beef out of the Powdering-Tub. And the Deponent answering her, that she could not give away her Master's Beef, she said Florence seemed to be very angry, and said, thou hadst as good have given it me, and so went away grumbling.

That about a Week after, the Deponent being going to the Water with a Pail of Cloth on her head, she met her the said Florence Newton, who came full in her Face, and threw the Pail off her Head, and violently kist her, and said, Mary, I pray thee, let thee and I be Friends, for I bear thee no ill will, and I pray thee do thou bear me none. And that she the Deponent went afterwards home, and that within a few days after, she saw a Woman with a Vail over her Face, stand by her Bed-side, and one standing by her like a little old Man in silk Cloths, and that this Man which she took to be a Spirit, drew the Vail from off the Womans Face, and then she knew it to be Goody Newton, and that the Spirit spake to the Deponent, and would have had her promise him to follow his advice, and she should have all things after her own heart, to which she says she answered, That she would have nothing to say to him, for her trust was in the Lord.

That within a Month after the said Florence had kist her, she this Deponent fell very ill of Fits or Trances, which would take her on the sudden, in that violence, that three or four Men could not hold her. And in her Fits she would often be taken with Vomitings, and would Vomit up Needles, Pins, Horse-nails, Stubbs, Wooll, and Straw, and that very often. And being asked whether she perceived at these times what she Vomited? she said she did. For then she was not in so great distraction as in other parts of her Fits she was. And that a little before the first beginning of her Fits, several (and very many) small stones would fall upon her as she went up and down, and would follow her from place to place, and from one room to another, and would hit her on the head, shoulders, and arms, and fall to the ground and vanish away. And that she and several others would see them both fall upon her, and on the ground, but could never take them, save only some few, which she and her Master caught in their hands. Amongst which one that had a hole in it she tied (as she was advised) with a Leather thong to her Purse, but it was vanisht immediately, though the Leather continued tied on a fast Knot.

That in her Fits she often saw this Florence Newton, and cried out against her for tormenting of her, for she says, that she would several times stick Pins into her Arms, and some of them so fast, that a Man must pluck three or four times to get out the Pin; and they were stuck betwixt the skin and the flesh. That sometimes she should be removed out of her Bed into another room, sometimes she should be carried to the top of the House laid on a Board betwixt two Sollar Beams, sometimes put into a Chest, sometimes under a parcel of Wooll, sometimes betwixt two Feather-beds on which she used to lie, and sometimes betwixt the Bed and the Mat in her Masters Chamber in the day time. And being asked how she knew she was thus carried about and disposed of, seeing in her Fits she was in a violent distraction? she an-



swered, she never knew where she was, till they of the Family, and the Neighbours with them, would be taking her out of the places whither she was so carried and removed. And being asked the reason wherefore she cried out so much against the said *Florence Newton* in her Fits? she answered, because she saw her and felt her torturing.

And being asked how she could think it was *Florence Newton* that did her this prejudice? she said, first because she threatned her, then because after she had kilt her she fell into these Fits, and that she both saw and felt her tormenting. And lastly, that when the People of the Family, by advice of the Neighbours, and consent of the Mayor, had sent for *Florence Newton* to come to the Deponent, she was always worse when she was brought unto her, and her Fits more violent than at another time. And that after the said *Florence* was committed at *Toughall*, the Deponent was not troubled, but was very well till a little while after the said *Florence* was removed to *Corke*, and then the Deponent was as ill as ever before. And the Mayor of *Toughall*, one Mr. *Mayre*, then sent to know whether the said *Florence* were bolted (as the Deponent was told) and finding she was not, order was given to put her Bolts on her; which being done, the Deponent saith she was well again, and so hath continued ever since. And being asked whether she had such like Fits before the said *Florence* gave her the kifs, she saith she never had any, but believes that with that kifs she bewicht her, and the rather because she hath heard from *Nicholas Pyne*, and others, that the said *Florence* had confessed as much.

This *Mary Longdon* having closed up her Evidence, *Florence Newton* peep'd at her as it were betwixt the heads of the By-standers that interposed betwixt her and the said *Mary*, and lifting up both her hands together, as they were manacled, cast them in an angry violent kind of motion (as was seen and observed by *W. Aston*) towards the said *Mary*, as if she intended to strike at her if she could have reacht her, and said, *Now she is down*. Upon which the Maid fell suddenly down to the ground like a stone, and fell into a most violent fit, that all the People that could come to lay hands on her could scarce hold her, she biting her own Arms, and shrieking out in a most hideous manner, to the amazement of all the Beholders. And continuing so for about a quarter of an hour (the said *Florence Newton* sitting by her self all that while pinching her own Hands and Arms, as was sworn by some that observed her) the Maid was ordered to be carried out of Court and taken into a House. Whence several Persons after that, brought word, that the Maid was in a Vomiting Fit, and they brought in several crooked Pins, and Straws, and Wooll, in white foam like spittle in great proportions. Whereupon the Court having taken notice that the Maid had said she had been very well when the said *Florence* was in Bolts, and ill again when out of them, till they were again put on her, demanded of the Gaoler if she were in Bolts or no, to which he said she was not, but onely manacled. Upon which order was given to put on her Bolts, and upon putting them on, she cried out, she was killed, she was undone, she was spoiled, why do you torment me thus? and so continued complaining grievously for half a quarter of an hour. And then came in a Messenger from the Maid, and informed the Court the Maid was well. At which *Florence* immediately and cholerickly uttered these words, *She is not well yet*. And being demanded how she knew she was not well yet? she denied she said so, though many in Court heard her say the words, and she said, if she did, she knew not what she said, being old and disquieted, and distracted with her sufferings. But the Maid being reasonably well come

to her self, was, before the Court knew any thing of it, sent out of Town to *Toughall*, and so was no further Examined by the Court.

The Fit of the Maid being urged by the Court with all the Circumstances of it upon *Florence*, to have been a continuance of her Devilish practice, she denied it, and likewise the motion of her hands, or the saying, *Now she is down*, though the Court saw the first, and the words were sworn by one *Roger Moor*. And *Thomas Harrison* swore, that he had observed the said *Florence* peep at her, and use that motion with her hands, and saw the Maid fall immediately upon that motion, and heard the words, *Now she is down*, uttered.

*Nicholas Stout* was next produced by Mr. Attorney-General, who being sworn and Examined, said, That he had oft tried her, having heard say that Witches could not say the Lord's Prayer, whether she could say that Prayer or no, and found she could not. Whereupon she said she could say it, and had oft said it. And the Court being desired by her to hear her say it, gave her leave. And four times together after these words [give us this day our daily Bread] she continually said, *as we forgive them*, leaving always out the words [and forgive us our trespasses] upon which the Court appointed one near her to teach her these words she so left out. But she either could not, or would not say them, using only these or the like words when these were repeated, *Ay, Ay, trespasses*, that's the words. And being oft pressed to utter the words as they were repeated to her, she did not. And being asked the reason, she said she was old and had a bad memory; and being asked how her memory served her so well for other parts of the Prayer, and only fail her for that, she said she knew not, neither could she help it.

*John Pyne* being likewise sworn and Examined, said, that about *January* last the said *Mary Longdon* being his Servant, was much troubled with little Stones that were thrown at her wherever she went, and that he hath seen them come as if they were thrown at her, others as if they dropped on her, and that he hath seen very great quantities of them, and that they would, after they had hit her, fall on the ground, and then vanish, so that none of them could be found. And further that the Maid once caught one of them, and he himself another, and one of them with a hole in it, she tyed to her Purse, but it vanished in a little time, but the knot of the Leather that tied it remained unaltered. That after the stones had thus haunted her, she fell into most grievous Fits, wherein she was so violently distracted, that four Men would have very much ado to hold her, and that in the highest extremity of her Fits, she would cry out against *Gammer Newton* for hurting and tormenting of her. That sometimes the Maid would be reading in a Bible, and on a sudden he hath seen the Bible struck out of her Hand into the middle of the Room, and she immediately cast into a violent Fit. That in the Fits he hath seen two Bibles laid on her Breast, and in the twinkling of an Eye they would be cast betwixt the two Beds the Maid lay upon, sometimes thrown into the middle of the Room, and that *Nicholas Pyne* held the Bible in the Maids hand so fast, that it being suddenly snatcht away, two of the leaves were torn. That in many other Fits the Maid was removed strangely, in the twinkling of an Eye, out of the Bed, sometimes into the bottom of a Chest with Linnen, under all the Linnen, and the Linnen not at all disordered, sometimes betwixt the two Beds she lay on, sometimes under a parcel of Wooll, sometimes betwixt his Bed and the Mat of it in another Room; and once she was laid on a small deal Board, which lay on the top of the House betwixt two Sollar Beams, where he was forced to rear up Ladders to have her fetcht down. That in her Fits she hath often



Vomited up Wooll, Pins, Horse-nails, Stubs, Straw, Needles, and Moss, with a kind of white Foam or Spit-  
tle, and hath had several Pins stuck into her Arms and  
Hands, that sometimes a Man must pull three or four  
times before he could pull one of them out; and some  
have been stuck between the flesh and the skin, where  
they might be perfectly seen, but not taken out, nor  
any place seen where they were put in. That when the  
Witch was brought into the Room, where she was, she  
would be in more violent and longer lasting Fits than at  
other times. That all the time the Witch was at liber-  
ty, the Maid was ill, and as soon as she was committed  
and bolted, she recovered and was well, and that when  
the Witch was removed to *Corke*, the Maid fell ill. And  
thereupon the Mayor of *Toughall* sent to see if she were  
bolted or no, and to acquaint them the Maid was ill,  
and desire them, if the Witch were not bolted, they  
would bolt her. That she immediately mended and was  
as well as ever she was: and when the Messenger came  
from *Corke*, and told them when the Witch was bolted,  
it fell out to be the very time the Maid amended at  
*Toughall*.

*Nicholas Pyne* being sworn, saith, That the second  
night after that the Witch was in Prison, being the 24  
of *March* last, he and *Joseph Thompson*, *Roger Hawkins*,  
and some others, went to speak with her concerning the  
Maid, and told her, that it was the general Opinion of  
the Town, that she had bewitched her, and desired her  
to deal freely with them, whether she had bewitched her  
or no. She said she had not bewitched her, but it may be  
she had over-looked her, and that there was a great dif-  
ference betwixt bewitching and over-looking, and that she  
could not have done her any harm if she had not toucht  
her, and that therefore she had kist her. And she said,  
that what mischief she thought of at that time she kist  
her, that would fall upon her, and that she would not  
but confess she had wronged the Maid, and thereupon  
fell down upon her Knees, and prayed God to forgive  
her for wronging the poor Wench. They wisht that she  
might not be wholly destroyed by her; to which she  
said it must be another that must help her, and not they  
that did the harm. And then she said, there were others,  
as *Goody Half-penny*, and *Goody Dod* in Town, that  
could do these things as well as she, and that it might  
be one of them that had done the Maid wrong.

That towards Evening, the Door of the Prison shook,  
and she arose up hastily and said, What makest thou here  
this time a night? and there was a very great noise, as  
if some Body with Bolts and Chains had been running  
up and down the Room, and they asked her what it was  
she spoke to, and what it was made the noise; and  
she said she saw nothing, neither did she speak, and if  
she did, it was she knew not what. But the next day  
she confest it was a Spirit, and her Familiar in the shape  
of a Grey-hound.

He saith further, That he and Mr. *Edward Perry*, and  
others, for Trial of her took a Tyle off the Prison, next  
to the place where the Witch lay, and carried it to the  
House where the Maid lived, and put it into the fire till  
it was red-hot, and then dropped some of the Maid's Wa-  
ter upon it, and the Witch was then grievously tor-  
mented, and when the Water was consumed she was  
well again.

And as to the stones falling on and cast at the Maid,  
as to the Maid's Fits, her removal into the Chest under  
the Wooll, betwixt the Fether-Beds, on the top of the  
deal Board, betwixt two Sollar Beams, concerning the  
Bibles and their remove, his holding one of them in the  
Maid's hands till two Leaves were torn, concerning the  
Maid's Vomiting, and calling out against the Witch, he  
agreeth perfectly throughout with *John Pyne* as before.

*Edward Perry* being likewise sworn, deposeth, That  
he, Mr. *Geatrix*, and Mr. *Blackwall*, went to the Maid,  
and Mr. *Geatrix* and he had read of a way to discover a  
Witch, which he would put in practice. And so they  
sent for the Witch, and set her on a Stool, and a Shoe-  
maker with a strong Awl endeavoured to stick it in the  
Stool, but could not till the third time. And then they  
bad her come off the Stool, but she said she was very  
weary and could not stir. Then two of them pulled her  
off, and the Man went to pull out his Awl, and it dropt  
into his hand with half an Inch broke off the blade of  
it, and they all looked to have found where it had been  
stuck, but could find no place where any entry had been  
made by it. Then they took another Awl, and put it  
into the Maid's hand, and one of them took the Maid's  
hand, and ran violently at the Witches hand with it,  
but could not enter it, though the Awl was so bent that  
none of them could put it streight again. Then Mr.  
*Blackwall* took a Launce and launc'd one of her hands an  
Inch and a half long, and a quarter of an Inch deep, but  
it bled not at all. Then he launc'd the other hand, and  
then they bled.

He further saith, That after she was in Prison, he  
went with *Roger Hawkins* and others to discourse with  
the Witch about the Maid, and they askt what it was  
she spake to the day before, and after some denial, she  
said it was a Greyhound which was her Familiar, and  
went out at the Window; and then she said, If I have  
done the Maid hurt, I am sorry for it. And being then  
asked whether she had done her any hurt, she said she  
never did bewitch her, but confessed she had over-looked  
her that time she kist her, but that she could not now  
help her, for none could help that did the mischief, but  
others. And further the Deponent saith, That after at  
the Assize at *Cashal*, he meeting with one *William Lap*,  
and discoursing about these passages with him, the said  
*Lap* told the Deponent, that if he would but take a  
Tyle off the House, near the place where the Witch  
lay, and heat it red hot in the Fire, and then take some  
of the Maids Water and drop upon it, that so long as  
this was doing, he should find the Witch most grie-  
vously tormented: That afterward he, *Edward Perry*,  
*Nicholas Pyne* and others, put this in practice, and found,  
that the Witch was extreemly tormented and vexed,  
and when the experiment was over, she came to her  
self, and then they askt her how she came to hurt the  
Maid? and she said, that what evil she thought against  
the Maid that time she kist her, that would fall upon her,  
and that she could not have hurt her except she had  
toucht her, and then she fell on her Knees, and confessed  
she had wronged the Maid, and desired God to forgive  
her. And then they put her upon saying the Lord's  
Prayer, but she could not say the words, and forgive us  
our trespasses.

Mr. *Wood*, a Minister, being likewise sworn, and Ex-  
amined, deposeth, That having heard of the Stones  
dropt and thrown at the Maid, and of her Fits, and  
meeting with the Maids Brother, he went along with  
him to the Maid, and found her in her Fit, crying out  
against *Gammer Newton*, that she prickt her and hurt  
her. And when she came to her self, he asked her what  
had troubled her, and she said *Gammer Newton*. And  
the Deponent said, why, she was not there. Yes, said  
she, I saw her by my Bed-side. The Deponent then askt  
her the original of all, which she related from the time  
of her begging the Beef, and after Killing, and so to  
that time. That then they caused the Maid to be got  
up, and sent for *Florence Newton*, but she refused to  
come, pretending she was sick, though indeed it ap-  
peared she was well. Then the Mayor of *Toughall* came  
in and spoke with the Maid, and then sent again, and



caused *Florence Newton* to be brought in, and immediately the Maid fell into her Fit far more violent, and three times as long as at any other time, and all the time the Witch was in the Chamber, the Maid cried out continually of being hurt here and there, but never named the Witch; but as soon as she was removed, then she cried out against her by the name of *Gammer Newton*, and this for several times. And still when the Witch was out of the Chamber, the Maid would desire to go to Prayers, and he found good affections in her in time of Prayer, but when the Witch was brought in again, though never so privately, although she could not possibly, as the Deponent conceives, see her, she would be immediately senseless and like to be strangled, and so would continue till the Witch were taken out, and then though never so privately carried away, she would come again to her senses. That afterwards Mr. *Greatrix*, Mr. *Blackwall*, and some others, who would needs satisfy themselves in the influence of the Witches presence, tried it and found it several times. Although he did it with all possible privacy, and so as none could think it possible for the Maid to know either of the Witches coming in or going out.

*Richard Mayre* Mayor of *Toughall*, being likewise sworn, saith, That about the 24th of *March* last, he sent for *Florence Newton*, and Examined her about the Maid, and she at first denied it, and accused Goodwife *Halfpenny*, and Goodwife *Dod*, but at length when he had caused a Boat to be provided, and had thought to have tried the Water Experiment on them all three, then *Florence Newton* confessed she had over-looked the Maid, and done her wrong with a kiss. For which she was heartily sorry, and desired God to forgive her. That then he likewise Examined the other two Women, *Halfpenny* and *Dod*, but they utterly deny'd it, and were content to abide any Trial. Whereupon he caused both *Florence*, *Halfpenny*, and *Dod*, to be carried to the Maid. And he told her these two Women, or one of them were said by *Gammer Newton* to have done her hurt, but she answered, No, no, they are honest Women, but it is *Gammer Newton* that hurts me, and I believe she is not far off. That then they afterwards brought in *Newton* privately, and then she fell into a most violent Fit, ready to be strangled, till the Witch was removed, and then she was well again, and this for three several times. He further deposeth, that there were three Aldermen in *Toughall*, whose Children she had kiss'd, as he had heard them affirm, and all the Children died presently after. And as to the sending to *Cork* to have the Bolts put on, swears as is formerly depofed.

*Joseph Thompson* being likewise sworn, saith, That he went in *March* last with *Roger Hawkins*, *Nicholas Pyne*, and others to the Prison to confer with *Florence Newton* about the Maid. But she would confess nothing that time. But towards Night there was a noise at the Prison Door, as if something had shak't the Door, and *Florence* started up and said, *What aileth thee to be here at this time of the Night?* and there was much noise. And they asked her what she spoke to, and what made the great noise? But she denied that she spake, or that she knew of any noise, and said, if I spoke, I said I knew no' what. And they went their ways at that time, and went to her again the next night, and asked her very seriously about the last Nights passage, and the noise. And then she confessed to them that it was a Greyhound that came to her, and that she had seen it formerly, and that it went out at the Window. And then she confessed she had done the Maid wrong, for which she was sorry, and desired God to forgive her.

Hitherto we have heard the most considerable Evidence touching *Florence Newton's* Witchcraft upon

*Mary Longdon*, for which she was committed to *Toughall* Prison, *March* 24. 1661. But *April* following she bewicht one *David Jones* to death, by kissing his Hand through the Grate of the Prison, for which she was Indicted at *Corke* Assizes, and the Evidence is as follows.

*Elenor Jones* Relict of the said *David Jones*, being Sworn and Examined in open Court, what she knew concerning any practice of Witchcraft by the said *Florence Newton* upon the said *David* her Husband? gave in the Evidence, That in *April* last, the said *David* her late Husband having been out all the Night, came home early in the Morning, and said to the said *Elenor* his Wife, where dost thou think I have been all Night? To which she answered, she knew not. Whereupon he replied, I and *Frank Beseley* have been standing Centinel over the Witch all Night. To which she the said *Elenor* said, why, what hurt is that? Hurt, quoth he? marry, I doubt it's never a jot the better for me. For she hath kiss'd my Hand through the Grate, and ever since she kiss'd my Hand, I have had a great pain in that Arm, and I verily believe she hath bewitched me, if ever she bewitched any Man. To which she answered, the Lord forbid. That all the Night, and continually from that time he was restless and ill, complaining exceedingly of a great pain in his Arm for seven days together, and at the seven days end he complained, that the pain was come from his Arm to his Heart, and then kept his Bed Night and day grievously afflicted and crying out against *Florence Newton*, and about fourteen days after he died.

*Francis Beseley*, being Sworn and Examined, saith, That about the time aforementioned meeting with the said *David Jones*, and discoursing with him of the several reports then stirring concerning this *Florence Newton*, (who was then in Prison at *Toughall* for betwitching *Mary Longdon*) viz. that she had several Familiars resorting to her in sundry shapes, the said *David Jones* told him the said *Francis Beseley*, that he had a great mind to watch her the said *Florence Newton* one Night, to see whether he could observe any Cats or other Creatures resort to her through the Grate, as 'twas suspected they did, and desired the said *Francis* to go with him, which he did. And that when they came thither *David Jones* came to *Florence*, and told her, that he heard she could not say the Lord's Prayer: To which she answered, she could. He then desired her to say it: But she excused her self by the decay of Memory through old Age. Then *David Jones* began to teach her, but she could not, or would not say it, though often taught it.

Upon which the said *David Jones* and *Beseley* being withdrawn a little from her, and discoursing of her, not being able to learn this Prayer, she called out to *David Jones*, and said, *David! David!* come hither, I can say the Lord's Prayer now. Upon which *David* went towards her, and the said Deponent would have pluckt him back, and perswaded him not to have gone to her. But he would not be perswaded, but went to the Grate to her, and she began to say the Lord's Prayer, but could not say, [*Forgive us our Trespases.*] So that *David* again taught her. Which she seemed to take very thankfully, and told him she had a great mind to have kiss'd him, but that the Grate hindered, but desired she might kiss his Hand. Whereupon he gave her his Hand through the Grate, and she kiss'd it, and towards break of day, they went away and parted, and soon after the Deponent heard, that *David Jones* was ill.

Whereupon he went to visit him, and found him about two or three days after very ill of a pain in the Arm. Which he exceedingly complained of, and told the Deponent, that ever since he parted with him, he had been seized on with that pain, and that the Old



Hag had bewitched him when she kist his Hand, and that she had him now by the Hand, and was pulling off his Arm. And he said, Do you not see the Old Hag how she pulls me? Well, I lay my Death on her, she has bewitched me. And several times after would complain, that she had tormented him, and had bewitched him, that he laid his Death on her. And after fourteen days languishing, he the said *David Jones* died.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Relation is taken out of a Copy of an Authentick Record, as I conceive, every half sheet having W. Alton writ in the Margin, and then again W. Alton at the end of all, who in all likelihood must be some publick Notary, or Record-Keeper. But this Witch of Youghall is so famous, that I have heard Mr. Greatrix speak of her at my Lord Conway's at Ragley, and remember very well he told the story of the Aul to me there. There is in this Relation an eximious example of the Magical venom of Witches, (whence they are called Veneficæ) in that all the mischief this Witch did, was by kissing, or some way touching the party she bewitched, and she confest, unless she touched her, she could do her no hurt. Which may be called a Magical venom, or contagion. But how Over looking and Bewitching are distinguished with those of this Hellish Fraternity, I know not. But that Mary Longdon was bewitch'd by her over-looking her, is manifest. Whether this Over-looking relates to ὀφθαλμοὶ βάσανα, and that the Magical venom came out at her Eyes when she kissed the Maid, and whether this ὀφθαλμοὶ βάσανα was the first kind of Witchery distinct from that of bewitching people by Images made of Wax, and afterward any bewitching by meer looking or touching, was called Over-looking, we will leave to the Criticks of that black School to decide. As also what is that, which in the Witches shape, so haunts and torments the bewitched party. For that it is not the meer fancy of the bewitched seems reasonable to judge, because their meer fancy could not create such kinds of extream torments to them. And therefore it is either the Witches Familiar in her shape, or the Astral Spirit of the Witch, because the Witch is sometimes wounded by striking at her Appearance, as it happened in the appearance of Jane Brooks, and also in that of Julian Cox, as you shall find in the Relation following.

## RELAT. VIII.

*The Narrative of Mr. Pool, a Servant and Officer in the Court to Judge Archer in his Circuits, concerning the Trial of Julian Cox for Witchcraft; who being himself then present an Officer in the Court, noted as follows, viz.*

**J**ulian Cox, aged about 70 years, was Indicted at Taunton in Somersetshire, about Summer Assizes 1663. before Judge Archer, then Judge of Assize there, for Witchcraft, which she practised upon a young Maid, whereby her body languished, and was impaired of Health, by reason of strange Fits upon account of the said Witchcraft.

The Evidence against her was divided into two Branches; First, to prove her a Witch in general; Secondly, To prove her guilty of the Witchcraft contained in the Indictment.

For the proof of the first particular, The first Witness was an Huntsman, who swore that he went out with a pack of Hounds to Hunt a Hare, and not far from

*Julian Cox* her House, he at last started a Hare. The Dogs hunted her very close, and the third ring hunted her in view, till at last the Huntsman perceiving the Hare almost spent, and making towards a great Bush, he ran on the other side of the Bush to take her up, and preserve her from the Dogs. But as soon as he laid hands on her, it proved to be *Julian Cox*, who had her head groveling on the ground, and her globes (as he exprest it) upward. He knowing her, was affrighted, that his Hair on his Head stood on end; and yet spake to her, and askt her what brought her there. But she was so far out of Breath, that she could not make him any answer. His Dogs also came up with full cry to recover the Game, and smelt at her, and so left off Hunting any further. And the Huntsman with his Dogs went home presently, sadly affrighted.

Secondly, Another Witness swore, That as he passed by Cox her Door, she was taking a Pipe of Tobacco upon the Threshold of her Door. and invited him to come in and take a Pipe, which he did. And as he was taking, *Julian* said to him, Neighbour look what a pretty thing there is. He look't down, and there was a monstrous great Toad betwixt his Leggs, staring him in the face. He endeavoured to kill it by spurning it, but could not hit it. Whereupon *Julian* bad him forbear, and it would do him no hurt. But he threw down his Pipe and went home, (which was about two Miles off of *Julian Cox* her House) and told his Family what had happened, and that he believed it was one of *Julian Cox* her Devils. After, he was taking a Pipe of Tobacco at home, and the same Toad appeared betwixt his Leggs. He took the Toad out to kill it, and to his thinking cut it in several pieces, but returning to his Pipe, the Toad still appeared. He endeavoured to burn it, but could not. At length he took a Switch and beat it. The Toad ran several times about the Room to avoid him, he still pursuing it with correction. At length the Toad cryed and vanish't, and he was never after troubled with it.

Thirdly, Another swore, That *Julian* past by his Yard while his Beasts were in Milking, and stooping down, scored upon the ground for some small time. During which time his Cattle run mad, and some ran their heads against the Trees, and most of them died speedily. Whereupon concluding they were bewitched, he was after advised to this Experiment, to find out the Witch, viz. to cut off the Ears of the bewitched Beasts and burn them, and that the Witch would be in misery, and could not rest till they were plucked out. Which he tried, and while they were burning, *Julian Cox* came into the House, raging and scolding, that they had abused her without cause, but she went presently to the Fire, and took out the Ears that were burning, and then she was quiet.

Fourthly, Another Witness swore, That she had seen *Julian Cox* fly into her own Chamber Window in her full proportion, and that she very well knew her, and was sure it was she.

Fifthly, Another Evidence was the confession of *Julian Cox* her self upon her Examination before a Justice of Peace, which was to this purpose, That she had been often tempted by the Devil to be a Witch, but never consented. That one Evening she walkt about a Mile from her own House, and there came riding towards her three Persons upon three Broomstaves, born up about a yard and an half from the ground. Two of them she formerly knew, which was a Witch and a Wizzard that were hanged for Witchcraft for several years before. The third person she knew not. He came in the shape of a black Man, and tempted her to give him her Soul, or to that effect, and to exprest it



by pricking her Finger, and giving her name in her Blood in token of it, and told her that she had revenge against several persons that had wronged her. but could not bring her purpose to pass without his help, and that upon the terms aforesaid he would assist her to be revenged against them. But she said, she did not consent to it. This was the sum of the general Evidence to prove her a Witch.

But now for the second particular, to prove her guilty of the Witchcraft upon the Maid, whereof she was indicted, this Evidence was offered:

It was proved, that *Julian Cox* came for an Alms to the House where this Maid was a Servant, and that the Maid told her, she should have none, and gave her a cross answer that displeased *Julian*. Whereupon *Julian* was angry, and told the Maid she should repent it before Night, and so she did. For before Night she was taken with a Convulsion Fit, and after that left her, she saw *Julian Cox* following her, and cried out to the People in the House to save her from *Julian*.

But none saw *Julian* but the Maid, and all did impute it to her imagination only. And in the Night she cried out of *Julian Cox*, and the black Man, that they came upon her Bed and tempted her to drink something they offered her. But she cried out, she defied the Devils Drenches. This also they imputed to her imagination, and bad her be quiet, because they in the same Chamber with her, did not see or hear any thing, and they thought it had been her conceit only.

The Maid the next Night expecting the same conflict she had the Night before, brought up with her a Knife, and laid it at her Beds head. About the same time of the Night as before, *Julian* and the black Man came again upon the Maids Bed, and tempted her to drink that which they brought, but she refused, crying in the audience of the rest of the Family, that she defied the Devils Drenches, and took the Knife and stabbed *Julian*, and, as she said, she wounded her in the Leg, and was importunate with the Witnesses to ride to *Julian Cox's* House presently to see if it were not so. The Witnesses went and took the Knife with him. *Julian Cox* would not let him in, but they forced the Door open, and found a fresh Wound in *Julian's* Leg, as the Maid had said, which did suit with the Knife, and *Julian* had been just dressing it when the Witnesses came. There was Blood also found upon the Maids Bed.

The next Morning the Maid continued her out-cries, that *Julian Cox* appeared to her in the House Wall, and offered her great Pins which she was forced to swallow. And all the day the Maid was observed to convey her hand to the House Wall, and from the Wall to her Mouth, and she seemed, by the motion of her Mouth, as if she did eat something. But none saw any thing but the Maid, and therefore thought still it might be her phancy, and did not much mind it. But towards Night this Maid began to be very ill, and complained, that the Pins that *Julian* forced her to eat out of the Wall, did torment her in all parts of her Body that she could not endure it, and made lamentable out-cries for pain. Whereupon several Persons being present, the Maid was undressed, and in several parts of the Maids Body several great swellings appeared, and out of the heads of the swellings several great Pins points appeared. Which the Witnesses took out, and upon the Trial there were about Thirty great Pins produced in Court (which I my self handled) all which were sworn by several Witnesses, that they were taken out of the Maids Body in manner as is aforesaid.

Judge *Archer*, who tryed the Prisoner, told the Jury, that he had heard, that a Witch could not repeat that Petition in the Lord's Prayer, viz. [*And lead us not in-*

*to temptation*] and having this occasion he would try the Experiment, and told the Jury, that whether she could or could not, they were not in the least measure to guide their Verdict according to it, because it was not legal Evidence, but that they must be guided in their Verdict by the former Evidences given in upon Oath only.

The Prisoner was called for up to the next Bar to the Court, and demanded if she could say the Lord's Prayer? She said she could, and went over the Prayer readily till she came to that Petition. Then she said [*And lead us into temptation*] or [*And lead us not into no temptation*] but could not say [*And lead us not into temptation*] though she was directed to say it after one that repeated it to her distinctly. But she could not repeat it otherwise than is expressed already, though tried to do it near half a score times in open Court. After all which, the Jury found her guilty, and Judgment having been given, within three or four days she was Executed without any Confession of the Fact.

## Advertisement.

**T**His is a Copy of the Narrative sent by Mr. Pool, Oct. 24. 1672. to Mr. Archer of Emmanuel Colledge, Nephew to the Judge, upon the desire of Dr. Bright. But I remember here at Cambridge, I heard the main passage, of this Narrative, when they first were spread abroad after the Assizes, and particularly by G. Rust, after Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. Nor do I doubt but it is a true account of what was attested before Judge Archer at the Assizes. For it is a thing to me altogether incredible, that he that was an Officer, or Servant of the Judge, and present in the Court at the Examination and Trial, and there took Notes, should write a Narrative, when there were so many Ear-witnesses besides himself of the same things, that would be obnoxious to the disproof of those who were present as well as himself. It may not be amiss here to transcribe what Dr. M. did write to Mr. G. touching this story in a Letter dated Dec. 26. 1678.

This Narrative, says he, hath the most Authentick confirmation that human affairs are capable of, Sense and the sacredness of an Oath. But yet I confess, I heard that Judge Archer has been taxed by some of over-much credulity, for sentencing *Julian Cox* to death upon those Evidences. But to deal freely, I suspect by such, as out of their ignorance mis-interpreted several passages in the Evidence, or were of such a dull stupid Sadducean temper, that they believe there are no Spirits nor Witches. And truly I must confess, that the Huntsman, though he deposed upon Oath, that when he came in to take up the Hare at the Bush, it proved to be *Julian Cox*, with her face towards the ground, &c. his expressing of himself touching her Globes, and the Dogs smelling, &c. looks something humourously and ludicrously on it. But I must further add, that I think it was only that his fancy was tickled with the feateness of the Phenomenon, not that he would be so wicked as to tell a lie upon Oath and that for nothing. Sic vita hominum est, says Tully, ut ad maleficium nemo conetur sine spe atque emolumento accedere. But that those half-witted People thought he swore false, I suppose was because they imagined that what he told implied that *Julian Cox* was turned into an Hare. Which she was not, nor did his report imply any such real Metamorphosis of her Body, but that these ludicrous Demons exhibited to the sight of this Huntsman and his Dogs the shape of an Hare, one of them turning himself into such a form, and others hurrying on the body of *Julian* near the same place, and at the same swiftness, but interposing betwixt that Hare-like Spectre and her Body, modifying the Air, so that the scene there, to the beholders sight,



was as if nothing but Air were there, and a shew of Earth perpetually suited to that where the Hare passed. As I have heard of some Painters that have drawn the Sky in an huge Land-skip, so lively, that the Birds have flown against it, thinking it free Air, and so have fallen down. And if Painters and jugglers, by the tricks of Legerdemain, can do such strange feats to the deceiving of the sight, it is no wonder that these Airy invisible Spirits as far surpass them in all such praestigious doings, as the Air surpasses the Earth for subtilty.

And the like Præstigiæ may be in the Toad. It might be a real Toad (though actuated and guided by a Demon) which was cut in pieces, and that also which was whipt about, and at last snatcht out of sight (as if it had vanished) by these Aerial Hocus-Pocus's. And if some Jugglers have tricks to take hot Coals into their Mouth without hurt, certainly it is no strange thing that some small attempt did not suffice to burn that Toad. That such a Toad, sent by a Witch, and crawling up the Body of the Man of the House as he sat by the Fire's side, was overmastered by him and his Wife together, and burnt in the fire; I have heard sometime ago, credibly reported, by one of the Isle of Ely. Of these Damoniack Vermin, I have heard other stories also, as of a Rat that followed a Man some score of Miles, trudging through thick and thin along with him. So little difficulty is there in that of the Toad.

And that of Julian Cox's being seen to fly in at her own Chamber Window, there is no difficulty in it, if it be understood of her Familiar, the black Man, that had transformed himself into her shape. For this is no such unusual thing for Witches to appear, either in their Astral Spirits, or by their Familiars, as if it were their very bodily Persons. But when she appeared to the Maid, together with the black Man, and offered her to drink, it is likely it was her Astral Spirit, and Julian's being wounded in her Body by the wound on her Astral Spirit, is just such another case, as that of Jane Brooks, which you your self note in your Book of Witchcraft.

The most incredible thing is her eating of Pins, she knowing them to be such. But they that are bewitched are not themselves, and being possessed are actuated in the parts of their Body, and their mind driven by that ugly inmate in them, to what he will; which is notorious in the story of Mrs. Frogmorton's Children. And for the Pins thus swallowed, their coming out into the exterior parts of her Body, Examples of this sort are infinite; and far more strange than these are recorded by Baptista Van Helmont, de Injunctis.

These are the most incredible passages in this Narrative, and yet you see how credible they are, if rightly understood. But those that believe no Spirits, will believe nothing never so credible of this kind, and others that have some natural aversion from these things, will presently interpret them in the vulgar sense, and then sweetly sneer at their own ignorance. But I must confess, if this be a true Relation of what passed in the Court, I do not question but the things that were sworn did so appear to them that swore them. Or else there is nothing to be credited in human affairs. But concerning the truth of the Relation, besides what I hinted in my last to you, you would do well to write to some or other in Taunton, &c. Thus far Dr. M.

And if any one be so curious as to desire an account of Mr. G. his further inquiry into this business, I can tell him, that he wrote to Mr. Hunt, who then busie in some Court, yet made shift to read the Narrative, and wrote two or three lines to him back to this effect. That one principal Evidence was omitted in the Narrative, but that is nothing against the truth of the rest. But he adds also, that some things were false. Which would stumble one, and make him think that the credit of this Narrative is quite blasted thereby. But this riddle is easily unriddled by him that

considers, that Mr. Hunt may respect those things that are said to be confest by her in her examination before a Justice of Peace. For he also having some time Examined her, and she making no such confession to him (as Mr. G. himself says in a Letter to Dr. M. that he perused that Examination in Mr Hunt's Book, and there was not any thing considerable therein) might speak this in reference to the Examination which he had taken, she then not confessing so freely as to some other Justice, whose Examination therefore was made use of in the Court. But this cannot concern at all the rest of the Narrative, which was given upon Oath in the Court in the hearing of all. This I thought fit not to omit, as being desirous to deal with all faithfulness in concealing nothing, and not to impose upon the Reader, but that he may make his judgment upon the whole matter.

As for the Witches being hurried along with that Hare-like Spectre, her being out of breath (as the Huntsman testified) makes it most probable; or at least that she was hurried from some other place on the earth, or in the air (to meet there at length with the Hare-like Spectre) but this invisibly by that κλεψωπία, or Prestigiatory art or faculty of these ludicrous Demons, whereby they can so modify the Air immediately next to the party they would conceal, that it looks there like the free Skie, or what Landskip they please, as when they shew in a Shew-stone or Glass, the very Room in which the party is, the Demon by the power of his Imagination, so modifying at least his own Vehicle. Which power some of those of the Atheistick Brotherhood cannot with any face deny, supposing there are Demons, they giving a greater power to the Imagination of a Man, as if it were able to transform the Air into real Birds or Mice, or such like Creatures livingly such for the present. But anything must be believed, rather than the Existence of Witches and Demons.

It will not be amiss here to take notice what an eminent Example this Julian Cox is of Moses his Megnonenah or Mecassephah taken in the same sense, that is, of such a Witch as is thought by a κλεψωπία, or Prestigiatory power (though it is the Devil that does these feats, not she) to transform her self into strange shapes, and use other such like deceptions of the sight. As also it is a notable instance of the Astral Spirits of Witches, how strongly, though at a distance of place, they are tied together in a fatal Sympathy with their Bodies, the Body of Julian being wounded by a stab at her Astral Spirit, as it fared also in Jane Brooks, and an Old Woman in Cambridge-shire, whose Astral Spirit coming into a Mans House, (as he was sitting alone at the Fire) in the shape of an huge Cat and setting her self before the Fire, not far from him, he stole a stroke at the back of it with a Fire-fork, and seemed to break the back of it, but it scrambled from him, and vanisht he knew not how. But such an Old Woman, a reputed Witch, was found dead in her Bed that very Night, with her Back broken, as I have heard some years ago credibly reported.

That also is a marvellous Magical Sympathy in this story of Julian Cox, that the burning of the Ears of the Beast bewitched by her, should put her into such rage and torment. Like the heating of the Tile red hot in the story of Florence Newton, and pouring some of the bewitched Maid's Water upon it. Which puts me in mind of a very remarkable story of this kind, told me by Mr. Brearly, once Fellow of Christ's Colledge in Cambridge, who boarded in an House in Suffolk, where his Landlady had been ill handled by Witchcraft.

For an Old Man that Travelled up and down the Country, and had some acquaintance at that House, calling in and asking the Man of the House how he did and his Wife; He told him that himself was well, but his Wife had been a long time in a languishing condition, and that she was haunted with a thing in the shape of a Bird, that would flurr near to her face, and that she could not enjoy her natural rest well.



The Old Man bid him and his Wife be of good courage. It was but a dead Spright, he said, and he would put him in a course to rid his Wife of this languishment and trouble. He therefore advised him to take a Bottle, and put his Wives Urine into it, together with Pins, and Needles, and Nails, and Cork them up, and set the Bottle to the Fire, but be sure the Cork be fast in it, that it fly not out. The Man followed the prescription, and set the Bottle to the Fire well Corkt, which when it had felt a while the heat of the Fire, began to move and joggle a little, but he for sureness took the Fireshovel, and held it hard upon the Cork. And as he thought, he felt something one while on this side, another while on that, shove the Fireshovel off, which he still quickly put on again, but at last at one shoving the Cork bounced out, and the Urine, Pins, Nails and Needles, all flew up, and gave a report like a Pistol, and his Wife continued in the same trouble and languishment still.

Not long after, the Old Man came to the House again, and inquired of the Man of the House how his Wife did. Who answered, as ill as ever, if not worse. He askt him if he had followed his direction. Yes, says he, and told him the event as is abovesaid. Ha, quoth he, it seems it was too nimble for you. But now I will put you in a way that will make the business sure. Take your Wives Urine as before, and Cork it in a Bottle with Nails, Pins, and Needles, and bury it in the Earth; and that will do the feat. The Man did accordingly. And his Wife began to mend sensibly, and in a competent time was finely well recovered. But there came a Woman from a Town some miles off to their House, with a lamentable Out-cry, that they had killed her Husband. They askt her what she meant, and thought her distracted, telling her they knew neither her nor her Husband. Yes, saith she, you have killed my Husband, he told me so on his Death-Bed. But at last they understood by her, that her Husband was a Wizzard, and had bewitched this Mans Wife, and that this Counter-practice prescribed by the Old Man, which saved the Mans Wife from languishment, was the death of that Wizzard that had bewitched her. This story did Mr. Brearly hear from the Man and Womans own Mouth who were concerned, and at whose House he for a time Boarded, nor is there any doubt of the truth thereof.

But it will be more easie for any rational Man to believe stories of this kind, than to find out a satisfactory account of the operation and effect, or to assure the lawfulness of such counter-practice against Witchcraft, unless they can be resolved into the Sympathy and Synenergy of the Spiritus Mundanus, (which Plotinus calls  $\mu\upsilon\gamma\alpha\nu\gamma\omicron\nu\tau\alpha$ , the grand Magician) such as the operation of the Weapon-salve, and other Magnetick Cures are resolved into. And forasmuch as the power of a truly Divine Magick, such as Prophets and Holy Lawgivers are endued with, is too great and august to be found in ordinary good Men that are to bring in no new Law or Religion into the World, the benignity of Providence is to be acknowledged in that the Villanies of Witchcraft lie obnoxious to such a natural or ratified way of Discoveries and Counter-practices as these. But how this obnoxiousness of Witches is complicated with their Familiars sucking their Bodies, is a point too nice and prolix to enter upon here. But it is most safe not to tamper at all with these things, and most happy to have no occasion for it.

Lastly, As for Julian Cox, her not being able to say one of the Petitions in the Lords Prayer, the case is like that of Florence Newton the Irish Witch, but unlike in this, that it was not the same Petition Florence Newton stuck at. And I remember when I had the curiosity with a Friend of mine, of examining certain Witches at Castle-hill in Cambridge, the most notorious of them, who also was hanged for a Witch, offered to say the Creed and Lord's Prayer, as an Argument she was no Witch, and so far as I remember, she

said the Lord's Prayer right, but was out at the Creed; nor do I think this any certain sign of their guilt or innocency, and therefore Judge Archer did well to lay no stress on it. But these things are of less moment, and therefore I pass to the next Relation, which looks not so much like Witchcraft, as the Apparition of the Ghost of one deceased.

## RELAT. IX.

Which is a Relation of Thomas Goddard of Marleborough, in the County of Wilts, Weaver, made the 23 Nov. 1674.

WHO saith, That on Monday the Ninth of this Instant, as he was going to Ogborn, at a Style on the Highway near Mr. Goddard's Ground, about Nine in the Morning, he met the Apparition of his Father-in-Law, one Edward Avon of this Town, Glover, who died in May last, having on, to his appearance, the same Cloths Hat, Stockings and Shoes, he did usually wear when he was living, standing by, and leaning over that Style. Which when he came near, the Apparition spake to him with an audible Voice these words, *Are you afraid?* To which he answered, I am, thinking on one who is dead and buried, whom you are like. To which the Apparition replied with the like Voice, I am he that you were thinking on, I am Edward Avon your Father-in-Law, come near to me, I will do you no harm. To which Goddard answered, I trust in him who hath bought my Soul with his precious Blood, you shall do me no harm. Then the Apparition said, How stand cases at home? Goddard askt, what cases? Then it askt him how do William and Mary, meaning, as he conceived, his Son William Avon a Shoemaker here, and Mary his Daughter the said Goddard's Wife. Then it said, What! Taylor is dead, meaning, as he thought, one Taylor of London, who Married his Daughter Sarah, which Taylor died about Michaelmas last. Then the Apparition held out its hand, and in it, as Goddard conceived, twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and then spake with a loud Voice: *Take this Money and send it to Sarah; for I shut up my Bowels of compassion towards her in the time of my life, and now here is somewhat for her.* And then said, Mary (meaning his the said Goddard's Wife as he conceived) is troubled for me; but tell her God hath shewed mercy to me contrary to my deserts. But the said Goddard answered, *In the Name of JESUS CHRIST I refuse all such Money.* Then the Apparition said, *I perceive you are afraid, I will meet you some other time.* And immediately it went up the Lane to his appearance. So he went over the same Style, but saw it no more that day.

He saith, the next night about seven of the Clock, it came and opened his Shop Window, and stood in the like Cloaths, looked him in the Face, but said nothing to him. And the next Night after, as Goddard went forth into his Backside with a Candle light in his Hand, it appeared to him again in the same Shape, but he being in Fear, ran into his House, and saw it no more then.

But he saith, That on Thursday the twelfth instant, as he came from Chilton, riding down the Hill, between the Mannor-House and Axford-Farm-Field, he saw somewhat like a Hare crossed his way, at which his Horse frightened threw him in the dirt, and as soon as he could recover on his Feet, the same Apparition there met him again in the same Habit, and there standing about eight foot directly before him in the way, spake again to him with a loud Voice, *Source* (a word he commonly used



when living) you have stayed long; and then said to him, *Thomas, bid William Avon take the Sword that he had of me, which is now in his House, and carry it to the Wood as we go to Alton, to the upper end of the Wood by the way-side; for with that Sword I did wrong above Thirty years ago, and he never prospered since he had that Sword. And bid William Avon give his Sister Sarah twenty shillings of the Money which he had of me. And do you talk with Edward Lawrence, for I borrowed twenty shillings of him several years ago, and did say I had paid him, but I did not pay it him; and I would desire you to pay him twenty shillings out of the Money which you had from James Elliot at two payments. Which Money the said Goddard now saith was five pounds, which James Elliot, a Baker here, owed the said Avon on Bond, and which he the said Goddard had received from the said Elliot since Michaelmas at two payments, viz. 35 s. at one, and 3 l. 5 s. at another payment. And it further said to him, Tell Margaret (meaning his own Wife as he conceived) that I would desire her to deliver up the little which I gave to little Sarah Taylor to the Child, or to any one she will trust for it. But if she will not, speak to Edward Lawrence to persuade her. But if she will not then, tell her that I will see her very suddenly. And see that this be done within a Twelve-month and a day after my decease, and peace be with you. And so it went away over the Rails into the Wood there in the like manner as any Man would go over a Style, to his apprehension, and so he saw it no more at that time. And he saith, that he paid the twenty shillings to Edward Lawrence of this Town, who being present now, doth remember he lent the said Avon twenty shillings about twenty years ago, which none knew but himself and Wife, and Avon and his Wife, and was never paid it again before now by this Goddard.*

And this said Goddard further saith, That this very day, by Mr. Mayor's order, he, with his Brother-in-Law William Avon, went with the Sword, and about Nine a Clock this Morning, they laid down the Sword in the Copse near the place the Apparition had appointed Goddard to carry it, and then coming away thence, Goddard looking back, saw the same Apparition again in the like habit as before. Whereupon he called to his Brother-in-Law, and said, *Here is the Apparition of our Father; Who said, I see nothing. Then Goddard fell on his Knees, and said, Lord, open his Eyes that he may see it. But he replied, Lord, grant I may not see it, if it be thy blessed Will. And then the Apparition to Goddard's appearance, beckned with his hand to him to come to it. And then Goddard said, In the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what would you have me to do? Then the Apparition said to him, Thomas, take up the Sword, and follow me. To which he said, Should both of us come, or but one of us? To which it answered, Thomas, do you take up the Sword. And so he took up the Sword and followed the Apparition about ten Lugs (that is Poles) further into the Copse, and then turning back, he stood still about a Lug and a half from it, his Brother-in-Law staying behind at the place where they first laid down the Sword. Then Goddard laying down the Sword upon the ground, saw something stand by the Apparition like a Mastiff Dog, of a brown colour. Then the Apparition coming towards Goddard, he stepped back about two steps, and the Apparition said to him, *I have a permission to you, and commission not to touch you; and then it took up the Sword, and went back to the place at which before it stood, with a Mastiff Dog by it as before, and pointed the top of the Sword into the ground, and said, In this place lies buried the Body of him which I murdered in the year 1635. which is now rotten and turned to dust. Whereupon Goddard said, I do adjure you in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,**

*wherefore did you do this Murder? And it said, I took Money from the Man, and he contended with me, and so I murdered him. Then Goddard asked him, who was Confederate with him in the said Murder? and it said, None but my self. Then Goddard said, What would you have me do in this thing? And the Apparition said, This is that the World may know that I murdered a Man, and buried him in this place, in the year 1635.*

Then the Apparition laid down the Sword on the bare ground there, whereon grew nothing, but seemed to Goddard to be as a Grave sunk in. And then the Apparition rushing further into the Copse vanished, and he saw it no more. Whereupon Goddard and his Brother-in-Law Avon, leaving the Sword there, and coming away together, Avon told Goddard he heard his Voice, and understood what he said, and heard other words distinct from his, but could not understand a word of it, nor saw any Apparition at all. Which he now also present affirmeth, and all which the said Goddard then attested under his hand, and affirmed he will depose the same when he shall be thereto required.

In the presence of Christ. Lypyatt, Mayor, Rolf Bayly Town-Clerk, Joshua Sacheverell, Rector of St. Peters in Marlborough.

Examined by me

Will. Bayly.

## Advertisement.

**T**HAT Tho. Goddard saw this Apparition, seems to be a thing undubitable; but whether it was his Father-in-Law's Ghost, that is more questionable. The former is confirmed from an hand at least impartial, if not disfavoured to the story. The party in his Letter to Mr. G--- writes briefly to this effect. 1. That he does verily think that this Tho. Goddard does believe the story most strongly himself. 2. That he cannot imagine what interest he should have in raising such a story, he bringing Infamy on his Wives Father, and obliging himself to pay twenty shillings debt, which his poverty could very ill spare. 3. That his Father-in-Law Edward Avon, was a resolute sturdy Fellow in his young years, and many years a Bailiff to Arrest people. 4. That Tho. Goddard had the repute of an honest Man, knew as much in Religion as most of his rank and breeding, and was a constant frequenter of the Church, till about a year before this happened to him, he fell off wholly to the Non-Conformists.

All this hitherto, save this last of all, tends to the Confirmation of the story. Therefore this last shall be the first Allegation against the credibility thereof. 2. It is further alledged, that possibly the design of the story may be to make him to be accounted an extraordinary some-body amongst the Dissenting Party. 3. That he is sometimes troubled with Epileptical Fits. 4. That the Mayor sent the next Morning to dig the place where the Spectre said the Murdered Man was Buried, and there was neither bones found, nor any difference of the Earth in that place from the rest.

But we answer briefly to the first, That his falling off to the Non-Conformists, though it may argue a vacillancy of his judgment, yet it does not any defect of his external senses, as if he were less able to discern when he saw or heard anything than before: To the second, That it is a perfect contradiction to his strong belief of the truth of his own story, which plainly implies, that he did not feign it to make himself an extraordinary some-body: To the third, That an Epileptical Person, when he is out of his Fits, hath his ex-



ternal senses as true and entire, as a Drunken Man has when his Drunken Fit is over, or a Man awake after a night of sleep and Dreams. So that this argument has not the least shew of force with it, unless you will take away the authority of all Mens Senses, because at sometimes they have not a competent use of them, namely, in sleep, drunkenness, or the like. But now lastly, for the fourth, which is most considerable, it is yet of no greater force than to make it questionable whether this Spectre was the Ghost of his Father, or some ludicrous Goblin, that would put a trick upon Thomas Goddard, by personating his Father-in-Law, and by a false pointing at the pretended Grave of the Murdered, make him ridiculous. For what Porphyrius has noted, I doubt not but is true, That Demons sometimes personate the Souls of the deceased. But if an uncoffined Body being laid in a ground exposed to wet and dry, the Earth may in 30 or 40 years space consume the very bones, and assimilate all to the rest of the mold, when some Earths will do it in less than the fifteenth or twentieth part of that space: Or if the Ghost of Edward Avon might have forgot the certain place (it being no grateful object of his memory) where he buried the murdered Man, and only guessed that to be it, because it was something sunk, as if the Earth yielded upon the wasting of the Buried Body, the rest of the story will still naturally import, that it was the very Ghost of Edward Avon. Besides, himself expressly declares, as that the Body was Buried there, so that by this time it was all turn'd into dust.

But whether it was a ludicrous Demon, or Edward Avon's Ghost, concerns not our Scope. It is sufficient, that it is a certain instance of a real Apparition, and I thought fit as in the former story, so here, to be so faithful as to conceal nothing that any might pretend to lessen the credibility thereof. Stories of the appearing of Souls departed are not for the tooth of the Non-Conformists, who, as it is said, if they generally believe this, it must be from the undeniable evidence thereof, nor could Thomas Goddard gratifie them by inventing of it; and that it was not a fancy, the knowledge of the twenty shillings debt imparted to Thomas Goddard, ignorant thereof before, and his Brother Avon's hearing a Voice distinct from his in his discourse with the Apparition, does plainly enough imply. Nor was it Goddard's own fancy, but that real Spectre that opened his shop-window. Nor his imagination, but something in the shape of an Hare, that made his Horse start, and cast him into the dirt; The Apparition of Avon being then accompanied with that Hare, as after with a Mastiff Dog. And lastly, the whole frame of the story, provided the Relator does verily think it true himself (as Mr. S. testifies for him in his Letter to Mr. Glanvil, and himself professes he was ready at any time to swear to it) is such, that it being not a voluntary Invention, cannot be an imposing Fancy.

## RELAT. X.

*The Apparition of the Ghost of Major George Sydenham, to Captain William Dyke, taken out of a Letter of Mr. James Douch of Mongton, to Mr. Jos. Glanvil.*

Concerning the Apparition of the Ghost of Major George Sydenham (late of Dulverton in the County of Somerset) to Captain William Dyke (late of Skilgate in this County also, and now likewise deceased) be pleased to take the Relation of it as I have it from the Worthy and Learned Dr. Tho. Dyke, a near Kinsman of the Captain's, thus: Shortly after the Major's Death, the Doctor was desired to come to the House, to take care of a Child that was there sick, and in his way thither he called on the Captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the Place, because he must,

as he said, have gone thither that Night, though he had not met with so encouraging an Opportunity. After their arrival there at the House, and the Civility of the People shewn them in that Entertainment, they were seasonably conducted to their Lodging, which they desired might be together in the same Bed; Where after they had lain a while, the Captain knockt and bids the Servant bring him two of the largest and biggest Candles lighted that he could get. Whereupon the Doctor enquires what he meant by this? The Captain answers, you know, Cousin, what Disputes my Major and I have had touching the Being of a God, and the Immortality of the Soul. In which Points, we could never yet be resolved, though we so much sought for, and desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, That he of us that dyed first, should the third Night after his Funeral, between the Hours of Twelve and One, come to the little House that is here in the Garden, and there give a full Account to the Survivor touching these Matters, who should be sure to be present there at the set time, and so receive a full Satisfaction. And this, says the Captain, is the very Night, and I am come on Purpose to fulfil my Promise. The Doctor dissuaded him, minding him of the Danger of following those strange Counsels, for which we could have no Warrant, and that the Devil might, by some cunning Device, make such an Advantage of this rash Attempt, as might work his utter Ruine. The Captain replies, that he had solemnly engaged and that Nothing should discourage him: and adds, That if the Doctor would wake a while with him, he would thank him, if not, he might compose himself to his Rest, but for his own Part he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the Hour appointed. To that Purpose he sets his Watch by him, and as soon as he perceived by it, that it was half an hour past Eleven, he rises, and taking a Candle in each Hand, goes out by a back Door, of which he had before gotten the Key, and walks to the Garden-house, where he continued two Hours and an half, and at his Return declared that he neither saw nor heard any thing more than what was usual. But I know, said he, that my Major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six Weeks after the Captain rides to Eaton, to place his Son a Scholar there when the Doctor went thither with him. They lodged there at an Inn, the Sign was the Christopher, and tarried two or three Nights, not lying together now as before at Dulverton, but in two several Chambers. The Morning before they went thence, The Captain stayed in his Chamber longer than he was wont to do before he called upon the Doctor; - At length he comes into the Doctor's Chamber, but in a Visage and Form much differing from himself, with his Hair and Eyes staring, and his whole Body shaking and trembling. Whereat the Doctor wondring, presently demanded, What is the Matter, Cousin Captain? The Captain replies, I have seen my Major. At which the Doctor seeming to smile, the Captain immediately confirms it, saying, if ever I saw him in my Life I saw him but now. And then he related to the Doctor what had passed, thus: This Morning after it was light, some one comes to my Beds side, and suddenly drawing back the Curtains, calls Cap. Cap. (which was the Term of Familiarity that the Major used to call the Captain by) to whom I replied, What my Major? to which he returns, I could not come at the Time appointed, but I am now come to tell you, That there is a God, and a very Just and Terrible one, and if You do not turn over a New Leaf (the very Expression as is by the Doctor punctually re-



membred) *You will find it so.* (The Captain proceeded) On the Table by, there lay a Sword, which the Major had formerly given me. Now after the Apparition had walked a Turn or two about the Chamber, he took up the Sword, drew it out, and finding it not so Clean and Bright as it ought, *Cap. Cap. says he, this Sword did not use to be kept after this Manner, when it was mine.* After which Words he suddenly disappeared.

The Captain was not only thoroughly perswaded of what he had thus seen and heard, but was from that time observed to be very much affected with it. And the Humour that before in him was Brisk and Jovial, was then strangely altered. Infomuch as very little Meat would pass down with him at Dinner, though at the taking Leave of their Friends there was a very handsome Treat provided. Yea, it was observed that what the Captain had thus seen and heard had a more lasting Influence upon him, and it is judged by those who were well acquainted with his Conversation, that the Remembrance of this Passage stuck close to him, and that those Words of his Dead Friend, were frequently sounding Fresh in his Ears, during the Remainder of his Life, which was about two Years.

## Advertisement.

FOR a further assurance of the Truth of the Story, it will not be amiss to take notice what Mr. Douch writes in his second Letter to Mr. Glanvil, touching the Character of the Major and the Captain. They were both, saith he, of my good Acquaintance, Men well bred, and of a brisk Humour and jolly Conversation, of very quick and keen Parts, having also been both of them University and Inns of Court Gentlemen. The Major, I conceive, was about Forty five Years old when he dyed, and I believe the Captain might then be Fifty, or somewhat more. I cannot understand that the Doctor and the Captain had any Discourse concerning the former Engagement to meet, after the Disappointment at that time and place, or whether the Captain had after that any Expectation of the Performance of the Promise which the Major had made him. Thus far Mr. Douch. And truly one would naturally think, that he failing the solemn Appointed time, the Captain would consequently let go all Hopes and Expectation of his Appearing afterward. Or if he did, that it would be at such a time of the Night as was first determined of, and not at the Morning light. Which Season yet is less obnoxious to the Impostures of Fancy and Melancholy, and therefore adds some Weight to the Assurance of the Truth of the Apparition. I will only add one Clause more out of that second Letter that makes to the Point. This Story, saith he, has and doth still obtain Credit from all that knew the Captain, who it seems was not at all shie or scrupulous to relate it to any one that askt him concerning it, tho it was observed he never mentioned it, but with great Terror and Trepidation.

### RELAT. XI.

Being a Postscript of the first Letter of Mr. Douch, concerning the appearing of the Ghost of Sir George Villiers, Father to the first Duke of Buckingham.

SIR,

SINCE the writing of the premisses, a passage concerning an Apparition of Sir George Villiers, giving warning of his Sons (the Duke of Buckingham's) Murder, is come into my Mind, which hath been assured by

a Servant of the Duke's to be a great truth. Thus: Some few days before the Duke's going to *Portsmouth* (where he was stabbed by *Felton*) the Ghost of his Father, Sir *George Villiers*, appeared to one *Parker* (formerly his own Servant, but then Servant to the Duke) in his Morning Chamber Gown; charged *Parker* to tell his Son, that he should decline that Employment and Design he was going upon, or else he would certainly be Murdered. *Parker* promised the Apparition to do it, but neglected it. The Duke making preparations for his Expedition, the Apparition came again to *Parker*, taxing him very severely for his breach of Promise, and required him not to delay the acquainting his Son of the danger he was in. Then *Parker* the next day tells the Duke, that his Father's Ghost had twice appeared to him, and had commanded him to give him that warning. The Duke slighted it, and told him, he was an old Doting Fool. That night the Apparition came to *Parker* a third time, saying, *Parker*, thou hast done well in warning my Son of his danger, but though he will not yet believe thee, Go to him once more however, and tell him from me by such a Token (naming a private Token) which no body knows, but only he and I, that if he will not decline his Voyage, such a Knife as this is (pulling a long Knife out from under his Gown) will be his death. This Message *Parker* also delivered the next day to the Duke, who when he heard the private Token, believed that he had it from his Father's Ghost; yet said, that his Honour was now at stake, and he could not go back from what he had undertaken, come Life, come Death. This passage *Parker* after the Duke's murder, communicated to his Fellow Servant *Henry Ceeley*, who told it to a reverend Divine, a Neighbour of mine, from whose mouth I have it. This *Henry Ceeley* has not been dead above twenty years, and his Habitation, for several years before his Death, was at *North-Currey*, but three Miles from this place. My Friend, the Divine aforesaid, was an intimate acquaintance of this *Henry Ceeley's*, and assures me, he was a person of known truth and integrity.

## Advertisement.

THIS story I heard (but another name put for *Parker*) with great assurance, and with larger circumstances, from a Person of Honour, but I shall content my self to note only what I find in a Letter of Mr. Timothy Locket of Mongton, to Mr. Glanvil, That this Apparition to Mr. *Parker* was all three times towards midnight, when he was reading in some Book, and he mentions, that the Duke's Expedition was for the relief of *Rochel*. The rest is much what as Mr. Douch has declared. But I will not omit the close of Mr. Locket's Letter. I was confirmed in the truth of the premisses, saith he, by Mr. *Henry Ceeley*, who was then a Servant with this Mr. *Parker*, to the Duke, and who told me, that he knew Mr. *Parker* to be a Religious and sober Person, and that every particular related, was to his knowledge true.

### RELAT. XII.

Of the appearing of Mr. Watkinson's Ghost to his Daughter *Toppam*, contained in a Letter of Mrs. Taylor of the Ford by St. Neots, to Dr. Ezekias Burton.

SIR,

MY Service to you and your Lady. Now, according to your desire, I shall write what my Cousin



told me: Her name was *Mary Watkinson*, her Father did live in *Smithfield*, but she was married to one *Francis Toppam*, and she did live in *York*, with her Husband, being an ill one, who did steal her away against her Parents consent, so that they could not abide him. But she came often to them, and when she was last with him, upon their parting, she expressed, that she feared she should never see him more. He answered her, if he should dye, if ever God did permit the dead to see the living, he would see her again. Now after he had been buried about half a year, on a Night, when she was in Bed, but could not sleep, she heard Musick, and the Chamber grew lighter and lighter, and she being broad awake, saw her Father stand at her Bedside: Who said, *Mall*, did I not tell thee, that I would see thee once again? She called him Father, and talked of many things; and he bad her be Patient and Dutiful to her Mother. And when she told him that she had a Child since he did dye, he said, that would not trouble her long. He bad her speak what she would now to him, for he must go, and that he should never see her more till they met in the Kingdom of Heaven. So the Chamber grew darker and darker, and he was gone with Musick. And she said, that she did never dream of him, nor ever did see any Apparition of him after.

He was a very honest godly Man, as far as I can tell.

## Advertisement.

**T**His story *G. Rust*, who was after Bishop of Dromore, told me, I remember with great assurance, some Twenty years ago, who was not at all credulous in these things. And it was so as *Mrs. Taylor* relates to *Dr. Burton*. The next Relation shall be of a Daughter appearing to her Father.

### RELAT. XIII.

*The appearing of the Ghost of the Daughter of Dr. Farrar, to him after her death, according to a brief Narrative sent from Mr. Edward Fowler to Dr. H. More, Anno 1678. May 11.*

**T**His Week *Mr. Pearson*, who is a worthy good Minister of this City of *London*, told me, That his Wife's Grandfather, a Man of great Piety, and Physician to this present King, his name *Farrar*, nearly related (I think Brother) to the Famous *Mr. Farrar* of *Little-Giddon*, I say this Gentleman and his Daughter (*Mrs. Pearson's* Mother, a very pious Soul) made a compact at his intreaty, that the first of them that died, if happy, should after death appear to the survivor, if it were possible; the Daughter with some difficulty consenting thereto.

Some time after, the Daughter who lived at *Gillingham-Lodge*, two Miles from *Salisbury*, fell in Labour, and by a mistake, being given a noxious Potion instead of another prepared for her, suddenly died.

Her Father lived in *London*, and that very Night she died, she opened his Curtains and looked upon him. He had before heard nothing of her illness, but upon this Apparition confidently told his Maid, that his Daughter was dead, and two days after received the news. Her Grandmother told *Mrs. Pearson* this, as also an Uncle of hers, and the abovesaid Maid, and this *Mrs. Pearson* I know, and she is a very prudent and good Woman.

### RELAT. XIV.

*The appearing of the Ghost of one Mr. Bower of Guilford, to an Highway-man in Prison, as it is set down in a Letter of Dr. Ezekias Burton to Dr. H. More.*

**A**Bout Ten years ago one *Mr. Bower* an antient Man living at *Guilford* in *Surrey*, was upon the Highway, not far from that place, found newly Murdered, very barbarously, having one great cut cross his Throat, and another down his Breast. Two Men were seized upon suspicion, and put into Gaol at *Guilford*, to another, who had before been committed for Robbing, as I suppose. That Night this third Man was awakened about one of the Clock, and greatly terrified with an old Man, who had a great gash cross his Throat, almost from Ear to Ear, and a wound down his Breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand on his back. Thus he appeared, but said nothing. The Thief calls to his two new Companions, they grumbled at him, but made no answer.

In the Morning he had retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same purpose again, and they told him it was nothing but his Phantasie. But he was so fully perswaded of the reality of the Apparition, that he told others of it, and it came to the Ears of my Friend *Mr. Reading*, Justice of Peace in *Surrey*, and Cousin to the Gentleman that was Murdered.

He immediately sent for the Prisoner, and asked him in the first place, whether he was born, or had lived about *Guilford*? To which he answered, No. Secondly, He inquired if he knew any of the Inhabitants of that Town, or of the Neighbourhood? He replied, that he was a stranger to all thereabout. Then he enquired, if he had ever heard of one *Mr. Bower*? He said, No. After this he examined him for what cause those two other Men were Imprisoned? To which he answered, he knew not, but supposed for some Robbery.

After these preliminary Interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the Night? Which he immediately did, exactly according to the Relation he had heard, and I gave before. And withal described the old Gentleman so by his picked Beard, and that he was, as he called it, rough on his Cheeks, and that the Hairs of his Face were black and white, that *Mr. Reading* saith, he himself could not have given a more exact description of *Mr. Bower* than this was. He told the Highway-man that he must give him his Oath (though that would signifie little from such a Rogue) to which the Man readily consented, and took Oath before the Justice of all this.

*Mr. Reading* being a very discreet Man, concealed this story from the Jury at the Assizes, as knowing that this would be no evidence according to our Law. However the Friends of the Murdered Gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances. One of which was, that those two Men had washed their Cloths, and that some stains of blood remained. Another, that one of them had denied he ever heard that *Mr. Bower* was dead, when as he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon these and such like Evidences, those two were Condemned and Executed, but denied it to the last. But one of them said, the other could clear him if he would, which the By-standers understood not.

After some time a Tinker was hanged (where, the Gentleman has forgot) who at his death said, that the Murder of *Mr. Bower* of *Guilford* was his greatest trouble.



For he had a hand in it; he confesseth he struck him a blow on the back which fetcht him from his Horse, and when he was down, those other Men that were Arraigned and Executed for it, cut his Throat, and rifled him. This is the first story which I had from Mr. Reading himself, who is a very honest prudent person, and not credulous.

I know you desire to have the Names of all the persons referred to in this Relation, and the exact time and place, but Mr. Reading cannot recollect them now, though he tells me he sent an exact and full Narrative of all to one Mr. Onslow, a Justice of Peace in that Neighbourhood, with whom I have some acquaintance, and I will endeavour to retrieve it.

## Advertisement.

**T**HE Names of all the Persons, and exact time and place of all the actions, I find not amongst Mr. Glanvil's Papers, but the story is so perfect as it is, and so credible, that I thought it worthy of a place amongst the rest. And this appearing of Mr. Bower, is just such another thing as the appearing of Anne Walker. We proceed to the second story which Mr. Reading imparted to the Doctor.

### RELAT. XV.

*Another appearing of a Ghost of a Man of Guilford, for the recovery of a Field for his Child, unjustly detained by his Brother, out of the abovesaid Letter of Dr. Ezekias Burton to Dr. H. More.*

**A**N Inhabitant of the before-named Town of Guilford, who was posselt of some Copyhold Land, which was to descend to his Children, in default of such Issue to his Brother, dies, having no Child born. And his Wife apprehending her self not to be with Child (which her Husband's Brother asked her immediately after his Brother's death) she told him she believed she was not, but afterward proved to be. Which when she knew, she went, by the instigation of Neighbours, to her Brother, and told him how it was with her. He rated her, called her Whore, and told her, that she had procured some body to get her with Child knowing that such a Field must be inherited by the Posterity of her Husband, but her Whoring should not fool him out of that Estate. The poor Woman went home troubled, that not only her Child should lose the Land, but which was worse, that she should be thought a Whore. However she quieted her self, and resolved to sit down with the loss.

When her time came, she was delivered of a Son he grew up, and one Summers Night, as she was undressing him in her Yard, her Husband appeared, and bid her go to his Brother and demand the Field. Which she did, but was treated very ill by him. He told her, that neither she nor her Devil (for she had told him her Husband appeared, and bid her speak to him) should make him forego his Land. Whereupon she went home again. But some time after, as her Brother was going out of this Field homeward, the dead Man appears to him at the stile, and bids him give up the Land to the Child, for it was his right. The Brother being greatly frightened at this, runs away, and not long after comes to her and tells her, she had sent the Devil to him, and bids her take the Land, and so gave it up, and her Son is now posselt of it. His Name is Mat. he lived in the Ser-

vice of Mr. Reading's Brother for some years, but he has forgot his Sir-name, though he knows him very well.

## Advertisement.

**T**HOUGH the Sir-name of the Party be wanting, yet he is determinated so by other Circumstances, and the Story so fresh, and told by so credible a Person, that the Narrative is sufficiently considerable, as it is. But of Recovery of Land to the right Owners, the Story of Mrs. Bretton's Ghost appearing, is an eximious Example, which is as follows.

### RELAT. XVI.

*The appearing of the Ghost of Mrs. Bretton, for the Recovery of some Lands into the Hands of the Poor, taken from them by some Mistake in Law or Right, as it is in a Narrative sent to Dr. H. More from Mr. Edward Fowler Prebendary of Gloucester.*

**D**R. Bretton late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, lived formerly in Herefordshire, and Married the Daughter of Dr. S----. This Gentlewoman was a Person of extraordinary Piety, which she expressed as in her Life, so at her Death. She had a Maid, that she had a great kindness for, who was married to a near Neighbour, whose Name, as I remember, was Alice. Not long after her Death, as Alice was rocking her Infant in the Night, she was called from the Cradle by a knocking at her Door, which opening, she was surprized at the sight of a Gentlewoman, not to be distinguished from her late Mistress, neither in Person nor Habit. She was in a Morning-Gown, the same in Appearance with that she had often seen her Mistress wear. At first sight she expressed very great amazement, and said, Were not my Mistress dead, I should not question but that you are she. She replied I am the same that was your Mistress, and took her by the hand. Which Alice affirmed was as cold as a Clod.

She added, That she had Business of great Importance to imploy her in, and that she must immediately go a little way with her. Alice trembled and beseecht her to excuse her, and intreated her very importunately to go to her Master, who must needs be more fit to be employed. She answered, that he who was her Husband, was not at all concerned, but yet she had a Desire rather to make use of him, and in order thereunto had several times been in his Chamber, but he was still asleep, nor had she power to do more than once uncover his Feet towards the awakening of him. And the Doctor said, that he had heard walking in his Chamber in the Night, which, till now, he could give no Account of. Alice next objected that her Husband was gone a Journey, and she had no one to look to her Child, that it was very apt to cry vehemently, and she feared if it awaked before her Return, it would cry it self to death, or do it self Mischief. The Spectre replied, The Child shall sleep till you return.

Alice seeing there was no avoiding it, sorely against her will, followed her over a stile into a large Field, who then said to her, observe how much of this Field I measure with my Feet. And when she had taken a good large and leisurely Compass, she said, all this belongs to the Poor, it being gotten from them by wrongful means, and charged her to go and tell her Brother, whose it was at that time, that he should



give it up to the Poor again forthwith, as he loved her and his deceased Mother. This Brother was not the Person who did this unjust act, but his Father. She added, that she was the more concerned, because her Name was made use of in some Writing that related to this Land.

Alice askt her how she should satisfy her Brother that this was no Cheat, or Delusion of her Fancy. She replied, tell him this Secret, which he knows that only himself and I are privy to, and he will believe you. Alice having promised her to go on this Errand, she proceeded to give her good Advice, and entertained her all the rest of the Night, with most heavenly and divine Discourse. When the Twilight appeared they heard the whistling of Carters, and the noise of Horfe-Bells. Whereupon the Spectre said, Alice, I must be seen by none but your self, and so she disappeared.

Immediately Alice makes all haste home, being thoughtful for her Child, but found it as the Spectre had said, asleep as she left it. When she had dressed it, and committed it to the care of a Neighbour, away she went to her Master the Doctor, who amazed at the account she gave him, sent her to his Brother-in-Law. He at first hearing Alice's Story and Message, laughed at it heartily. But she had no sooner told him the secret, but he changed his countenance, told her he would give the Poor their own, and accordingly he did it, and they now enjoy it.

This with more circumstances hath several times been related by Dr. Britton himself, who was well known to be a person of great goodness and sincerity. He gave a large Narrative of this Apparition of his Wife to two of my Friends. First, to one Mrs. Needham, and afterwards, a little before his Death to Dr. Whichcot.

Some years after I received the foregoing Narrative (*viz.* near four years since) I light into the Company of three sober persons of good Rank, who all lived in the City of Hereford, and I travelled in a Stage-Coach three days with them. To them I happened to tell this story, but told it was done at Deptford, for so I presumed it was, because I knew that there Dr. Bretton lived. They told me as soon as I had concluded it, that the story was very true in the main, only I was out as to the place. For 'twas not Deptford, but as I remember they told me Pembridge near Hereford, where the Doctor was Minister before the Return of the King. And they assured me upon their own knowledge, that to that day the Poor enjoyed the piece of Ground. They added, That Mrs. Bretton's Father could never endure to hear any thing mentioned of his Daughters appearing after her death, but would still reply in great anger, that it was not his Daughter, but it was the Devil. So that he acknowledged that something appeared in the likeness of his Daughter.

This is attested by me this 16th  
of Febr. 168<sup>9</sup>.

Edward Fowler:

## RELAT. XVII.

Of a Dutch Man that could see Ghosts, and of the Ghost he saw in the Town of Woodbridge in Suffolk.

MR. Broom the Minister of Woodbridge in Suffolk, meeting one day, in a Barber's Shop in that Town, a Dutch Lieutenant (who was blown up with Opdam, and taken alive out of the Water, and carried to that Town, where he was a Prisoner at large) upon

the occasion of some discourse was told by him, that he could see Ghosts, and that he had seen divers. Mr. Broom rebuking him for talking so idly, he persisted in it very stily. Some days after lighting upon him again, he askt him whether he had seen any Ghost since his coming to that Town. To which he replied, No.

But not long after this, as they were walking together up the Town, he said to Mr. Broom, Yonder comes a Ghost. He seeing nothing, askt him whereabouts it was? The other said, it is over against such a House, and it walks looking upwards towards such a side, flinging one Arm with a Glove in its hand. He said moreover, that when it came near them, they must give way to it. That he ever did so, and some that have not done so, have suffered for it. Anon he said, 'Tis just upon us, let's out of the way. Mr. Broom believing all to be a Fiction, as soon as he said those words, took hold of his Arm, and kept him by force in the way. But as he held him, there came such a force against them, that he was flung into the middle of the street, and one of the Palms of his hands, and one Knee bruised and broken by the fall, which put him for a while to excessive pain.

But spying the Lieutenant lye like a dead Man, he got up as soon as he could, and applied himself to his relief. With the help of others he got him into the next Shop, where they poured strong-water down his Throat, but for some time could discern no Life in him. At length, what with the Strong-water, and what with well chafing him he began to stir, and when he was come to himself, his first words were, I will shew you no more Ghosts. Then he desired a Pipe of Tobacco, but Mr. Broom told him, he should take it at his House; for he feared, should he take it so soon there, it would make him sick.

Thereupon they went together to Mr. Broom's House, where they were no sooner entering in, but the Bell rang out. Mr. Broom presently sent his Maid to learn who was dead. She brought word that it was such an One, a Taylor, who dyed suddenly, though he had been in a Consumption a long time. And inquiring after the time of his death, they found it was as punctually as it could be guessed at the very time when the Ghost appeared. The Ghost had exactly this Taylor's known Gate, who ordinarily went also with one Arm swinging, and a Glove in that hand, and looking on one side upwards.

## Advertisement.

THIS Relation was sent to Dr. H. More from Mr. Edw. Fowler; at the End whereof he writes, that Dr. Burton as well as himself, heard it from Mr. Broom's own mouth. And I can add, that I also afterwards heard it from his own mouth at London.

## RELAT. XVIII.

An Irish Story of one that had like to have been carried away by Spirits, and of the Ghost of a Man who had been seven Years dead, that brought a Medicine to the abovesaid Party's Bed-side.

A Gentleman in Ireland near to the Earl of Orory's, sending his Butler one afternoon to buy Cards; as he passed a Field, he, to his wonder, espied a Company of People, sitting round a Table, with a deal of



good Cheer before them, in the midst of the Field. And he going up towards them, they all arose and saluted him, and desired him to sit down with them. But one of them whispering these words in his Ear; *Do nothing this Company invites you to.* He thereupon refused to sit down at the Table, and immediately Table and all that belonged to it were gone. And the Company are now dancing and playing upon Musical Instruments. And the Butler being desired to join himself to them, but he refusing this also, they fall all to work, and he not being to be prevailed with to accompany them in Working, any more than in Feasting or Dancing, they all disappeared, and the Butler is now alone. But instead of going forwards, home he returns as fast as he could drive, in a great consternation of Mind. And was no sooner entered his Master's door, but down he falls, and lay some time senseless, but coming to himself again, he related to his Master what had happened to him.

The night following, there comes one of this Company to his Bed-side, and tells him, that if he offered to stir out of doors the next day, he would be carried away. Hereupon he kept within, but towards the Evening, having need to make water, he adventured to put one Foot over the Threshold, several standing by. Which he had no sooner done, but they espyed a Rope cast about his middle, and the Poor Man was hurried away with great Swiftneſs, they following after him as fast as they could, but could not overtake him. At length they espyed a Horseman coming towards them, and made signs to him to stop the Man, whom he saw coming near him, and both ends of the Rope, but no body drawing. When they met, he laid hold on one end of the Rope, and immediately had a smart Blow given him over his Arm with the other End. But by this means the Man was stopt, and the Horseman brought him back with him.

The Earl of Orory hearing of these strange Passages, sent to the Master to desire him to send this Man to his House, which he accordingly did. And the Morning following, or quickly after, he told the Earl that his Spectre had been with him again, and assured him that that day he should most certainly be carried away, and that no Endeavours should avail to the saving of him. Upon this he was kept in a large Room, with a considerable number of Persons to guard him, among whom was the famous Stroker, Mr. Greatrix, who was a Neighbour. There were besides other Persons of Quality, two Bishops in the House at the same time, who were consulted touching the making use of a Medicine the Spectre or Ghost prescribed, of which, mention will be made anon, but they determined on the Negative. But this by the By.

Till part of the Afternoon was spent all was quiet, but at length he was perceived to rise from the Ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrix and another lusty Man clapt their Arms over his Shoulders, one of them before him, and the other behind, and weighed him down with all their strength. But he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold, and for a considerable time he was carried in the Air to and fro over their Heads, several of the Company still running under him to prevent his being hurt if he should fall. At length he fell, and was caught before he came to Ground, and had by that Means no hurt.

All being quiet till Bed-time, My Lord ordered two of his Servants to lie with him, and the next Morning he told his Lordship, that his Spectre was again with him, and brought a Wooden Dish with grey Liquor in it, and bad him drink it off. At the first sight of the Spectre, he said he endeavoured to awake his Bedfel-

lows, but it told him that that Endeavour should be in vain, and that he had no Cause to fear him, he being his Friend, and he that at first gave him the good Advice in the Field, which had he not followed, he had been, before now, perfectly in the Power of the Company he saw there. He added, that he concluded it was impossible, but that he should have been carried away the day before, there being so strong a Combination against him. But now he would assure him that there would be no more attempts of that nature, but he being troubled with two sorts of sad Fits, he had brought that liquor to cure him of them, and bad him drink it. He peremptorily refusing, the Spectre was angry, upbraided him with great disingenuity, but told him, that however he had a kindness for him, and that if he would take Plantain juice he should be well of one sort of Fits, but he should carry the other to his Grave. The poor Man having by this time somewhat recovered himself, ask't the Spectre, whether by the juice of Plantain he meant that of the Leaves or Roots? It replied, the Roots.

Then it askt him, whether he did not know him? He answered, No. He replied, I am such a one? The Man answered: He hath been long dead. I have been dead said the Spectre or Ghost, seven years, and you know that I lived a loose life. And ever since have I been hurried up and down in a restless Condition with the Company you saw, and shall be to the day of Judgment. Then he proceeded to tell him, that had he acknowledged God in his ways, he had not suffered such severe things by their means. And further said, you never prayed to God that day before you met with this Company in the Field, and also was then going about an unlawful business, and so vanished.

## Advertisement.

**T**His story was also sent from Mr. E. Fowler to Dr. H. More, concerning which he further adds, by way of Postscript, that Mr. Greatrix told this story to Mrs. Foxcraft at Ragley, and at her request he told it a second time in her hearing at the Table. My Lady Roydon being then present, inquired afterwards concerning it of my Lord Orory, who confirmed the truth of it, acknowledging all the circumstances of this Narrative to my Lady Roydon to be true, except that passage, That the Spectre told the Man that he was that day going about an unlawful business. And Mr. Fowler further adds, that since an eminent Doctor in this City told me, that my Lord told him, that he saw at his own House a Man taken up into the Air.

Lastly, I find Dr. H. More in a Letter to Mr. Glanvil, affirming, that he also heard Mr. Greatrix tell the story at my Lord Conway's at Ragley, and that he particularly inquired of Mr. Greatrix about the mans being carried up into the Air above mens heads in the Room, and that he did expressly affirm that he was an Eye-witness thereof.

## RELAT. XIX.

*The miraculous Cure of Jesch Claes a Dutch Woman of Amsterdam, accompanied with an Apparition.*

**T**HE Narrative taken by a Dutch Merchant from her own Mouth, begins thus. A miraculous Cure upon *Jesch Claes*, a Woman about fifty years of Age: For this many years well known to my self and the Neighbours. This Woman for fourteen years had been lame of both Legs, one of them being dead and without



feeling, so that she could not go but creep upon the ground, or was carried in Peoples Arms as a Child, but now through the power of God Almighty she hath walked again. Which came to pass after this manner, as I have taken it from her own Mouth.

In the year 1676. about the 13th or 14th of this Month *October*, in the Night, between one and two of the Clock, this *Jesck Claes* being in Bed with her Husband, who was a Boatman, she was three times pulled by her Arm, with which she awaked and cryed out. O Lord! What may this be? Hereupon she heard an answer in plain words: Be not afraid, I come in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Your malady, which hath for many years been upon you, shall cease, and it shall be given you from God Almighty to walk again. But keep this to your self till further answer. Whereupon she cried aloud, O Lord! That I had a light, that I might know what this is. Then had she this answer, There needs no light, the light shall be given you from God. Then came light all over the Room, and she saw a beautiful Youth, about ten years of Age, with Curled Yellow Hair Clothed in White to the Feet, who went from the Beds-head to the Chimney with a light, which a little after vanished. Hereupon did there shoot something, or gush from her Hip, or diffuse it self through her Leg as a Water into her great Toe, where she did find life rising up, felt it with her hand, crying out, Lord, give me now again my feeling which I have not had in so many years. And further she continued crying and praying to the Lord, according to her weak measure.

Yet she continued that day *Wednesday*, and the next day *Thursday*, as before till Evening at six a Clock. At which time she sate at the Fire dressing the food. Then came as like a rushing noise in both her Ears, with which it was said to her *Stand*. Your going is given you again. Then did she immediately stand up that had so many years crept, and went to the door. Her Husband meeting her, being exceedingly afraid, drew back. In the mean while she cryed out, My dear Husband, I can go again. The Man thinking it was a Spirit, drew back, saying, You are not my Wife. His Wife taking hold of him, said, My dear Husband, I am the self same that hath been Married these Thirty years to you. The Almighty God hath given my going again. But her Husband being amazed, drew back to the side of the Room, till at last she claspt her Hand about his Neck, and yet he doubted, and said to his Daughter, is this your Mother? She answered, yes, Father, this we plainly see. I had seen her go also before you came in. This Person dwells upon *Princes Island* in *Amsterdam*.

## Advertisement.

**T**His account was sent from a Dutch Merchant, procured by a Friend for Dr. R. Cudworth, and contains the main Particulars that occur in the Dutch Printed Narrative, which Monsieur Van Helmont brought over with him to my Lady Conway at Ragley, who, having inquired upon the Spot when he was there at Amsterdam, though of a Genius not at all credulous of such Relations, found the thing to be really true. As also Philippus Limbergius in a Letter to Dr. H. More, sent this Testimony touching the party cured, That she was always reputed a very honest good Woman, and that he believed there was no fraud as all in the business.

## RELAT. XX.

*An House haunted some Thirty years ago, or more, at or near Bow, not far from London, and strangely disturbed by Dæmons and Witches.*

**A** Certain Gentleman about Thirty years ago, or more, being to Travel from *London* into *Essex*, and to pass through *Bow*, at the request of a Friend he called at a House there, which began then to be a little disquieted. But not any thing much remarkable yet, unless of a young Girl, who was pluckt by the Thigh by a cold Hand in her Bed, who died within a few days after.

Some Weeks after this, his occasions calling him back, he passed by the same House again, but had no design to give them a new visit, he having done that not long before. But it happening that the Woman of the House stood at the door, he thought himself engaged to ride to her and ask how she did? To whom she answered with a sorrowful Countenance; That though she was in tolerable health, yet things went very ill with them, their House being extremely haunted, especially above stairs, so that they were forced to keep in the low Rooms, there was such flinging of things up and down, of Stones and Bricks through the Windows, and putting all in disorder. But he could scarce forbear laughing at her, giving so little credit to such stories himself, and thought it was the tricks only of some unhappy Wags to make sport to themselves and trouble to their Neighbours.

Well says she, if you will but stay a while you may chance to see something with your own Eyes. And indeed he had not stayed any considerable time with her in the Street, but a Window of an upper Room opened of it self (for they of the Family took it for granted nobody was above stairs) and out comes a piece of an old Wheel through it. Whereupon it presently clapt to again. A little while after it suddenly flew open again, and out come a Brick-bat, which inflamed the Gentleman with a more eager desire to see what the matter was, and to discover the Knavery. And therefore he boldly resolved, if any one would go up with him, he would into the Chamber. But none present durst accompany him. Yet the keen desire of discovering the Cheat, made him adventure by himself alone into that Room. Into which when he was come, he saw the Bedding, Chairs and Stools, and Candlesticks, and Bedstaves, and all the Furniture rudely scattered on the Floor, but upon search found no mortal in the Room.

Well! he stays there a while to try conclusions, anon a Bedstaff begins to move, and turn it self round a good while together upon its Toe, and at last fairly to lay it self down again. The curious Spectator, when he had observed it to lie still a while, steps out to it, views it whether any small String or Hair were tied to it, or whether there were any hole or button to fasten any such String to, or any hole or string in the Ceiling above; but after search, he found not the least suspicion of any such thing.

He retires to the Window again, and observes a little longer what may fall out. Anon, another Bedstaff rises off from the ground of its own accord, higher into the air, and seems to make towards him. He now begins to think there was something more than ordinary in the business, and presently makes to the door with all speed, and for better caution shuts it after him. Which was presently opened again, and such a clatter of Chairs, and Stools, and Candlesticks, and Bedstaves, sent after him



down Stairs, as if they intended to have maimed him, but their motion was so moderated, that he received no harm; but by this time he was abundantly assured, that it was not meer Womanish fear or superstition that so affrighted the Mistress of the House. And while in a low Room he was talking with the Family about these things, he saw a Tobacco-Pipe rise from a side-Table, no body being nigh, and fly to the other side of the Room, and break it self against the Wall for his further confirmation, that it was neither the tricks of Waggs, nor the fancy of a Woman, but the mad frolicks of Witches and Dæmons. Which they of the House being fully perswaded of, roasted a Bedstaff, upon which an Old Woman, a suspected Witch, came to the House, and was apprehended, but escaped the Law. But the House after was so ill haunted in all the Rooms, upper and lower, that the House stood empty for a long time after.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Story is found amongst Mr. Glanvil's Papers, written to him from Dr. H. More, who says, some three Months before, he had received it from the parties own mouth, that was at the haunted House in Bow, and saw the motion of the Bedstaves and Tobacco-pipe, &c. And I very well remember, that about Thirty or Forty years ago, there was a great fame of an house haunted at Bow, and such like feats as this Spectator saw, was rumoured of it, and the time agrees with that of this Spectator or Eye-witness of the above-recited Feats. And a Book was then said to be Printed, though I never saw any but one of late without any date of the year, the things then being in Fieri, when it was Printed. And they seem to refer to the same haunted place, though the Pamphlet names Plaisto for Bow. But whether Bow was talked of instead of Plaisto, it being a place near, and of more note, I know not. And Paul Fox a Weaver, was the Man whose House was haunted in Plaisto according to that Pamphlet.

If the Gentleman that so well remembers the strange things he saw, had not forgot the Man's name whose House was haunted (and the strangeness of those things would fix themselves in his memory, even whether he would or no, when the name of the Master of the House might easily, in Thirty or Forty years time slide out of it) we might be sure whether it were Plaisto or Bow. But I am sure the fame went of Bow, though the Pamphlet name Plaisto, and that might make the abovesaid Party, who told Dr. More the Story, fix the Scene without all scruple in Bow.

But methinks I hear the Reader complain, that it was a great Omission in Mr. Glanvil, that he did not inquire of Dr. More who this party was that told him the Story, it seeming an headless piece without that part. Wherefore I find in a Paper (whose Title is Doctor More's Particulars about the Stories) these words in answer to Mr. Glanvil, That it is Dr. Gibbs, a Prebendary of Westminster, and a sober intelligent person. And some dozen lines after, Dr. More says, Dr. Gibbs told the Story to my self, and to Dr. Outram, who brought me to him. And I have told you already, that he is a person of understanding and integrity. He has also some Sermons in Print as I take it.

But forasmuch as it was about three months after Dr. More had received this account of the Story from Dr. Gibbs, that he wrote to Mr. Glanvil, it is not to be expected that he related it in the very same words, and in every punctilio as he heard it. But I dare undertake for him, that for the main, and that which makes to the evincing of Witchcraft, and the ludicrous feats of Damons, that he hath committed no error therein, nor set down any thing whose substance was not related to him by the Reverend Dr. Gibbs.

## RELAT. XXI.

*Mr. Jermin's story of an House haunted, and what disturbance himself was a Witness of there, at a visit of his Wife's Sister.*

**O**N E Mr. Jermin, Minister of Bignor in Suffex, going to see a Sister of his Wife's, found her very Melancholy, and asking her the reason, she replied, You shall know to Morrow Morning. When he went to Bed, there were two Maids accompanied him in his Chamber, and the next day he understood that they durst not go into any Room in the House alone.

In the Night, while he was in his Bed, he heard the trampling of many Feet upon the Leads over his head, and after that, the going off of a Gun, upon which followed a great silence. Then they came swiftly down Stairs into his Chamber, where they fell a wrestling and tumbling each other down, and so continued a great while. After they were quiet, they fell a whispering, and made a great buzz; of which he could understand nothing. Then one called at the door, and said, *Day is broke, come away.* Upon which they ran up Stairs as fast as they could drive, and so heard no more of them.

In the Morning his Brother and Sister came in to him, and she said, Now, Brother, you know why I am so Melancholy, after she had askt him how he had slept, and he had answered, I never rested worse in my life; having been disturbed a great part of the night with tumblings and noises. She complained that her Husband would force her to live there, notwithstanding their being continually scared. Whereto the Husband answered, Their Disturbers never did them any other mischief.

At Dinner they had a Physician with them, who was an acquaintance. Mr. Jermin discoursing about this disturbance, the Physician also answered, that never any hurt was done, of which he gave this instance: That Dining there one day, there came a Man on Horseback into the Yard in Mourning. His Servant went to know what was his business, and found him sitting very Melancholy, nor could he get any answer from him. The Master of the House and the Physician went forth to see who it was. Upon which the Man clapt Spurs to his Horse, and rode into the House up Stairs into a long Gallery, whither the Physician followed him, and saw him vanish in a Fire at the upper end of the Gallery. But though none of the Family receiv'd hurt at any time, yet Mr. Jermin fell into a Fever with the disturbance he experienced, that endangered his Life.

## Advertisement.

**M**R. Scot and his Wife heard this Narrative from Mr. Jermin's own mouth. And I also have heard it from Mr. Scot, who is a Minister of London, and the Author of a late excellent good Treatise, which is entitled, *The Christian Life, &c.*

## RELAT. XXII.

*Contained in a Letter of Mr. G. Clarke, to Mr. M. T. touching a House haunted in Welton near Daventry.*

SIR,

**I** Send you here a Relation of a very memorable piece of Witchcraft, as I suppose, which would fit Mr. More gallantly. I first heard the story related to Sir Ju-



*Justinian Isham*, by a Reverend Minister, of his own experience. Sir *Justinian* would have had me gone to the place, which I could not then do. But a little after going to visit a Friend, and not thinking of this, my Friend told me the story, the place being near him, and the principal Man concerned in the story, being a Relation of his, and one that I my self had some acquaintance with. He had occasion to go to this Man's House for some Deeds of Land, and I went with him for satisfaction touching this story, which I had to the full, and in which I could not but acquiesce, though otherwise I am very chary, and hard enough to believe passages of this nature.

The Story is this, At *Welton* within a Mile of *Daven-try* in *Northamptonshire*, where live together *Widow Cowley*, the Grandmother, *Widow Stiff* the Mother, and her two Daughters. At the next House but one, lives another *Widow Cowley*, Sister to the former *Widow Cowley*, *Moses Cowley* my acquaintance her Son, and *Moses* his Wife, having a good Estate in Land of their own, and very civil and orderly people. These three told me, that the younger of the two Daughters, ten years of age, vomited in less than three days, three Gallons of Water to their great Admiration. After this the elder Wench comes running, and tells them, that now her Sister begins to vomit Stones and Coals. They went and were Eye-witnesses, told them till they came to Five hundred. Some weighed a quarter of a pound, and were so big, as they had enough to do to get them out of her mouth, and he professed to me, that he could scarce get the like into his mouth, and I do not know how any one should, if they were so big as he shewed the like to me. I have sent you one, but not a quarter so big as some of them were. It was one of the biggest of them that were left and kept in a Bag. This Vomiting lasted about a Fortnight, and hath Witnesses good store.

In the mean time they threw hards of Flax upon the Fire, which would not blaze though blown, but dwindled away. The Bed-cloths would be thrown off the Bed. *Moses Cowley* told me, that he laid them on again several times, they all coming out of the Room, and go but into the Parlour again, and they were off again. And a strike of Wheat standing at the Beds feet, set it how they would, it would be thrown down again. Once the Coffers and things were so transposed, as they could scarce stir about the Room. Once he laid the Bible upon the Bed, but the Cloths were thrown off again, and the Bible hid in another Bed. And when they were all gone into the Parlour, as they used to go together, then things would be transposed in the Hall, their Wheel taken in pieces, and part of it thrown under the Table. In their Buttery their Milk would be taken off the Table, and set on the ground, and once one Panchion was broken, and the Milk spilt. A seven pound weight, with a Ring, was hung upon the Spigot, and the Beer mingled with Sand, and all spoiled, their Salt mingled most perfectly with Bran.

*Moses* his Mother said that their Flax was thrown out of a Box, she put it in again, it was thrown out again; she put it in again, and lockt the Box, trying by the Hasp or Lid (as they use to do) whether it was fast; it was so. But as soon as her back was turned, the Box was unlocked, and the Flax was thrown out again. *Moses* said, that when he was coming out of the Parlour, he saw a Loaf of Bread tumbling off the Form, and that was the first thing he saw. After, a Womans Patten rose up in the House, and was thrown at them. He heard the Comb break in the Window, and presently it flew at them in two pieces. A Knife rose up in the

Window, and flew at a Man, hitting him with the Haft. An Ink-glass was thrown out of the Window into the Floor, and by and by the stopple came after it. Then every day abundance of Stones were thrown about the House which broke the Windows, and hat the People, but they were the less troubled, because all this while no hurt was done to their Persons, and a great many People being in the Room, the Wheat was thrown about amongst them.

I was in the House where I saw the Windows which were still broken, and the People themselves shewed me where the several particulars were done. The Grandmother told me, that she thought she had lost half a strike of Wheat, and the like happened to some Fitches in the Barn. One Mr. *Robert Clark*, a Gentleman, being hat with the Stones, bad the Baker at the Door look to his Bread well, and by and by a handful of crums were thrown into his Lap. They could see the things as they came, but no more.

At last some that had been long suspected for Witches were Examined, and one sent to the Gaol, where it is said she plays her pranks, but that is of doubtful credit. I asked the Old Woman whether they were free now. She said, that one Night since, they heard great knockings, and cruel noise, which scared them worse than all the rest, and once or twice that Week, her Cheese was crumbled into pieces, and spoiled. I was there about *May-day*, 1658. This is all that I remember at present. I have heard several other stories, and two or three notable ones lately from *Mens* own Experience, which in reason I was to believe as I did. But in my Judgment this outgoes all that I know of, it having so much of sense, and of the day time, so many and so credible Witnesses beyond all cavil and exception. I will trouble you no further, but commending you to the protection of God Almighty, I take my leave and rest

Yours,

*Loddington, May*  
22th 1658.

*G. Clark,*

## RELAT. XXIII.

*The Relation of James Sherring, taken concerning the matter at Old Galt's House of little Burton, June 23. 1677. as follows.*

THE first Night that I was there with *Hugh Mellmore* and *Edward Smith*, they heard as it were the washing in water over their heads. Then taking a Candle and going up the Stairs, there was a wet Cloth thrown at them, but it fell on the Stairs. They going up farther then, there was another thrown as before. And when they came up into the Chamber, there stood a bowl of Water, some of it sprinkled over, and the Water looked white as if there had been Sope used in it. The Bowl just before was in the Kitchen, and could not be carried up but through the Room where they were. The next thing that they heard the same Night, was a terrible noise as if it had been a flat of Thunder, and shortly after they heard great scratching about the Bedsted, and after that a great knocking with a Hammer against the Beds-Head, so that the two Maids that were in the Bed, cried out for help. Then they ran up the Stairs, and there lay the Hammer on the Bed, and on the Beds-head there were near a thousand prints of the Hammer which the violent strokes had made. The Maids said, that they were scratched and pinched with a hand that was



put into the Bed which had exceeding long Nails. They said that the Hammer was lockt up fast in the Cupboard when they went to Bed. This was that which was done the first Night, with many other things of the like nature.

The second Night that *James Sherring* and *Tho. Hillary* were there, *James Sherring* sat down in the Chimney to fill a Pipe of Tobacco. He made use of the Fire-Tongs to take up a Coal to fire his Pipe, and by and by the Tongs were drawn up the Stairs, and after they were up in the Chamber, they were played withal as many times Men do, and then thrown down upon the Bed. Although the Tongs were so near him, he never perceived the going of them away. The same Night one of the Maids left her Shoes by the Fire, and they were carried up into the Chamber, and the Old Man's brought down and set in their places. The same Night there was a Knife carried up into the Chamber, and it did scratch and scrape the Beds-head all the Night, but when they went up into the Chamber, the Knife was thrown into the Loft. As they were going up the Stairs, there were things thrown at them, which were just before in the low Room, and when they went down the Stairs, the Old Man's Breeches were thrown down after them. These were the most remarkable things done that Night, only there was continual knocking and pinching the Maids, which was usually done every Night.

The third Night, when *James Sherring* and *Thomas Hillary* were there, as soon as the People were gone to Bed, their Cloths were taken and thrown at the Candle, and put it out, and immediately after they cried out with a very hideous cry and said, they should be all choaked if they were not presently helped. Then they ran up the Stairs and there were abundance of Feathers plucked out of the Bolster that lay under their Heads, and some thrust into their Mouths that they were almost choaked. The Feathers were thrown all about the Bed and Room. They were plucked out at a hole no bigger than the top of ones little Finger. Some time after they were vexed with a very hideous knocking at their heads as they lay on the Bed. Then *James Sherring* and *Thomas Hillary* took the Candle and went up Stairs, and stood at the Beds Feet, and the knocking continued. Then they saw a Hand with an Arm-wrist hold the Hammer which kept on knocking against the Bedsted. Then *James Sherring* going towards the Beds-head, the Hand and Hammer fell down behind the Bolster and could not be found. For they turned up the Bed-cloths to search for the Hammer. But as soon as they went down the Stairs the Hammer was thrown out into the middle of the Chamber. These were the most remarkable things that were done that Night.

The fourth and fifth Nights, there was but little done more than knocking and scratching as was usually.

The sixth and seventh Nights, there was nothing at all but as quiet as at other Houses. These were all the Nights that they were there.

The things that do follow are what *James Sherring* heard the People of the House report.

There was a Saddle in the House of their Uncle *Warren's* of *Leigh*, (which it should seem they detained wrongfully from the right Owner) that, as it did hang upon a Pin in the Entry, would come off and come into the House, and as they termed it, hop about the House from one place to another, and upon the Table, and so to another, which stood on the other side of the House. *Jane Gaff* and her Kinswoman, took this Saddle and carried it to *Leigh*, and as they were going along in the broad Common, there would be

Sticks and Stones thrown at them, which made them very much afraid, and going near together, their Whittles which were on their Shoulders were knit together. They carried the Saddle to the House which was Old *Warren's*, and there left it, and returned home very quiet. But being gone to Bed at Night, the Saddle was brought back from *Leigh*, (which is a Mile and a half at least from Old *Gaff's* House) and thrown upon the Bed where the Maids lay. After that, the Saddle was very troublesome to them, until they broke it in small pieces and threw it out into the Highway.

There was a Coat of the same Parties, who was Owner of the Saddle, which did hang on the Door in the Hall, and it came off from the place and flew into the fire, and lay some considerable time, before they could get it out. For it was as much as three of them could do to pluck it out of the fire, because of the ponderous weight that lay on it, as they thought. Nevertheless there was no impression on it of the fire.

Old *Gaff* sat at Dinner with a Hat of this old *Warren's* on his Head, and there was something came and struck it off into the Dish where his Meat was.

There was a Pole which stood in the backside, about 14 or 15 foot in length, which was brought into the House, and carried up into the Chamber, and thrown on the Bed; but all the Wit they had could not get it out of the Chamber, because of its length, until they took down a light of the Window. They report, that the things in the House were thrown about and broken, to their great damage.

One night there were two of this old *Gaff's* his Granddaughters in Bed together, they were aged, one of them about twelve or thirteen years, and the other about sixteen or seventeen. They said, that they felt a hand in Bed with them, which they bound up in the Sheet, and took Bedstaves and beat it until it was as soft as Wooll, then they took a stone which lay in the Chamber, about a quarter of an hundred weight, and put on it, and were quiet all the Night. In the Morning they found it as they left it the night before. Then the eldest of the Maids swore that she would burn the Devil, and goes and fetches a Fuz Faggot to burn it, but when she came again, the Stone was thrown away, and the Cloth was found wet.

There were many other things which are too long and tedious to write, it would take up a great deal of time.

This which follows is the Relation of *Jane Winsor* of long *Burton*, she being there three Nights, taken the Third day of July 1677.

She heard or saw nothing as long as the Candle did burn, but as soon as it was out, there was something which did seem to fall down by the Bed-side, and by and by it began to lay on the Beds-head with a Staff, and did strike *Jane Winsor* on the Head. She put forth her Hand and caught it, but was not able to hold it fast. She got out of the Bed to light a Candle, and there was a great Stone thrown after her, but it missed her. When the Candle was lighted, they arose and went down to the Fire. One of them went up to fetch the Bed-cloaths to make a Bed by the Fire, and there lay a Heap of Stones on the Bed whereon they lay just before. As soon as the Bed was made, and they laid down to take their rest there was a great scratching on the Form that stood by them in an extream manner. Then it came, and did heave up the Bolster whereon they laid their Heads, and did endeavour to throw them out. At last it got hold on one end of the Pillow, and set it quite on end, and there it stood for some considerable time; at last falling down in its place, they fell fast asleep, and so continued all that Night.



The Staff that was spoken of before was *Jone Wind-for's*, and she says, she left it below in the Kitchin. She says, that which troubled, did endeavour to kill the People, if it had Power. She put them to it, to know the Reason why they were so troubled, and they said, they knew nothing, unless it were about the Business of Old Warren. She was there three Nights, and the trouble was much after the same Manner, nothing that was more remarkable.

This is the truth of what I heard them speak from their own Mouths, and they will attest it if called thereunto.

## Advertisement.

A Very considerable Story this is, and sufficiently circumstantiated for Time and Place, saving that the County is not named. The reason whereof I conceive to be, that it was in the very County in which Mr. Glanvil lived, to whom the Information was sent, namely in Somersetshire. And there are Burtons more than one there, and also Leighs, but this Burton is determined by the space of something more than a Mile and an half's distance from Leigh. So that the Topographical account is sufficiently exact. And the manner of the Narrative is so simple, plain, and rural, that it prevents all Suspicion of Fraud or Imposture in the Relator.

The transporting of things out of one Room into another, and striking and the like by invisible Agents, minds me of Mr. Lloyd's Story; as 'tis called in Mr. Glanvil's Papers, whom in a Letter he tells he may rely upon it for truth, as being sent from a Person of Quality and Integrity in those parts. It is of an House haunted of one Walter Meyrick of the Parish of Blethvaugh, in the County of Radnor, some Two and Twenty years ago. Where, besides strange kind of Tunable Whistlings in the Rooms, where none was seen to Whistle, there were Stones flung down out of a Loft of great weight, the Doors bolted or barred against them on the inside, when returned from the Church, nobody being within. And at Prayers at home, when some of the Women, out of fear, held one another by the Arms, some invisible Power would pluck asunder their Arms, whether they would or no. By such an invisible Force, one as he was sitting at Supper, was struck flat to the Ground, and a Trencher struck out of the Maid's hand that waited, and a smart Box on the Ear given to another, no visible thing being near that did it. A Purse lost with two Gold Rings, and Six and Four-pence in it, the Party complaining thereof, the Purse dropt down from the top of a Room, which had no Room over it, and Four-pence only in it. That Men were struck down with Stones, and yet had no great hurt, shews plainly they were not flung but carried. But there was one beaten with two Staves black and blue, but none to be seen that thus belaboured him, though in the Day.

We pass by the Frying-Pan, beaten with a little piece of Iron, and tinkling over a Man's Head in the Night, to his being struck down with a Stick by Day, while he tended the Goose roasting, which that invisible Striker seemed to have a Plap upon, as also, by his knocking a Pick-Ax against the Lid of a Coffin, to have a Design upon a Bag of Money. These and the like Feats, that Narrative relates, which Mr. Glanvil calls Mr. Lloyd's Story, who assures him he may rely on the Truth thereof, he procuring it from a Justice of Peace, who took the Parties Testimonies that dwelt in the House, or upon Occasions were present there, and were Eye-Witnesses of the strange Pranks that were plaid in the Place. And there being that Congeneracy betwixt James Sherring's Story and this, they mutually corroborate one another.

## RELAT. XXIV.

Mr. \* Andrew Paschall once Fellow of Queen's Colledge in Cambridge, his Narrative of three Nights disturbance at his Father's House in London in \* Soper Lane, in August 1661. \* Vi. The Account of the 2<sup>d</sup> Edition, p. 12.

THE first Nights disturbance; There was in Family my Father and Mother, my eldest Brother, and one of my Sisters with a young Maiden Gentlewoman her Bedfellow (who seemed to be principally concerned) besides a Maid that lay in the same Chamber.

The Gentlewoman beforementioned, being in bed with my Sister in a Chamber within that where my Father and Mother lay, (the Maid lying in another Bed alone by) there seemed to her, then lying awake, to be one walking in the Chamber, by a noise made as of a long Gown, or some trailing Garment brushing and sweeping up and down the Room.

By and by, there was a noise of clattering their Shoes under the Bed, with a scratching and tugging of the Mat under the Bed likewise. This continued for some time, my Sister being awakened heard it, and so did the Maid. After this my Mother being called out of the next Chamber where she was up (to prepare a Chymical water which required their being up all Night) came in, they being in a great fright. My Brother went up also, who not gone to bed late below. A Candle was brought and the Noise ceased while they were in the Chamber. Presently after they were gone out again, and the Light removed, the Chamber door (which shuts with difficulty) flew to with a great bounce, it being wide open before, it shook the Room, where my Mother was busied about the afore-said Preparation. After this one of the Shoes that was by the Bedside was flung over the Bed with a mighty force against a Press that stood on the other side. This put them to such a fright again, that the Gentlewoman rose. My Brother went into the Room again, and sat up with them all Night.

This I received from my Brother, who came to bed to me, (who by reason of some Illness had gone to bed first in the Family) early the next Morning. I was confirmed in it afterwards by my Mother, upon whose bare assertion I dare confidently believe any thing that shall be related.

The second Night's disturbance; the next Evening, as we sat at Supper, we all heard a great Noise above in the Chamber, at the end of the House, as it were flinging of Chairs and Stools about the Room, or removing of great Trunks. And going up to see, all was still till we came down again: However the Gentlewoman resolved to go to bed again that Night in the same Chamber. My Sister went to bed with her, and the rest to their Lodgings, only my Brother and I resolved to sit up some time, and expect the Event. Within a while after we heard them knock earnestly above, we went both up, they told us there had been the same disturbance as the night before and something more. For besides the tugging of the Mat under the Bed, the Bed-cloaths upon them were often tugged and pulled, insomuch as they were fain to hold them hard with their Hands to keep them from being pulled off. All was quiet for a little time while we were in the Chamber with a Light, but we were no sooner out of the Chamber with the Candle, but the noise under the Bed, tugging of the Mat, pulling of the Bed-cloaths began again. Moreover something came into the Bed, which the Gentlewoman said ran upon her by degrees, and seemed little and soft like a Mole. Upon this she skreekt out, and we came in again with the



Candle, then all was still again.

We retired often with the Candle, and presently the same disturbance returned, together with a low whispering noise in many places about the Bed, but chiefly towards the Beds-head, which we all heard staying in the Chamber, and removing the Candle into the next Room. My Father and Mother rise, and there were none of us but heard all or most part of this, but nothing appeared to us. The thing was continually moving and stirring in some part or other of the Bed, and most commonly at the Feet, where it usually came up first. At last it came to that boldness, that it would make the same disturbance while the Candle was in the Chamber, if but a little shaded behind the door, so that we could sometimes see the Cloths pull'd and tugg'd, and we frequently saw it heave and lift up the Cloths upon the Bed towards the Feet, in a little Hill or rising, which both my Brother and I often clapt our hands upon, perceiving it to move, and withal to make a little clacking noise, which cannot any more than the former whispering be exprest in Writing. We could not perceive any thing more than the Cloths, as often as we saw them so moved and heaved up. The Shoes were laid up upon the Beds Tester, the second Night, to prevent the clattering which was made with them the night before, and whilst we were standing talking in the Chamber, as I was some distance from the Bed, one of the Shoes flew off and hit me lightly on the Head, my Hat being on. And another came presently tumbling down after it, none stirring the Bed. Afterwards the aforesaid little thing came upon the Gentlewoman so frequently, that if we were but the least removed, she could not lie quiet in her Bed. Then she sate up in her Bed with a Mantle about her, which when we were retired was pulled at as if it would have been plucked from her. Whereupon she cryed out again, and I came into the Chamber again, and was desired to hold fast upon the Mantle about her, which notwithstanding upon removal of the Candle was tugged hard again, which I very sensibly perceived. Whereupon we perceiving no Cessation, my Brother and I continued in the Chamber all that night, till break of day, with a Candle in the Room. The tugging of the Mat under the Bed, the heaving of the Clothes about the Feet, and the other whispering noise continuing by Fits till light appeared. There was scarcely any of us, especially she her self, that did not Conjure that Whisperer, by the most Sacred Names, to speak out and tell us its intent, but nothing was to be seen, nor any answer made.

The third nights disturbance; the Gentlewoman resolved now to change her Chamber, to try if the disturbance would follow, she did so, my Sister still accompanying of her. My Brother sate up as before below, expecting again what would follow. The same noise was heard this third night as the night before above in the Chamber. We had not sate long below before we were Summoned up with loud knockings again, they were in the same case as before, if not worse. A while after they were in Bed in this other Chamber, there was a clattering heard at the door, presently after the same noise under the Bed, the same heaving of the Cloths, and the same whispering as before. But towards Midnight, that thing which came into the Bed before, came now so often, with such ungrateful skipplings up and down upon her, that she often skreekt and cryed out. It seemed cold and very smooth as she related, and would commonly come in at her Feet, and run all upon her, by her side to her shoulder. Once she desired me to clap my hand upon her back near her shoulder Blade, as feeling it just then come up thither. I did so on a sudden, and

there seemed a cold blast or puff of Wind to blow upon my hand just as I clapt it on her. And one thing more remarkable was this, when the whispering was heard at her Beds-head, after we had many times in vain conjured it to speak and tell us the intent of its whisperings and disturbance, I spake to it very earnestly to speak out or whisper louder. Hereupon it hissed out much louder than before, but nothing intelligible to be heard. At last this disturbance with the thing in the Bed being no longer tolerable to the Gentlewoman, my Mother rise (lying in the next Chamber, and hearing their perplexity) came into her Chamber, and prayed sometime at her Bedside just by her. Whereupon it pleased God within a very short time after to remove all those noises, and that which disturbed her. After that night, I cannot tell certainly, that there hath been any thing of that nature heard in the House.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Narrative, though it was not among Mr. Glanvil's Papers, but I found it by chance in mine own Study, yet it being made by an Eye-witness, whom I knew to be one of Judgment and Integrity, I thought fit to insert it. And the rather, because of that passage, that when he clapt his hand upon the Shoulder of the Gentlewoman where the Ghost was, a cool blast or puff of Air seemed to bear or blow against his Hand. Which is like Mr. Glanvil's Experiment of pressing the Linnen Bag in which some Spirit was moving as a living Animal. Which are notable instances of their easie percubration through porous Bodies. This troublesome Spirit I suspect to have been the Ghost of some party deceased who would have uttered something, but had not the knack of speaking so articulately as to be understood. And when they can speak intelligibly, it is ordinarily in a hoarse and low Voice; as is observable in many stories, and particularly in a very fresh story of the Ghost of one deceased that spoke to Jacob Brent, some two years ago, an Apprentice then to one Mr. Lawrence in the Little Minories; of which to give some brief account, I think fitting, for the very same reasons, that I have inserted this of Mr. Paschal, namely, that it is from an Eye-witness, and a discreet and well-disposed young Man, as they that know him do testifie: and I will set down no more, nor so much as he himself declared or acknowledged, not only to Dr. Cudworth, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Glanvil, but very lately to my self also, viz.

That he had Conference with the Ghost of some deceased party for about a quarter of an hour: That he had a glimpse of the shape thereof, being called into the Room where it was, by a Voice, saying, Here, Here; but that he presently cried out, Good God, let me see nothing, he being so affrighted with the sight. But however, he entertained discourse with it for about the time abovementioned; received several things in charge from it to be done, and was commanded secrecy in some special Matters; but it gave such instructions, and made such discoveries, as right might be done to some that had been wronged by the party deceased. Upon which performance of Jacob Brent, the disturbance of the House ceased: But for about six Weeks before, Mr. Lawrence his House was miserably disturbed, they being most nights affrighted with Thumpings and loud Knockings at the Chamber-doors, sometimes with a strange whirling noise up and down the Rooms, and clapping upon the Stairs. And that night Jacob Brent sate up in the Kitchen, expecting some Conference with the Spirit for the quiet of the House, he heard the door of the room above him, that was fast locked, fly open, while he was reading in Eusebius, and immediately a swift running down the Stairs, and a great knocking at



the Kitchen-door which stood a jarr, and a chinking of Money on the Stairs, as he passed from the Kitchen towards the Dining-room over against it, whose Door was lockt when they went to Bed, but now opened as the Door of the other Room above the Kitchen.

Into this Dining-room he was invited, as is above said, by a Voice saying, Here, Here; and there he received, and after executed, such directions as gave quiet afterwards to the House; and he received thanks from the Ghost after he had made his Journey abroad to fulfil its desire, at his returning home, with a promise it would never trouble the House more. And of the troubles of the House before, the whole Family were Witnesses, as also of the Conference of J. B. and the Spirit, that they heard two speaking in the Dining-room, though they were not so near to understand what they said, only they heard J. B. pray to God that he might see nothing.

That the House was really Haunted, besides what has been said already, is further confirmed by Mr. Bamfield, who was desired to lie in the House some days before this Conference of J. B. with the Spirit; who though he heard no noises, yet felt his Cloths tuckt about him, and his Hand kindl. stroak'd he being awake all night. And that this could be no trick of J. B. is further evident from that great emotion of mind he was in after this for some two hours, even almost to distraction, and was fain afterwards to be let-Blond. But for his constant temper, he is observed to be, and I take him to be such, of a sober, honest, and sensible Genius; nor is he any Sectarian, but an orderly Son of the Church of England.

And if the Injunctions of the Ghost he conversed with, and common rules of Prudence, did not forbid the declaring of some particulars, this is an experiment that might convince the most incredulous touching such things. But Mr. Glanvil complains in a Letter of his to Dr. H. More, that this shyness and tender respect of persons has hindred him of many a considerable story; as I have also taken notice long since how mutilate the story of the Shoemaker of Breslaw is made, by reason of Martinus Weinrichius his concealing the Shoemakers Name. But the mentioning of lockt Doors flying open of their own accord, reminds me of Mr. Alcock's story of a Chest with three Locks unlocking it self, and flying wide open, and then locking it self again. Which is as follows.

## RELAT. XXV.

The Story of Mr. John Bourne of Durley in Ireland, about a mile from Bridgwater, Counsellour at Law.

MR. John Bourne, for his Skill, Care, and Honesty, was made by his Neighbour John Mallet Esq; of Enmore, the chief of his Trustees for his Son John Mallet, (Father to Elizabeth now Countess Dowager of Rochester) and the rest of his Children in Minority. He had the reputation of a worthy good Man, and was commonly taken notice of for an habitual saying, by way of Interjection, almost to any thing, viz. You say true, You say true, You are in the right. This Mr. Bourne fell sick at his House at Durley in the year 1654. and Dr. Raymond of Oake was sent for to him, who after some time gave the said Mr. Bourne over. And he had not now spoke in Twenty four hours, when the said Dr. Raymond, and Mrs. Carlisle (Mr. Bourne's Nephew's Wife, whose Husband he made one of his Heirs) sitting by his Bed-side, the Doctor opened the Curtains at the Beds feet, to give him air; when on a sudden, to the horror and amazement of Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle, the great Iron Chest by the Window at his Beds feet with three Locks to it (in which were all the Wri-

tings and Evidences of the said Mr. Mallet's Estate) began to open, first one Lock, then another, then the third. Afterwards the Lid of the said Iron Chest lifted up it self, and stood wide open. Then the Patient Mr. Bourne, who had not spoke in Twenty four hours, lifted himself up also, and looking upon the Chest, cryed, You say true, You say true, You are in the right, I'll be with you by and by. So the Patient lay down, and spake no more. Then the Chest fell again of it self, and lockt it self one Lock after another, as the three Locks opened; and they tried to knock it open and could not, and Mr. Bourne died within an hour after.

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THIS Narrative was sent in a Letter to J. C. for Dr. H. More, from Mr. Thomas Alcock of Shear-Hampton; of which in a Letter to the said Doctor he gives this Account. I am, saith he, very confident of the truth of the Story: for I had it from a very good Lady, the eldest Daughter of the said John Mallet, (whose Trustee Mr. Bourne was) and only Aunt to the Countess of Rochester, who knew all the Parties; and have heard Dr. Raymond, and Mr. Carlisle relate it often with amazement, being both Persons of Credit.

The curious may be inquisitive what the meaning of the opening of the Chest may be, and of Mr. Bourne his saying, You say true, &c. I'll be with you by and by. As for the former, it is noted by Paracelsus especially, and by others, that there are signs often given of the departure of sick men lying on their Death-beds, of which this opening of the Iron Coffin or Chest, and closing again, is more than ordinary significant, especially if we consider the nearness of Sound and Sence betwixt Coffin and Coffin, and recal to mind that of Virgil.

Olli dura quies oculos & ferreus urget  
Somnus —

though this quaintness is more than is requisite in these Prodigies presaging the Sick man's death. As for the latter, it seems to be nothing else but the saying Amen to the presage uttered in his accustomed form of speech: As if he should say, You of the invisible Kingdom of Spirits have given the token of my sudden departure: And you say true, I shall be with you by and by. Which he was enabled so assuredly to assent to, upon the advantage of the Relaxation of his Soul now departing from the Body. Which Diodorus Siculus, lib. 18. notes to be the opinion of Pythagoras and his Followers, that it is the Priviledge of the Soul near her departure to exercise a Fatidical faculty, and to pronounce truly touching things future, Περὶ γινώσκειν τὰς ψυχὰς τὰ μέλλοντα καθ' ὃν ἂν καὶ ἐν τῇ τελευτῇ τὸν πρὸ τοῦ σώματος χωρισμὸν ποιεῖν, That humane Souls prognostick things to come at what time they are separating from their Body.

## RELAT. XXVI.

The Apparition of James Haddock to Francis Taverner near Drum-bridge in Ireland, comprized in a Letter of Thomas Alcock, to Dr. H. More.

AT Michaelmas 1662. Francis Taverner, about 25 years old, a lusty, proper, stout Fellow, then servant at large (afterwards Porter) to the Lord Chichester Earl of Donegal, at Belfast in the North of Ireland, County of Antrim, and Diocess of Connor, riding



late in the night from *Hilbrough* homeward, near *Drum-bridge*, his Horse, though of good metal, suddenly made a stand; and he supposing him to be taken with the Staggers, alighted to blood him in the mouth, and presently mounted again. As he was setting forward, there seemed to pass by him two Horsemen, though he could not hear the treading of their Feet, which amazed him. Presently there appeared a third in a white Coat, just at his Elbow, in the likeness of *James Haddock*, formerly an Inhabitant in *Malone*, where he died near five years before. Whereupon *Taverner* askt him in the Name of God who he was? he replied, *I am James Haddock, and you may call to mind by this Token; That about five years ago I and two other Friends were at your Father's House, and You by your Father's appointment brought us some Nuts, and therefore be not afraid*, says the Apparition. Whereupon *Taverner*, remembering the Circumstances, thought it might be *Haddock*; and those two who passed by before him, he thought to be his two Friends with him when he gave them Nuts, and courageously askt him why he appeared to him rather than any other. He answered, Because he was a Man of more resolution than others; and if he would ride his way with him, he would acquaint him with a business he had to deliver him. Which *Taverner* refused to do, and would go his own way, (for they were now at a *Quadri-vial*) and so rode on homewards. But immediately, on their departure, there arose a great Wind, and withal he heard very hideous screeches and noises, to his great amazement; but riding forward as fast as he could, he at last heard the Cocks crow, to his comfort; he alighted off from his Horse, and falling to Prayer, desired God's assistance, and so got safe home.

The night after there appeared again to him the likeness of *James Haddock*, and bid him go to *Elenor Welsh*, (now the Wife of *Davis* living at *Malone*, but formerly the Wife of the said *James Haddock*, by whom she had an only Son, to whom the said *James Haddock* had by his Will given a Lease which he held of the Lord *Chichester*, of which the Son was deprived by *Davis* who had Married his Mother) and to ask her if her Maiden-name was not *Elenor Welsh*; and if it were, to tell her, that it was the Will of her former Husband *James Haddock* that their Son should be righted in the Lease. But *Taverner*, partly loth to gain the ill will of his Neighbours, and partly thinking he should not be credited but lookt on as deluded, long neglected to do his Message, till having been every night for about a Months space haunted with this Apparition in several Forms every Night more and more terrible, (which was usually preceded by an unusual trembling over his whole Body, and great change of Countenance manifest to his Wife, in whose presence frequently the Apparition was, though not visible to her) at length he went to *Malone* to *Davis's* Wife, and askt whether her Maiden-name was not *Elenor Welsh*; if it was, he had something to say to her. She replied, there was another *Elenor Welsh* besides her. Hereupon *Taverner* returned without delivering his Message. The same night being fast asleep in his Bed, (for the former Apparitions were, as he sate by the Fire, with his Wife) by something pressing upon him, he was awakened, and saw again the Apparition of *James Haddock*, in a white Coat, as at other times, who asked him if he had delivered his Message? He answered, he had been there with *Elenor Welsh*. Upon which the Apparition looking more pleasantly upon him, bid him not be afraid; and so vanished in a flash of brightness.

But some nights after (he having not delivered his Message) he came again, and appearing in many formidable shapes, threatned to tear him in pieces if he did not do it. This made him leave his House where he

dwelt in the Mountains, and betake himself to the Town of *Belfast*, where he sate up all night at one *Pierce's* House a Shoemaker, accompanied with the said *Pierce*, and a Servant or two of the Lord *Chichester*, who were desirous to see or hear the Spirit. About Midnight, as they were all by the Fire-side, they beheld *Taverner's* Countenance to change, and a trembling to fall on him, who presently espied the Apparition in a Room opposite to him where he sate, and took up the Candle and went to it, and resolutely askt it, in the Name of God, wherefore it haunted him? It replied, because he had not delivered the Message, and withal threatned to tear him in pieces if he did not do it speedily; and so, changing it self into many prodigious shapes, it vanisht in white like a Ghost. Whereupon *Francis Taverner* became much dejected and troubled, and next day went to the Lord *Chichester's* House, and with tears in his Eyes, related to some of the Family the sadness of his condition. They told it to my Lord's Chaplain, Mr. *James South*, who came presently to *Taverner*, and being acquainted of his whole Story, advised him to go this present time to *Malone* to deliver punctually his Message, and promised to go along with him. But first they went to Dr. *Lewis Downs*, then Minister of *Belfast*, who upon hearing the Relation of the whole matter, doubted at first of the truth of it, attributing it rather to Melancholy than any thing of reality. But being afterwards fully satisfied of it, the only scruple remaining was, Whether it might be lawful to go on such a business, not knowing whose errand it was; Since, though it was a real Apparition of some Spirit, yet it was questionable whether of a good or a bad Spirit. Yet the justice of the Cause, (it being the common report the Youth was wronged) and other considerations prevailing, he went with them. So they three went to *Davis's* House, where the Woman being desired to come to them, *Taverner* did effectually do his Message, by telling her, that he could not be at quiet for the Ghost of her former Husband *James Haddock*, who threatned to tear him in pieces if he did not tell her she must right *John Haddock* her Son by him, in a Lease wherein she and *Davis* her now Husband had wronged him. This done, he presently found great quietness in his mind; and thanking the Gentlemen for their Company, Advice, and Assistance, he departed thence to his Brother's House at *Drum-bridge*: Where, about two Nights after, the aforesaid Apparition came to him again, and more pleasantly than formerly, askt if he had delivered his Message? He answered, he had done it fully. It replied, that he must do the Message to the Executors also, that the business might be perfected. At this meeting *Taverner* asked the Spirit if *Davis* would do him any hurt; to which it answered at first somewhat doubtfully; but at length threatned *Davis*, if he attempted any thing to the injury of *Taverner*, and so vanisht away in white.

The day following, Dr. *Jeremie Taylor* Bishop of *Down*, *Connor*, and *Dromore*, was to go to keep Court at *Dromore*, and commanded me, who was then Secretary to him, to write for *Taverner* to meet him there, which he did. And there, in the presence of many, he examined *Taverner* strictly in this strange Scene of Providence, as my Lord stid'd it; and by the Account given him both by *Taverner*, and others who knew *Taverner*, and much of the former Particulars. his Lordship was satisfied that the Apparition was true and real; but said no more there to him, because at *Hilbrough*, three Miles from thence on his way home, my Lord was informed that my Lady *Conway* and other Persons of Quality were come purposely to hear his Lordship examine the Matter. So *Taverner* went with us to *Hilbrough*, and there to satis-



the curiosity of the fresh Company, after asking many things anew, and some over again, my Lord advised him the next time the Spirit appeared, to ask him these Questions. *Whence are you? Are you a good or a bad Spirit? Where is your abode? What station do you hold? How are you regimented in the other World? And what is the Reason that you appear for the Relief of your Son in so small a matter, when so many Widows and Orphans are oppressed in the World, being defrauded of greater matters, and none from thence of their Relations appear as you do, to right them?*

That night Taverner was sent for to Lisburne, to my Lord Conway's three Miles from Hilbrough, on his way home to Belfast, where he was again strictly examined in the presence of many good Men and Women, of the aforesaid matter, who was ordered to lie at my Lord Conway's all night; and about nine or ten a Clock at Night, standing by the Fire-side with his Brother and many others, his Countenance changed, and he fell into a trembling, the usual Prognostick of the Apparition; and, being loth to make any disturbance in his Lordship's House, He and his Brother went into the Court, where he saw the Spirit coming over the Wall; which approaching nearer, askt him if he had done his Message to the Executor also? He replied, he had, and wondred it should still haunt him. It replied, he need not fear, for it would do him no hurt, nor trouble him any more, but the Executor if he did not see the Boy righted. Here his Brother put him in mind to ask the Spirit what the Bishop bid him, which he did presently. But it gave him no Answer, but crawled on its Hands and Feet over the Wall again, and so vanished in white, with a most melodious Harmony.

Note, (1) That *Pierce*, at whose House and in whose presence the Apparition was, being askt whether he saw the Spirit, said, he did not, but thought at that time he had a Mist all over his Eyes. (2) What was then spoken to Taverner, was in so low and hollow a Voice, that they could not understand what it said. (3.) At *Pierce's* House it stood just at the entry of a Door; and as a Maid passed by to go in at the Door, Taverner saw it go aside, and give way to the Maid, though she saw it not. (4.) That the Lease was hereupon disposed on to the Boy's use. (5.) The Spirit at the last appearing at my Lord Conway's House, revealed somewhat to Taverner, which he would not discover to any of us that askt him.

This Taverner, with all the Persons and Places mentioned in the Story, I knew very well, and all wise and good men did believe it, especially the Bishop, and Dean of Connor Dr. Rust. Witnesses

Your humble Servant,

Thomas Alcock.

## Advertisement.

IT will not be amiss to set down here, what Mr. Alcock adds by way of Postscript in his Letter. *There is an odd Story, saith he, depending on this which I cannot chuse but tell you. The Boy's Friends put the Trustees and Executor on this Apparition's account into our Courts, where it was pleasant to hear my Lord talk to them on the whole matter. The Uncle and Trustee, one John Costlet, forswore the thing, railed on Taverner, and made strange imprecations, and wished Judgments might fall on him if he knew of any such Lease; but the fear of the Apparition's menaces by Taverner scar'd him into a promise of Justice at last.*

*About four or five years after, when my Lord died, and the noise of the Apparition was over, Costlet began again to threaten the Boy with Law, &c. But being drunk at Hill-hall by Lisburne, coming home he fell from his Horse, and never spake more. This is a sad truth to my knowledge.*

## RELAT. XXVII.

*The Story of David Hunter Neat-herd to the Bishop of Down and Connor, at Portmore in Ireland, 1663. from the same hand.*

David Hunter, Neat-herd at the Bishops House at Portmore, there appeared to him one night, carrying a Log of Wood into the Dairy, an old Woman, which amazed him, for he knew her not: but the fright made him throw away his Log of Wood, and run into the House. The next night she appeared again to him, and he could not chuse but follow her all night; and so almost every night for near three quarters of a Year. Whenever she came, he must go with her through the Woods at a good round rate; and the poor Fellow lookt as if he was bewicht and travelled off his Legs. And when in Bed with his Wife, if she appeared, he must rise and go. And because his Wife could not hold him in his Bed, she would go too, and walk after him till day, though she see nothing: But his little Dog was so well acquainted with the Apparition, that he would follow her as well as his Master. If a Tree stood in her walk, he observed her always to go through it. In all this while she spake not.

But one day the said David going over a Hedge into the High-way, she came just against him, and he cried out, *Lord bless me, would I was dead; shall I never be delivered from this misery?* At which, *And the Lord bless me too*, says she: *It was very happy you spake first, for till then I had no power to speak, though I have followed you so long. My Name, says she, is Margaret —, I lived here before the War, and had one Son by my Husband. When he died I married a Souldier, by whom I had several Children, which that former Son maintained, else we must have all starved. He lives beyond the Ban-water; pray go to him and bid him dig under such a Hearth, and there he shall find 28 s. Let him pay what I owe in such a place, and the rest to the charge unpaid at my Funeral; and go to my Son that lives here, which I had by my latter Husband, and tell him, that he lives a wicked and a dissolute life, and is very unnatural and ungrateful to his Brother that maintained him, and if he does not mend his life, God Almighty will destroy him.*

David Hunter told her he never knew her. No, says she, *I died seven years before you came into the Country. But for all that, if he would do her Message she should never hurt him. But he deferred doing as the Apparition bid him, and she appeared the night after as he lay in Bed, and struck him on the shoulder very hard; at which he cried out, and askt her if she did not promise she would not hurt him? She said, that was if he did her Message; if not, she would kill him. He told her he could not go now by reason the Waters were out. She said she was content he should stay till they were abated; but charged him afterwards not to fail her. So he did her errand, and afterwards she appeared and gave him thanks. For now, said she, I shall be at rest, therefore pray lift me up from the ground, and I will trouble you no more. So David Hunter lifted her up from the ground, and, as he said, she felt just like a Bag of Feathers in his Arms. So she vanished, and he heard most delicate Musick as she went off, over his head; and he never was*



more troubled.

This account the poor Fellow gave us every day as the Apparition spake to him, and my Lady Conway came to Portmore, where she askt the Fellow the same questions, and many more. This I know to be true, being all the while with my Lord of Down, and the Fellow but a poor Neat-herd there.

Thomas Alcock.

## Advertisement.

**I**T is no small confirmation to my self of the truth of these two last Stories, in both which my Lady Conway is mentioned, in that I received two Letters from that incomparable Lady out of Ireland touching them both. The former is dated, Lisburn, March 3. 1662. wherein she writes thus: I have spoken lately with two simple Country people who have been much perplexed with two several Persons who have died lately. The Stories are too long to relate; but the Circumstances are such, as I know not how to misbelieve the Stories. The Persons cannot be suspected to have any Design, and were altogether unacquainted in the Families of them that appeared, and wholly ignorant of those things in them that they now relate, and have charge to sollicite the amendment of some Miscarriages by some Persons intrusted, which they could never hear of, as is supposed, by any other means. There are many other Probabilities, but all evaded by several Persons here. And to give you a Taste of their goodly Evasions, I will transcribe a Passage out of the other Letter of the said excellent Lady, dated Lisburn, April 29. 1663. wherein she writes thus: The Relation I sent you of two in this Country is certainly liable to as little exception (There was mention of the Drummer of Tedworth before) as any one shall meet with; As may appear by the diligent search some have made for a Flaw and Objection against the Parties, who, after all, they confess, must needs appear perfectly uninterested, and impossible to have had from any concerned, what they have delivered. But they believe that either Drunkenness, or desperate Melancholy did by chance enable them to light upon greater Truths than themselves thought of. Thus for that excellent Person. And it was enough for this noble Lady onely to recite their Solution of the Phenomenon into Melancholy and Drunkenness, it being so trifling and silly, that it wanted no farther Refutation than the mere Recital.

That Drink may discover the Secrets of him that is Drunk, as the Poet observes, is reasonable enough: but that a Man by being drunk is better capacitated to understand the Secrets of another Man, or of his Family, is so wild a Paradox, that no Sober Man can admit it. And what is Melancholy but a natural Drunkenness when it ferments? And moreover, it being but by chance that Melancholy or Drunkenness enables them to light upon such things, why may not Sanguine and Sobriety chance as well to do the same, and not rather better, if there be any betterness in things by chance? But if there be any advantage in fermenting Melancholy or strong Drink, it is because the Soul is more excited, and made more ready to discover its own more inward Furniture, as Men in drink reveal their own Secrets. But the Soul has no innate Ideas of particular things, and therefore the greatest Effervescency of Drink or Melancholy will not a jot better dispose her to the knowledge of Particulars, but indispose her for the reception of them from without. So blindly do these Wittlings Philosophize touching things of this Nature.

And yet, I dare say, this was the very best of their Evasions: Which being no better again these two Stories, and the Stories so sifted and examined (to say nothing of others) by a Person of so quick a Wit, impartial Judgment and Sagacity, as I know that excellent Lady to have been, I must confess, that to me it is a Confirmation as strong as I can desire for the main strokes of the Stories, of which I retain some memory, having heard a more particular Account of them from her Ladyship presently upon her return from Ireland some sixteen years ago. Nor do doubt but Mr. Alcock has approved himself a faithful Reciter of them as to the main; nor can there anyone rightly be deemed more fit and able, he being present at the Examination of Taverner, and dwelling at Portmore with the Bishop of Down, whose servant Hunter was.

## RELAT. XXVIII.

*The Confessions of certain Scotch Witches, taken out of an authentick Copy of their Trial at the Assizes held at Paisley in Scotland, Feb. 15. 1678. touching the bewitching of Sir George Maxwell.*

**T**HE Tenour of the Confessions taken before Justices: As first of Annibal Stuart of the age of fourteen years, or thereby; who declared that she was brought in the presence of the Justices for the crime of Witchcraft; and declared that on Harvest last, the Devil in the shape of a black Man came to her Mother's House, and required the Declarant to give her self up to him; and that the Devil promised her that she should not want any thing that was good. Declares, that she being enticed by her Mother Janet Mathie, and Bessie Weir, who was Officer to their several meetings, she put her hand to the crown of her Head, and the other to the foal of her Foot, and did give herself up to the Devil. Declares, that her Mother promised her a new Coat for doing of it. Declares that her Spirit's Name was Enippa, and that the Devil took her by the Hand and nipped her Arm, which continued to be sore for half an Hour. Declares, that the Devil in the shape of a black Man lay with her in the Bed under the Clothes, and that she found him cold. Declares, that thereafter he placed her nearest himself. And declares, she was present in her Mothers House when the Effigies of Wax was made; and that it was made to represent Sir George Maxwell. Declares, that the black Man, Janet Mathie, the Declarant's Mother (whose Spirit's name was Landlady; Bessie Weir, whose Spirit's name is Sopha; Margaret Craige, whose Spirit's name is Rigerum; and Margaret Jackson, whose Spirit's name is Lucas; were all present at the making of the said Effigies; and that they bound it on a Spit, and turned it before the Fire; and that it was turned by Bessie Weir, saying, as they turned it, Sir George Maxwell, Sir George Maxwell; and that this was expressed by all of them, and by the Declarant. Declares, that this Picture was made in October last. And further declares, that upon the third day of January instant, Bessie Weir came to her Mothers House, and advertised her to come to her Brother John Stuart's upon the night following. And that accordingly she came to the place, where she found Bessie Weir, Margery Craige, Margaret Jackson, and her Brother John Stuart, and a Man with black Cloths, a blue Band, and white Handcuffs with Hegers, and that his Feet were cloven. And the Declarant fate down by the Fire-side with them, when they made a Picture of Clay, in which they placed Pins in the Breast and Sides: And declares, that they placed one in every Side, and one in the Breast. Decla-



red, that the black Man did put the Pins in the Picture of Wax; but is not sure who put in the Pins in the Picture of Clay. Declares, that the Effigies produced are the Effigies she saw made. Declares, that the black Man's name is *Ejoall*. This Declaration was emitted before *James Dunlop of Hufil, William Gremlaye, &c. Jan. 27. 1677. Ita est. Robertus Park Notarius Publicus, &c.*

The second Confession is of *John Stuart*, who being interrogate anent this crime of Witchcraft, declared, That upon *Wednesday* the third day of *January* instant, *Bessie Weir* in *Pollockton*, came to the Declarant late at night, who being without doors near his own House, the said *Bessie Weir* did intimate to him, that there was a meeting to be at his House the next day: And that the Devil under the shape of a black Man, *Margaret Jackson, Margery Craige*, and the said *Bessie Weir*, were to be present. And that *Bessie Weir*, required the Declarant to be there, which he promised. And that the next night, after the Declarant had gone to Bed, the black Man came in and called the Declarant quietly by his name. Upon which he arose from his Bed, and put on his Cloths, and lighted a Candle. Declares, that *Margaret Jackson, Bessie Weir*, and *Margery Craige*, did enter in at a Window in the Gavil of the Declarant's House. And that the first thing that the black Man required, was, that the Declarant should renounce his Baptism, and deliver himself up wholly to him: Which the Declarant did, by putting one hand on the crown of his Head, and the other on the soal of his Foot. And that he was tempted to it by the Devil's promising that he should not want any pleasure, and that he should get his heart filled on all that shall do him wrong. Declares, that he gave him the name of *Jonas* for his Spirit's name. Declares, that thereafter the Devil required every one of their consents for the making of the Effigies of Clay for the taking away the life of *Sir George Maxwell* of *Pollock*, to revenge the taking the Declarant's other *Jannet Mathie*. Declares, that every one of the persons above-named gave their consent to the making of the said Effigies, and that they wrought the Clay, and that the black Man did make the Figure of the Head and Face, and two Arms to the said Effigies. Declares, that the Devil set three Pins in the same, one in each side, and one in the Breast: And that the Declarant did hold the Candle to them all the time the Picture was making. And that he observed one of the black Man's Feet to be cloven: and that the black Man's Apparel was black: and that he had a blueish Band and Handcuffs; and that he had Hogers on his Legs without Shoes: and that the black Man's Voice was hough and gousty. And further declares, that after they had begun the forming of the Effigies, his Sister *Annabil Stuart*, a Child of thirteen or fourteen years of Age, came knocking at the Door, and being let in by the Declarant, she staid with them a considerable time, but that she went away before the rest, he having opened the Door to her. Declares, that the rest went out at the Window at which they entred. Declares, that the Effigies was placed by *Bessie Weir* in his Bedstraw. He further declares, he himself did envy against *Sir George Maxwell* for apprehending *Jannet Mathie* his Mother: And that *Bessie Weir* had great malice against this *Sir George Maxwell*; and that her quarrel was, as the Declarant conceived, because the said *Sir George* had not entred her Husband to his Harvest-service; and also declares, that the said Effigies was made upon the fourth day of *January* instant, and that the Devil's name was *Ejoall*. Declares, that his Spirits name was *Jonas*, and *Bessie Weir's* Spirit's name, who was Officer, was *Sopha*; and that *Margaret Jackson's* Spirits name was *Locas*; and that *Annabil Stuart's*, the Declarant's Sisters was *Enippa*; but

does not remember what *Margery Craige's* Spirits name was. Declares, that he cannot write. This Confession was emitted in the presence of the Witnesses to the other Confession, and on the same day. *Ita est. Robertus Park Notarius Publicus, &c.*

The Confession of *Margaret Jackson*, Relict of *Tho. Stuart* in *Shaws*, who being examined by the Justices anent her, being guilty of Witchcraft, declares, That she was present at the making of the first Effigies and Picture that was made in *Jannet Mathie's* House in *October*, and that the Devil in the shape of a black Man, *Jannet Mathie, Bessie Weir, Margery Craige*, and *Annabil Stuart*, was present at the making of the said Effigies, and that it was made to represent *Sir George Maxwell* of *Pollock*, for the taking away his life. Declares, that forty years ago, or thereabout, she was at *Pollockshawcroft*, with some few sticks on her back, and that the black Man came to her, and that she did give up her self unto the black Man from the top of her Head to the soal of her Foot; and that this was after the Declarant's renouncing of her Baptism; and that the Spirit's name which he designed her, was *Locas*. And that about the third or fourth of *January* instant, or thereby, in the night time when she awaked, she found a Man to be in Bed with her, whom she supposed to have been her Husband, though her Husband had been dead twenty years or thereby, and that the Man immediately disappeared: and declares, that this Man, who disappeared was the Devil. Declares, that upon *Thursday*, the 4th of *January* instant, she was present in the House of *John Stuart* at night when the Effigies of Clay was made, and that she saw the black Man there, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing with *John Stuart*; and that the black Man's Cloths were black, and that he had white Handcuffs. And that *Bessie Weir* in *Pollockton*, and *Annabil Stuart* in *Shaws*, and *Margery Craige*, were at the afore said time and place of making the said Effigies of Clay; and declares, that she gave her consent to the making of the same; and declares, that the Devil's name, who compeired in the black Man's shape, was *Ejoall*. *Sic subscribitur. Ita est. Robertus Park Notarius Publicus, &c.*

Now follow the Depositions of certain Persons agreeing with the Confessions of the abovesaid Witches.

**A** Ndr. *Martin* Servitour to the Lord of *Pollock*, of the Age of Thirty years or thereby, depones, That he was present in the House of *Jannet Mathie* Pannal when the Picture of Wax produced was found in a little hole in the Wall at the back of the Fire. Depones, that *Sir George* his Sicknefs did fall upon him about the eighteenth of *October* or thereby. Depones, that the Picture of Wax was found on the \* \* \* of *December*, and that *Sir George* his Sicknefs did abate and relent about the time the Picture of Wax was found and discovered in *Jannet Mathie's* House. Depones, that the Pins were placed in the right and left sides; and that *Sir George Maxwell* of *Pollock* his pains, as he understood by *Sir George's* complaining of these pains, lay most in his right and left sides. And depones, that *Sir George* his pains did abate and relent after the finding of the said Picture of Wax, and taking out of the Pins as is said. And depones, that the Pannal *Jannet Mathie* has been by fame and brute reputed a Witch these several years by-past. And this is the truth as he shall answer to God. *Sic subscribitur. Andr. Martin.*

*Laurence Pollock* Secretary to the Lord of *Pollock*, sworn and purged of partial Counsell, depones as follows, That on the \* \* day of *December* he was in the Pannal *Jannet Mathie's* House when the Picture was found;



and that he did not see it before it was brought to the Pannal's door. Depones, that Sir George Maxwel of Pollock's sickness did seize upon him about the fourteenth of October or thereby, and he did continue in his Sickness or Distemper for six Weeks or thereby. Depones, that Sir George his Sickness did abate and relent after the finding of the said Picture of Wax, and taking out of the Pins that were in the Effigies. Depones, that by open bruit and common fame, Jannet Mathie, and Bessie Weir, and Margery Craige, are brandit to be Witches. Depones, That the truth is this as he shall answer it to God. *Sic subscrib.* Laurence Pollock.

Lodovic Stuart of Auchunhead being sworn and purged of partial Counsel, depones, That Sir George his Sickness fell upon him the fourteenth or fifteenth of October, or thereby. Depones, that he was not present at the finding of the Picture of Wax; but that he had seen Sir George Maxwel of Pollock after it was found; and having seen him in his Sickness often times before, he did perceive that Sir George had sensibly recovered, after the time that the said Picture was said to be found, which was upon the 11th or 12th of December. Depones, that Jannet Mathie, and Margery Craige, two of the Pannals, are by report of the Country said to be Witches. Depones, that he having come to Pollock, he did see Sir George Maxwel, whose pains did recur, and that his pains and torments were greatly encreased in respect of what they were before the finding of the Picture of Wax. Depones, that upon the 8th of January, when they left the said Sir George Maxwel of Pollock, the Deponent James Dunlop of Housil, Allan Douglace, and several others, did go to the House of John Stuart Warlock in Pollockshaw, and there he found a Picture of Clay in the said John Stuart's Bed-straw. Depones, that there were three Pins in the said Picture of Clay, and that there was one in each side, and one in the Breast: and depones, that being returned to Sir George his House, Sir George told the Deponent, that he found great ease of his pains, and that it was before the Deponent Housil and the rest did reveal to him that they had found the said Picture of Clay; and further depones, that to his own observation he did perceive that Sir George had sensibly recovered. Depones, that they took the said John Stuart Pannal Prisoner with them at the finding of the said Effigies. And depones, that this is truth as he shall answer God. *Sic subscrib.* Lodowick Stuart.

There follow more Depositions in the Copy, but these are the most for our purpose, and enough to discover that the Confessions of those Witches are no Fables nor Dreams.

## Advertisement.

THESE Confessions and Depositions are transcribed out of the Copy in the same Scottish Dialect that I found them; and several words there are which I profess I understand not, as those for example concerning the black Man's Voice, that it was *hough* and *goustie*: But if the Voice of this black Man be like that of his who appeared to the Witches whom Mr. Hunt examined, they may signify a *big* and *low* Voice.

There is another Scottish Tryal of Witches amongst Mr. Glanvil's Papers, with the same general subscription that this has, viz. Robert Martin Clerk to the Justice Court. But that is of too old a date, it being in the year 1590. to comply with the title of our Stories. But it being a true Copy of Record so Authentick, though not so fresh, it may haply not be amiss briefly to name some Effects, Kinds, or Circumstances of Witchcraft

therein mentioned; such especially as have not occurred in the foregoing Stories; as the giving and taking away power from sundry mens Genital-Members, for which Jannet Clark was accused.

That which is observable in John Fiene is, that the Devil appeared to him not in black, but in white rayment; but proposed as hellish a Covenant to him as those Fiends that appear in black. As also lying dead two or three hours, and his Spirit tane, (as the Phrase in the Record is) his being carried or transported to many Mountains, and, as he thought, through the World, according to his own Depositions. His hearing the Devil preach in a Kirk in the Pulpit in the night by Candle-light, the Candle burning blue. That in a Conventicle of Witches, whose Names are specified in the Record, he with the rest, at parting, kissed the Devil's Breech; the Record speaks more broadly. His skimming on the Sea in a Boat with those of his Gang, and his foretelling the Leak in the Queens Ship by the help of the Devil. His raising Winds with the rest at the King's passage into Denmark, by casting a Cat into the Sea, which the Devil delivered to them, and taught them to cry *Hola* when they first cast it in. His raising a Mist at the King's return from Denmark, by getting Satan to cast a thing like a Foot-ball (it appearing to John like a Wisp) into the Sea, which made a vapour or reek to arise, whereby the King's Majesty might be cast upon the Coast of England. His hearing the Devil again preach in a Pulpit in black, who after pointed them to Graves, to open and dismember the Corps therein; which done, incontinently they were transported without words. His opening Locks by Sorcery, as one by mere blowing into a Woman's hand while he sat by the Fire. His raising four Candles on the Luggs of an Horse, and another on the top of the Staff of his Rider in the night, that he made it as light as day; and how the Man fell down dead at the entering within his House at his return home. His embarking in a Boat with other Witches, and sailing over Sea, and entering within a Ship, and drinking good Wine and Ale there, and sinking the Ship when they had done, with the persons in it. His kissing Satan's Breech again after another Conventicle. His being swiftly carried above in the chasing of a Cat to catch her to cast into the Sea, thereby to raise Winds, according to the prescription of Satan. His pretending to tell any Man how long he should live if he told him but the day of his birth.

There are also several things in Agnes Symphon's Witchcraft, such as there scarce occur the like in the foregoing stories. As her skill in Diseases. That the sickness of William Black was an Elf-shot. Her hearing also of them by Sorcery, and foretelling the party whether he should live or die, and others how long they should live. Her taking the sick parties pains and sicknesses upon her self for a time, and then translating it to a third person. Her use of long scriptural Prayers and Rhymes, containing the main points of Christianity, so that she may seem to have been not so much a white Witch as an holy Woman. And yet it is upon Record that she made a Covenant with the Devil in the shape of a Man, and in such like hellish manner, as other Witches do. But when she sought for answers from the Devil upon any occasion, he appeared to her in the shape of a Dog; but the formula of her dismissing of him, was, *The charging him to depart on the Law he lives on*, as she did when she dismissed him after her consulting him about the old Lady Edmonston's sickness; but her invocation was, *Elwa, come and speak to me*, who came in the likeness of a Dog. Her sailing with her Fellow-Witches in a Boat to a Ship, where the Devil caused her to drink good Wine, she neither seeing the



Mariners, nor the Mariners her. But after all, the Devil raised a Wind whereby the Ship perished. Her baptizing, and using other Ceremonies upon a Cat, with other Witches, to hinder the Queens coming into Scotland. Her raising of a Spirit to conjure a Picture of Wax for the destroying of Mr. John Moscrop.

Hitherto I have brought but small shreds out of this ancient Record, but I will conclude with a full Paragraph, it containing the Confession of *Agnes Symphon* to King James then of the Scots: Which is this.

Item, Fyled and convict for fameckle as she confest before his Majesty, that the Devil in Mans likeness met her going out in the Fields from her own House at *Keith* betwixt five and six at Even, being alone, and commandit her to be at *Northbervick-Kirk* the next night. And she past then on Horseback, conveyed by her Good-son called *John Couper*, and lighted at the Kirk-yard, or a little before she came to it, about eleven hours at Even. They danced along the Kirk-yard, *Geilie Duncan* plaid to them on a Trump, *John Fien* muffled led all the rest; the said *Agnes* and her Daughter followed next. Besides, there were *Kate Grey*, *George Moilis's* Wife, *Robert Greirson*, *Katharine Duncan*, *Bessie Right*, *Isabel Gilmore*, *John Graymaill*, *Duncan Buchanan*, *Thomas Barnhil* and his Wife, *Gilbert Macgil*, *Joh. Macgil*, *Katharine Macgil*, with the rest of their Complices above an hundred persons, whereof there were six Men, and all the rest Women. The Women made first their homage, and then the Men. The Men were turned nine times widdershins about, and the Women six times. *John Fien* blew up the Doors and blew in the Lights, which were like mickle black Candles sticking round about the Pulpit. The Devil startit up himself in the Pulpit like a mickle black Man, and every one answered Here. Mr. *Robert Greirson* being named, they all ran hirdie girdie, and were angry: for it was promised he should be called *Robert the Comptroller*, alias *Rob the Rowar*, for expriming of his name. The first thing he demandit was, if they kept all promise, and been good Servants, and what they had done since the last time they had convened. At his command they opened up three Graves, two within, and ane without the Kirk, and took off the Joints of their Fingers, Toes, and Neise, and parted them amongst them: and the said *Agnes Symphon* got for her part a Winding-sheet and two Joynts. The Devil commandit them to keep the Joynts upon them while they were dry, and then to make a powder of them to do evil withal. Then he commandit them to keep his Commandments, which were to do all the evil they could. Before they departed they kifs'd his Breech; the Record speaks more broad, as I noted before. He had on him ane Gown and ane Hat, which were both black: and they that were assembled, part stood and part sate: *John Fien* was ever nearest the Devil at his left Elbock, *Graymaill* kepted the door.

I have retained the Scotch Dialect here also, for the more Authentickness of the matter, and have adjoined this large Paragraph, the Confession therein contained being in all probability a more special occasion of King James his changing his opinion touching the Existence of Witches, which he was, as is reported, inclinable to think to be but a mere conceit before. For he was then but young, not passing five or six and twenty years of age when this Examination was had before him. And part of the Third Chapter of his Second Book of his *Demonologie* seems to be a Transcript of this very Confession. Wherefore this being so considerable an occurrence touching a business of such moment, the bringing in here so old a Story amongst those of fresher memory, will, I hope, bring along with it its own excuse.

Thus have we contrived all the Relations in Mr. *Glan-*

*vil's* Papers which were thought considerable, into this second Part of his *Saducismus Triumphatus*. He once intended to subjoyn thereto an Answer to *Webster*, *Wagstaff*, and the *Authour of the Doctrine of Devils*, as you may observe from the first Section of his *Proof of Apparitions*, &c. from holy Scripture: but partly by bringing in already the chief things in that rude draught begun, into what is here published, and partly by stating the Question truly and with right judgment, he has prevented himself and made that labour needless. As indeed in a manner it ever was, their Objections against Mr. *Glanvil's* Opinion on these points, being wondrous weak, sorry, and sophistical, and such as it were pity that any Man of Parts, who can bestow his time better, should squander it away in confuting such trifles.

There is nothing that makes any least shew of strength, but that touching the palpability of the consistency of the Bodies of the Familiars of Witches, as if it weakned our Saviour's Argument to his Disciples for his Resurrection, where he bids them handle him and see, for a Spirit has not flesh and bones as they see him have. And he bids *Thomas* thrust his Hand into his Side, that they might be sure he was no Spectre or Spirit, but the very Christ with his Flesh, Bloud, and Bones, as he had before his Crucifixion; and they were as well ascertained of this, as sense, nay the surest sense, that of a Touch, or Feeling, could make them, that he had really Flesh and Bones, and such a temperament as humane Bodies have. Nor can any cavil avail against this from the Familiars of Witches, that will not as well weaken the assurance that we converse with such or such a Friend, but with some Spectre like him; So that the Allegation is as weak as peevish and malicious. And if he should doubt whether it was his real Friend, or some Spectre, if his Friend should offer himself, as our Saviour did, to be touched, searched and felt, would not any body think it were sufficient assurance? But for a perverse Caviller, or crazy Sceptick, what is it that will satisfy them?

But it may be well said, that there be concomitant considerations that will assure the party it is his Friend and not a Spectre. And are there not concomitant considerations here also? The ancient Prophecies, and Christ's own Prediction that he should rise from the dead out of the Grave. And that God is a God of truth, and not of unfaithfulness and imposture: Which assurance is of a more high and divine Tenour than that of feeling his Body. And therefore our Saviour saith to *Thomas*; *THOMAS*, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed, Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed: For it is a sign that a more noble and heavenly principle is awakened in them, that dispels that thick Mist of Sceptical stupor and dulness. It is a sign they are of a more holy, pure, and refined temper. And besides all this, What Spectre ever challenged any one to make such a Trial as this, to feel whether he was not very Flesh and Bone as real Men are, when he would impose upon any? Or how is it proved, though Spirits can bring their Vehicle to a palpable consistency, that they can turn it into such as shall feel of the same articulate palpableness of Flesh and Bone, and Temperament that are in living Men? Till this appear by confest experience to be in the palpable consistency of Familiars or Spirits that transact with Witches, the Allegation is infinitely weak upon that account also, as weak as spiteful and perverse. But the Hag Advocates will alledge any foolish thing rather than seem to be able to say nothing.

In the mean time I think it here seasonable to declare, that though this intended Edition of *Saducismus Triumphatus* had not the happiness to be perfected by the ingenious Author's own hand before his death, yet such



Materials he left behind him, and the work in such a forwardness, that things being put together in that order and distinctness which they are, the Discourse may prove as *useful* for the reclaiming Men from *Saducism*, though perhaps not altogether so *delightful*, as if his own hand had had the polishing of it. And the publishing of it will also do him that right in the eyes of the World, that (whereas he was suspected haply for some complaisance towards some persons that were over-inclinable to *Hobbianism*, to have shrunk from the sense of such noble Theories, with which his Mind was enlightened in the Morning of his days) it from hence may appear that these things stuck close to him, and that he entertained them with a sincere warmth all along, as is evident from

these Papers then private within his own Study-Walls. As the profession of them broke out from him most expressly when he lay on his Death-bed, as his intimate Friend Mr. *Thomas Alcock* largely sets down in a Letter written to Dr. *H. More*. And I think that is the time, if ever that Men will speak their thoughts freely, as the Poet hath observed in the like case,

*Nam vera voces tum demum pectore ab imo  
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur persona, manet res.*

To this Sense,  
Then 'tis Men from their Hearts their Mind declare,  
Cast off their Vizards, shew their Faces bare.

A  
Continuation  
OF THE  
COLLECTION.  
OR, AN  
ADDITION  
Of some few  
More Remarkable  
AND  
TRUE STORIES  
OF  
*Apparitions and Witchcraft.*

By HENRY MORE, D.D.

LONDON,  
Printed for S. Lownds, MDC LXXXVIII.

RELAT. I.

*A Transcription of a Narrative, out of the Natural History of Oxfordshire, of the strange Passages that happened at Woodstock, Anno 1649. when the Commissioners for surveying the Mannor-House, Park, Deer, Woods, and other Demesns belonging to that Mannor, sat and lodged there.*

THE Commissioners October 13. 1649 with their Servants being come to the Mannor-House, they took up their Lodging in the King's own Rooms, the Bed-Chamber, and Withdrawing-Room: the former whereof they also made their Kitchen, the Council-Hall their Brew-House, the Chamber of Presence their place of sitting to dispatch Business, and a

Wood-house of the Dining-Room. where they laid the Wood of that ancient Standard in the High-Park, known of all by the name of the *King's Oak*, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of King affixed to it) they digged up by the Roots. October the 14th and 15th, they had little disturbance; but on the 16th there came, as they thought, somewhat into the Bed-Chamber, where two of the Commissioners and their Servants lay, in the shape of a Dog, which going under their Beds, did, as it were, gnaw their Bed-cords. But on the Morrow finding them whole, and a quarter of Beef, which lay on the ground untouched, they began to entertain other thoughts.

October 17. Something to their thinking removed all the Wood of the King's Oak out of the Dining-Room into the Presence-Chamber, and hurled the Chairs and



Stools up and down that Room. From whence it came into the two Chambers where the Commissioners and their Servants lay, and hoisted up their Beds Feet so much higher than the Heads, that they thought they should have been turned over and over; and then let them fall down with such a force, that their Bodies rebounded from the Bed a good distance, and then shook the Bedsteads so violently, that themselves confessed their Bodies were sore with it. *October 18.* Something came into the Bed-Chamber and walkt up and down, and fetching the Warming-Pan out of the Withdrawing-Room, made so much noise that they thought five Bells could not have made more. And *October 19.* Trenchers were thrown up and down the Dining-Room, and at them that lodged there, whereof one of them being shaken by the shoulder, and awakened, put forth his head to see what was the matter, but had Trenchers thrown at it.

*October 20.* The Curtains of the Bed in the Withdrawing-Room were drawn to and fro, and the Bedstead much shaken, and eight great Pewter-Dishes, and three dozen of Trenchers thrown about the Bed-chamber again. This night they also thought whole arm-fuls of the Wood of the King's Oak thrown down in their Chambers, but of that in the Morning they found nothing had been moved.

*October 21.* The Keeper of their Ordinary and his Bitch, lay in one of the Rooms with them, which night they were not disturbed at all. But *October 22.* though the Bitch kennel'd there again, to whom they ascribed their former nights rest, both they and the Bitch were in a pitiful taking, the Bitch opening but once, and that with a whining fearful Yelp. *October 23.* They had all their Clothes pluckt off them in the Withdrawing Room, and the Bricks fell out of the Chimney into the Room; and the 24<sup>th</sup> they thought in the Dining-Room that all the Wood of the King's Oak had been brought thither, and thrown down close by their Bed-side: which Noise being heard by those of the Withdrawing-Room, one of them rose to see what was done, fearing indeed that his fellow Commissioners had been killed, but found no such matter: whereupon returning to his Bed again, he found two dozen of Trenchers thrown into it, and handsomely covered with the Bed-clothes.

*October 25.* The Curtains of the Bed in the Withdrawing-Room were drawn to and fro, and the Bedstead shaken as before, and in the Bed-Chamber Glass flew about so thick (and yet not a Pane of the Chamber windows broken) that they thought it had rained Money. Whereupon they lighted Candles, but to their Grief they found nothing but Glass. *October 29.* Something walked in the Withdrawing-Room about an Hour, and going to the Window, opened and shut it; then going into the Bed-chamber, it threw great Stones for about half an hours time, some whereof lighted on the High-bed, others on the Truckle-bed, to the number in all of above fourscore. This night there was also a very great Noise, as if forty Pieces of Ordnance had been shot off together. At two several Knocks it astonished all the neighbouring Dwellers, which is thought might have been heard a greater way off. During these Noises, which were heard in both Rooms together, both Commissioners and Servants were struck with so great horror that they cried out to one another for Help: whereof one of them recovering himself out of a strange Agony he had been in, snatcht up a Sword, and had like to have killed one of his Brethren coming out of his Bed in his Shirt, whom he took for the Spirit that did the mischief. However, at length they got all together, yet the noise continued so great and terrible, and shook

the Walls so much, that they thought the whole Manor would have fallen on their heads. At its departure it took all the Glass away with it.

*November 1.* Something, as they thought, walkt up and down the Withdrawing-Room, and then made a noise in the Dining-Room. The Stones that were left before, and laid up in the Withdrawing-Room, were all fetcht away this night, and a great deal of Glass (not like the former) thrown about again. *November 2.* came something into the Withdrawing-Room, treading, as they conceived, much like a Bear, which first only walked about a quarter of an hour; at length it made a noise about the Table, and threw the Warming-Pan so violently, that it quite spoiled it. It threw also Glass, and great Stones at them again, and the Bones of Horses, and all so violently, that the Bedstead and Walls were bruised by them. This night they set Candles all about the Rooms, and made Fires up to the Mantle-trees of the Chimneys, but all were put out, no body knew how, the Fire and Billets, that made it, being thrown up and down the Rooms, the Curtains torn with the Rods from their Beds, and the Bed-posts pulled away, that the Tester fell down upon them, and the feet of the Bedstead cloven in two. And upon the Servants in the Truckle-bed, who lay, all this time, sweating for fear, there was first a little, which made them begin to stir, but before they could get out, there came a whole Cowl, as it were, of stinking Ditch-water down upon them, so green, that it made their Shirts and Sheets of that colour too.

The same night the Windows were all broke, by throwing of Stones, and there were most terrible noises in the three several places together, to the extraordinary wonder of all that lodged near them; nay, the very Coney-stealers, that were abroad that night, were so affrighted with the dismal thundring, that for haste they left their Ferret in the Coney-burroughs behind them, beyond *Rosamond's Well*. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God, what it was, what it would have, and what they had done that they should be disturbed in this manner? To which no Answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. At length it came again, and, as all of them said, brought seven Devils worse than it self. Whereupon one of them lighted a Candle again, and set it between the two Chambers, in the Door-way, on which another of them fixing his eyes, saw the similitude of a Hoof, striking the Candle and Candle-stick into the middle of the Bed-Chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the snuff to put it out. Upon this, the same Person was so bold as to draw his Sword; but he had scarce got it out, but there was another invisible hand had hold of it too, and tugged with him for it, and prevailing, struck him so violently with the Pummel, that he was stunned with the Blow.

Then began grievous noises again, insomuch, that they calling to one another, got together, and went into the Presence-Chamber, where they said Prayers, and sang Psalms, notwithstanding all which, the thundring noise still continued in other Rooms. After this, *November 3.* they removed their Lodgings over the Gate, and next day, being Sunday, went to *Ewelin*, where how they escaped, the Authors of the Relations knew not; but returning on Monday, the Devil (for that was the name they gave their nightly Guest) left them not unvisited, nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they stayed.





# Advertisement.

**T**HAT the matter of Fact is true we have all assurance desirable, from what the Writer of the Natural History of Oxfordshire, declares before he comes to the Narrative it self, viz. That he had several Relations put into his hands, and one of them written by a learned and faithful Person then living upon the place. Which was confirmed to him by several Eye-witnesses of many of the particulars, and all of them by one of the Commissioners themselves, who ingenuously confest to him, that he could not deny but that what was written by that Person above-mentioned, was all true. So that for matter of Fact there can be no doubt. Onely the Historian makes a Scruple, which is much according to the Mode of this Age, whether all these Pranks might not be plaid by Combination. It being a gentile thing, and much in the fashion, not to seem over credulous that any such things are done by any Dæmons or Spirits. Yet the nature of some of these Exploits here mentioned, extorts a Confession from him, even whether he will or no, that they are not reconcileable to Juggling.

Such, says he, are (1.) the extraordinary noises beyond the power of Man to make without such instruments as were not there. (2.) The tearing down and splitting the Bed-posts, and putting out so many Candles, and so great Fires, no body knows how. (3.) A visible shape seen of an Horse's Hoof treading out a Candle. And (4.) a tugging with one of them for his Sword by an invisible Hand. By which, I suppose, is meant an unperceptible hand. For the hand must needs be invisible, the Candle being put out in that season of the year. But it was such an hand as if the Candle had been light, could not have been seen. Forasmuch as though he felt in the dark that tugging for his Sword, he could not feel or lay hold on the hand or arm, or any part of any palpable Person that tugged with him. This may be said if this tugging for his Sword was far in the Night, about or past Midnight; but if it was earlier in the Night, the Party might have seen the Hand that tugged for the Sword, if it had not been a hand of its own Nature invisible: For the Moon was then at least seven or eight days old, if I compute right out of the second Ptolemaick Tables in N. Mullerius.

These indeed are the most material Arguments to prove that all here was not Juggling or Combination. And indeed how could it be a Combination, when as the Story runs upon one Person all along, calling it the Thing or Something? So that it seems all to be performed by one Person or Power. Besides, those Artists in Wagery, how could they train up a Dog to gnaw Bed-cords, and forbear eating of Beef, when it lay so fairly for him on the Floor? And what an operose Business, and how little worth the while for any single Person to remove all the Wood of the King's Oak out of one Room into another? and more unlikely that he could make such a noise, as if he did it, when he did it not. And the flinging of Trenchers and Stones in such Numbers near Men, and hurting none by them, seems to me not probable to be within the Skill of an ordinary Man to perform; as also to make such a Noise as if whole Arm-fulls of the King's Oak were flung down by their Bed-sides on the Floor of their Chamber, whereas not one stick was found to be cast there.

The whining also and fearful Yelp of the Bitch, was a shrewd sign of the Approach not of an ordinary Man, but of some evil Thing, as the vulgar call it. And what a skilful Wag must he be that could imitate so the gate of a Bear as if such a Beast was come into the Room; or have such strength as to cleave the Feet of a Bed-steed into two, without Axe or Saw? And did these Wags so combine, as some to set

Ladders to climb to the top of the Chimney, to fling down Bricks, while others play'd other Tricks in the Chamber? The whole Texture in a manner of the Story is such, that it argues the things not done by Combination and Wagery, but by the Frolick Activity of some Spirits or Dæmons. And to conclude; how exceeding improbable is it that the Parties in the House, after they had been twice or thrice molested, would not make their Doors so fast that no Man could come at them, and that they were not so well weaponed, that no Man single would venture his Person only to play a many odd Tricks and Frolicks to terrifie them and scare them, who though he escaped being killed upon the spot, might be apprehended and severely punished, they having got the Power on their side, though not the Right, whatever Mr. Hobbs may judge in these Cases.

Wherefore it is manifest that these Pranks were play'd by Dæmons, as that learned Physician Dr. Willis, a good many years ago did readily acknowledge to me, and avouched such things as are here related in the Story to be undoubtedly true, when I had the Opportunity of conversing with him at my Lord Conway's at Ragly in Warwickshire.

## RELAT. II.

Another Transcription out of the forementioned History, of a strange Relation touching the Family of one Captain Wood, late of Bampton, now Brize-norton, Captain in the late Wars for the King, What strange Knockings used to be heard a little before the Death of those of that Family.

**T**He first Knocking that was heard, or at least observed, was about a year after the Restauration of the King, in the afternoon, a little before Night, as it was apprehended by Mrs. Elenor Wood, Mother to Captain Basil Wood, who only heard it, none being then by, or about the House, but her self; at which she was very much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to her or hers, and within fourteen Nights after she had news of the Death of her Son-in-Law Mr. George Smith, who died in London.

About three years after that, there were three great Knocks given very audibly to all that were then in the House, viz. to the foresaid Mrs. Elenor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood, and his Wife Mrs. Hester, and some Servants. Which Knocks were so remarkable that one of the Maids came from the Well which was about twenty Yards from the Place, to see what was the matter. And Mrs. Elenor Wood, and another Maid that was within the House, saw three great Pans of Lard shake and totter so upon a shelf in the Milkhouse, that they were like to fall down. Upon this violent Knocking Mr. Basil Wood, and his Wife, being then in the Hall, came presently into the Milkhouse to their Mother; where finding her somewhat disturbed, and enquiring the Reason, she replied, God Almighty only knew the Matter, she could tell nothing; but she heard the Knocking; which being within doors, Mr. Basil Wood concluded must be for some of the Family at home, that upon the Door being for a Friend abroad. Which accordingly fell out, three of the Family, according to the Number of the Knocks, dying within little more than half a year after, viz. Mrs. Hester Wood, Wife to Mr. Basil Wood, a Child of Mr. Wood's Sister, and Mrs. Elenor Wood, his Mother.

About August 1674. Mr. Basil Wood Junior, Son of Basil aforesaid, living at Exeter in Devonshire, heard the same kind of Knocking; at which being disturbed, he wrote word of it to his Father here at Bampton in Oxfordshire, viz. That on Sunday he and his Wife, and



her Sister, and his Brother, did distinctly hear upon a Table in their Chamber, as they stood by it, two several Knocks, struck as it were with a Cudgil, one of them before, and the other after Morning-Prayer, a little before Dinner, which Letter was shewn by Mr. Wood Senior (as the other Knockings before the Deaths of any that died were beforehand told) to several neighbouring Gentlemen. After which, within about Fourteen days, Mrs. Hester Wood the second Wife of Mr. Basil Wood Senior, and about a quarter of a Year after, her Father Mr. Richard Lisset, died both at Bampton, since which time they have heard nothing as yet.

## Advertisement.

**T**Hese prognostick Signs before the Death of some Men, is a thing noted by Historians, and Philosophers; which are made sometimes by some Apparition of some deceased Person of the same Family, or by some other Spectre, sometimes by an audible Voice, calling the Party by Name; which I heard to have happened to some Seamen upon the Sea; Sometime by Musick, as I heard credibly reported of a whole Family that died one after another in a little time; and ever some while before any of the House fell sick; there was Musick heard to go from the House (though nothing seen) playing all along, which several People out of curiosity would follow, who observed it to pass through the Field till it came to a Wood, and there they left it or lost it. This happened in Suffolk, and was told for a certain to a Friend of mine, by Mr. Samson, not long since Fellow of King's Colledge here in Cambridge. Sometimes the Appearance of Lights presages the Death of some of a Family, and the number according to the number of the Lights. Which happened a very few years ago to a Family of great Quality in Ireland, three Lights dancing upon a place they call Fairy Mount. I spoke with one that was a Spectator thereof for half an hour together, and observed the Lights, though moved swiftly, how their Flames were not cast Horizontally, but went straight up to the Zenith, who noted also, that two of the Family, since that Sign, were lately dead already, and suspected a third would follow, which accordingly fell out the same year a little while after. The Story I have set down more compleatly in my Scholia upon Chap 8. Book 3. of my Immortality of the Soul. So that this hint is enough here.

Paracelsus, that fanciful Physician imputes all to the officiousness of the Stars, that give these Signs. But what Beam of a Star could give such a Rap upon a Table, as is recorded to have happened in Captain Wood's Family? Certainly these things cannot be done but by the Activity of Demons or Spirits. And this present Example is as instructive, or more than any of the strange Statick or Syllaltick Power that Spirits have to give such a momentary firmness and hardness to their Vehicles as to make such a smart Noise as if it were made with Wood or Metal. But it is not my Scope to philosophize here about these things, but only to tell the Stories. And there is a Passage in the following Story I shall set down, which is an eminent example of this Syllaltick Power of the Spirits, viz. an Arm seen from the Hand to the Elbow striking such a stroak upon the Floor, that it made the very Walls of the House to shake with it.

### RELAT. III.

*A remarkable Story touching the Stirrs made by a Dæmon in the Family of one Gilbert Campbell, by Profession a Weaver, in the old Parish of Glenluce in Galloway in Scotland.*

**I**T happened in October, 1654. that after one Alexander Agnew, a bold and sturdy Beggar, who after-

wards was hanged at Dumfreis, for Blasphemy, had threatned hurt to Gilbert Campbell's Family, because he had not gotten such an Alms as he required; the said Gilbert was oftentimes hindred in the exercise of his Calling, all his Working Instruments being, some of them broken, some of them cut, and yet could not know by what means this hurt was done. Which Piece of Trouble did continue till about the middle of November; at which time the Devil came with new and extraordinary Assaults, by throwing of Stones in at Doors and Windows, and down through the Chimney head, which were of great quantity, and thrown with great force, yet by God's good Providence there was not one Person of the Family hurt or suffered damage thereby. This Piece of new and sore trouble did necessitate Mr. Campbell to reveal that to the Minister of the Parish, and to some other Neighbours and Friends which hitherto he had endured secretly. Yet notwithstanding this his trouble was enlarged; for not long after he found oftentimes his Warp and Threads cut as with a pair of Scizzers, and the Reed broken; and not only this, but their Apparel cut after the same manner, even while they were wearing them, their Coats, Bonnets, Hose, Shoes, but could not discern how or by what means. Only it pleased God to preserve their Persons, that the least harm was not done. Yet in the night time they wanted liberty to sleep, something coming and pulling their Bedclothes and Linnens off them, and leaving their Bodies naked.

Next, their Chests and Trunks were opened, and all things in them strewed here and there. Likewise the parts of the working Instruments, that had escaped, were carried away and hid in holes and bores of the House, where hardly they could be found again. Nay, whatever piece of cloth or Houshold-stuff was in any part of the House, it was carried away, and so cut and abused, that the Good-man was necessitated with all haste and speed to remove and transport the rest to a neighbour's House, and he himself compelled to quit the exercise of his Calling, whereby only he maintained his Family. Yet he resolved to remain in the House for a Season. During which time some Persons thereabout, not very judicious, counselled him to send his Children out of the Family here and there (to try whom the Trouble did most follow, assuring him that this Trouble was not against all the Family, but against some one Person or other in it) whom he too willingly obeyed. Yet for the space of four or five Days after, there were no remarkable Assaults as before.

The Minister hearing thereof, shewed him the evil of such a course, and assured him, that if he repented not, and called back his Children, he might not expect that his trouble would end in a right way. The Children that were nigh by, being called home, no trouble followed, till one of his Sons, called Thomas, that was farthest off, came home. Then did the Devil begin afresh; for upon the Lord's Day following, in the afternoon, the House was set on fire, but by his Providence, and the help of some people going home from Sermon, the Fire was extinguished, and the House saved, not much loss being done. And the Monday after being spent in private Prayer and Fasting, the House was again set on fire, upon the Tuesday, about nine of the Clock in the morning; yet by Providence, and the help of Neighbours, it was saved before any harm was done.

Mr. Campbell being thus wearied and vexed, both in the day, and in the night, went to the Minister, desiring him to let his Son Thomas abide with him for a time, who condescended, but withal assured him that he would find himself deceived, and so it came to pass.



For notwithstanding that the Child was without the Family, yet were they that remained in it sore troubled, both in the day time, and in the night season, so that they were forced to wake till midnight, and sometime all the night over. During which time, the Persons within the Family suffered many losses, as the Cutting of their Cloaths, the throwing of Peats, the pulling down of Turf and Feal from the Roof and Walls of the House, and the stealing of their Apparel, and the pricking of their Flesh and Skin with Pins. The Presbytery having convened at the place for a solemn Humiliation, perswaded Gilbert Campbell to call back his Son Thomas, notwithstanding whatsoever hazard might follow. The Boy returning home, affirmed that he heard a voice speak to him, forbidding him to enter within the House, or into any other place where his Father's Calling was exercised. Yet he entred, but was sore abused, till he was forced to return to the Minister's House again.

Upon Monday the 12th. of February, the rest of the Family began to hear a voice speak to them, but could not well know from whence it came. Yet from evening till midnight too much vain Discourse was kept up with the Devil, and many idle and impertinent questions proposed without that due fear of God that should have been upon their Spirits under so rare and extraordinary a Tryal. The Minister hearing of this, went to the House upon the Tuesday, being accompanied with some Gentlemen, who after Prayer was ended, heard a voice speaking out of the Ground, from under a Bed, in the proper Countrey Dialect, saying, *Would you know the Witches of Glenluce, I will tell you them*, and so related four or five Persons names that went under an evil Report. The said Gilbert informed the Company, that one of them was dead long ago. The Devil answered, *It is true, she is dead long ago, yet her Spirit is living with us in the World*. The Minister replied, saying, *The Lord rebuke thee, Satan, and put thee to silence, we are not to receive any information from thee, whatsoever fame any Persons go under; thou art but seeking to seduce this Family, for Satan's Kingdom is not divided against itself*.

After which, all went to Prayer again; which being ended (for during the time of Prayer no trouble was made) the Devil, with many threatnings, boasted and terrified the Lad Thomas, who had come back that day with the Minister, that if he did not depart out of the House, he would set all on fire. The Minister answered, and said, *The Lord will preserve the House, and the Boy too, seeing he is one of the Family, and hath God's Warrant to tarry in it*. The Devil answered, *He shall not get liberty to stay, he was once put out already, and shall not abide here, though I should pursue him to the end of the World*. The Minister replied, *The Lord will stop thy malice against him*.

And then they all prayed again, which being ended, the Devil said, *Give me a Spade and a Shovel, and depart from the House for seven days, and I shall make a Grave and lye down in it, and shall trouble you no more*. The Good Man answered, *Not so much as a Straw shall be given thee, through God's assistance, even though that would do it*. The Minister also added, *God shall remove thee in due time*. The Devil answered, *I will not remove for you, I have my Commission from Christ to tarry and vex this Family*. The Minister answered, *A permission thou hast indeed, but God will stop it in due time*. The Devil replied, *I have (Mes John) a Commission that perhaps will last longer than your own*. After which the Minister and the Gentlemen arose, and went to the place where the Voice seemed to come from, to try if they could find any thing. And after diligent search, no-

thing being found, the Gentlemen began to say, *We think this voice speaks out of the Children, for some of them were in their Beds*. The Devil answered, *You lye, God shall judge you for Lying, and I and my Father will come and fetch you to Hell with Warlock Thieves*. And so the Devil discharged the Gentlemen to speak any more; saying, *Let him speak that hath a Commission (meaning the Minister) for he is the Servant of God*.

The Gentlemen returning back with the Minister, they sat down near to the place whence the Voice seemed to come from, and then he spake to them after this manner, *The Lord will rebuke this Spirit in his own time, and cast it out*. The Devil answering, said, *It is written in the 9th of Mark the Disciples could not cast him out*. The Minister replied, *What the Disciples could not do, yet the Lord having heightened the Parents Faith for his own Glory, did cast him out, and so shall he thee*. The Devil reply'd, *It is written in the 4th of Luke, And he departed and left him for a season*. The Minister said, *The Lord in the days of his Humiliation, not only got the Victory over Satan in that assault in the Wilderness, but when he came again, his success was no better. For it is written, John 14. Behold the Prince of this World cometh, and hath nothing in me. And being now in Glory, he will fulfil his Promise, and God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly, Rom. 16*. The Devil answered, *It is written, Mat. 25. There were ten Virgins, five wise and five foolish, and the Bridegroom came, The foolish Virgins had no Oyl in their Lamps, and they went unto the wise to seek Oyl, and the wise said, Go and buy for your selves, and while they went, the Bridegroom came and entred in, and the Door was shut; and the foolish Virgins were sent to Hell Fire*. The Minister answered, *The Lord knows the sincerity of his Servants, and though there be sin and folly in us here, yet there is a fountain opened to the House of David, for sin and for uncleanness; and when he hath washed us there, and pardoned all our sins for his name sake, he will cast the unclean Spirit out of the Land*. The Devil answered, and said, *That place of Scripture is written in the 13th of Zechariah. In that day I will cause the Prophets and the unclean Spirit to pass out of the Land; But afterwards it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered*. The Minister answered, *Well are we that our Blessed Shepherd was smitten, and thereby hath bruised thy head; and albeit, in the hour of his suffering, his Disciples forsook him, Mat. 26. yet now having ascended on high, he sits in glory, and is preserving, gathering in, and turning his hand upon his little ones, and will save his poor ones in this Family from thy Malice*.

The Minister returning back a little, and standing upon the Floor, the Devil said, *I knew not these Scriptures till my Father taught me them. I am an evil Spirit, and Satan is my Father, and I am come to vex this House; and presently there appeared a naked Hand and an Arm, from the Elbow down, beating upon the Floor till the House did shake again, and also the Devil utter'd a most fearful and loud cry, saying, Come up, Father, come up, I will send my Father among you. See there he is behind your backs*. The Minister said, *I saw indeed an hand and an arm when the stroak was given and heard*. The Devil said to him, *Saw you that, it was not my hand, it was my Father's, my hand is more black in the loof. Would you see me? put out the Candle then, and I shall come about the House among you like Fire-balls*. After which all went to Prayer, during which time it did no harm, neither at any other time when God was worshipped. When Prayer was ended, the Devil said, *(Mes John) If the Good-man's Son's Prayers at the Colledge of Glasgow did not prevail more with God than yours, my Father and I had wrought a Mischief here ere now*. To which one of the Gentlemen replied, though a Check had been given



him before : *Well, Well, I see you confess there is a God, and that Prayer prevails with him, and therefore we must pray to God, and will commit the event to him.* To which the Devil replied, *Yea, Sir, you speak of Prayer with your broad-lipped Hat* (for the Gentleman had lately gotten a new Hat in the Fashion with broad Lips) *I will bring a pair of Shears from my Father that shall clip the Lips of it a little.*

The night now being far spent, it was thought fit every one should withdraw to his own home. Then did the Devil cry out fearfully, *Let not the Minister go home, I shall burn the House if he go, and many other ways did he threaten.* And after the Minister was gone forth, the Good-man being instant with him to tarry; thereupon he returned, all the rest of the Company going home. Then said the Devil to the Minister, *You have done my bidding.* Not thine, answered he, *but in obedience to God have I returned to bear this man company whom thou dost afflict.* Then did the Minister call upon the Name of God; and when Prayer was ended, he discharged Mr. Campbell, and all the Persons of the Family from opening their Mouths in one word to the Evil Spirit; and when it spake, that they should only kneel down and speak to God. The Devil then roared mightily, and cried out, *What will ye not speak to me, I shall burn the House, I shall strike the Bairns, and do all manner of Mischiefs.* But after that time no answer was made to it, and so for a long time no speech was heard. After this the said Gilbert suffered much loss, and had many sad nights, not two nights in one Week free, and thus it continued till April. From April to July he had some respite and ease. But after he was molested with new Assaults, and even their Victuals were so abused that the Family was in hazard of starving, and that which they did eat, gave them not the ordinary satisfaction they were wont to find.

In this fore and sad Affliction, Mr. Campbell resolved to make his Address to the Synod of Presbyters for advice and counsel, what to do, which was appointed to convene in Octo. 1655. namely whether to forsake the House and Place, or not. The Synod by their Committee appointed to meet at Glenluce in Febr. 1656. thought fit that a solemn Humiliation should be kept through all the bounds of the Synod, and amongst other Causes, to request God in behalf of that poor afflicted Family; which being carefully done, the Event was, thorough the Prayers of his People, that his Trouble grew less till April, and from April to August he was altogether free. About which time the Devil began with new Assaults, and taking the ready Meat that was in the House, did sometimes hide it in holes by the Door-Posts, and at other times did hide it under the Beds, and sometimes among the Bed-clothes, and under the Linnens, and at last did carry it quite away, till nothing was left there save only Bread and Water to live by. After this he exercised his Malice and Cruelty against all the Persons of the Family in wearying them in the night-time with stirring and moving through the House, so that they had no rest for Noise, which continued all the Month of August, after this manner. After which time the Devil grew yet worse, and began with terrible Roarings and terrifying Voices, so that no Person could sleep in the House in the Night time, and sometimes did vex them with casting of Stones, striking them with Staves on their Beds in the Night time; And upon the Eighteenth of September about Midnight, he cried out with a loud Voice, *I shall burn the House,* and about three or four Nights after, he set one of the Beds on Fire, which was soon extinguished, without any prejudice, except the Bed it self, and so he continued to vex them.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Narrative I have in a manner verbatim Transcribed out of the Miscellaneous Observations of Mr. G. Sinclare, which are added to his Treatise of Hydrostaticks; Which nothing but the certainty of the truth thereof, and usefulness for the refuting of Saducism, could have tempted him to insert, it being an Observation so Heterogeneous to all the rest. And therefore I thought it worth the while to reduce it into its more proper place, himself acknowledging it to be something an unsuitable piece to the Contexture of the rest of his Book, but that he put it in, only to convince the incredulous World of the Existence of Spirits, whose being he conceives it does more than probably evince, that is to say, demonstratively, supposing it true. Which that it is, the Narrative it self seems sufficiently to make good, the Stirs there made being so long, and so publick, and so repeatedly, and the things writ by Mr. Campbell's own Son who knew them exactly, and I have heard the truth of the Story averr'd with all assurance my self by some of that Country. And the Narration is so simple and plain, and without design, (it being rather a Colligation of *Mes John and the Presbytery* on one side, and the foul Fiend, with his black Loofs, assisted by Satan his Father on the other side, than any clear Victory) that that also ought to gain belief thereto. Not to add that the very abruptness of its ending shews it to be fresh writ, while the thing was doing, and that meer Matter of Fact was the measure of the Writer's Pen.

I will conclude all with the Information of Dr. G. Burnet, that able and impartial Writer of the History of the Reformation in England, who upon my enquiry told me this, That he living in Glasgow some years, found all People there, and in the Country about, fully perswaded of the truth of Matter of Fact, and that he never heard any thing objected to Mr. Sinclare's Relation, but that it was too short, whenas all the passages of that Apparition would make a Volume, and that there was a full Relation thereof attested under the hands of Eye-witnesses; And to be short, I have greater assurance of the truth of this Story than I think fit to declare. The most remarkable passage in the whole Narrative, is the naked Arm, from the Elbow downwards, appearing by it self, without any other parts of any visible Person, as the shape of an Horse's Hoof in the first Story, without any other parts of an Horse. Which puts me in mind of the Apparition Elkerken, which Wierus makes mention of in his *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, that used to haunt the High-way in an heathy place not far from Embrica in the Dutchy of Cleve in the Lower-Germany. Nothing was seen but a meer Hand, which would beat Travellers as they passed that way, pull them off of their Horses, and overthrow Carriages.

As for the cutting and snipping of things, that is but what has happened more frequently to those that have been infested by Witchcraft. A notable example whereof a Reverend and Learned Friend of mine told me in a Man's Daughter of North Cadbury in Somersetshire, that for some Months together, she could put on no clean Linnens nor Holiday Cloths, but they would be snipt and slisht full of holes, as her Father for certain related of her to him. And of this snipping, besides the Narrative of Gilbert Campbell, there is a fresh Example of it in a Story within these three or four years touching Witchcraft practised on the Family of William Medcalfe of Lessingham, (Sect. 12, 13, 18.) which is as follows.

### RELAT. IV.

A true Account how Alice the Daughter of William Medcalfe Yeoman, in the Parish of Lessingham in Lincoln-



shire, was disturbed by an Apparition, with other feats of Witchcraft practised upon that Family, sent from Mr. William Wyche dwelling in the same Parish, to Mr. J. Richardson Fellow of Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge.

1. **I**N the Year 1678. on the Sunday after Twelfth-Day, William Medcalfe and his Wife went to Church, leaving their only Daughter Alice at home, and whilst they were there the said Alice heard a noise in the Yard, and looking out at the Window, she saw a Man of a middle Stature, with Light Flaxen-Hair, standing at the Stable-Door, upon which she called out at the Window, and demanded of him what he did there? He returned, that he came for a Horse which he borrowed of her Father. She made him answer again, that she knew nothing of it, and that he should have none till her Father came home. He received the answer, and went away for that day.

2. The next day her Father and Mother being gone to Sleeford-Market, she saw him again at the Stable-Door, and demanded of him as before. He told her, *She might go look.* Then he asked her where the Horses were. She answered him again as short, told him, *He might go look.* Upon this he began to soothe and flatter her; and gave her many softening words going towards the Door as he spake, as if he intended to go in to her: which she observing, she hastened and bolted the Door fast. Upon which he threatened her, (what his Threats were she cannot recal) but some body knocking at the Door on the other side of the House, and she understanding it was a Neighbour, opened the Door, and told her Neighbour all that had passed, and upon it they both ran together into the Yard, to see if he were there, but they could not find him, neither knew they which way he went.

3. After this she was quiet for some time, only about two Weeks before *Shrove-tide*, one Follet a Cocker, and suspected to be the occasion of all that happened, came to the House, and they did set him to work, moved thereto, I suppose, by fear, for he had threatened the Daughter, but for what I cannot learn. Whilst he was working he began to discourse to the Mother to this effect, that her Daughter should die that year, that he had examined some Books which he had, and that he understood so much by them. And when he had done his work, he bid them farewell, telling them, *He was sure they would think of Follet when they did not see him.* Soon after this, Alice fell sick, and her Mother was somewhat doubtful of her Recovery, but as it pleased God, she was restored again to her former health, and continued undisturbed till May, the Week before *Whitsuntide*.

4. And then as she was drawing Water at a Well in the Yard, she saw the same Person again, which I first described, at the House Door, with a great Club, endeavouring, as she thought, to break the Door open. Upon this she called to him, and asked him what he did there. Upon the speaking he flung down the Club among a great many Earthen Milk-pans, or Panchins, as they call them, and with so great violence, that she could not conceive but that he had broken many of them, but afterwards upon examination she found them all whole. As soon as he had done this he went away, and she, leaving her Pail at the Well, followed him, and saw him go down the Street, but at the turning of the Lane lost the sight of him, and could not recover it. This was on Monday, and she saw him every day that Week, but nothing passed between them, and several times she called her Father out, that he might see him, but he never could.

5. On Saturday he appeared to her in a more dreadful manner at the Hall-Window. When she saw him she asked him what his business was there. He told her he would speak with her. She asked him what he had to say, and desired him to speak it, but he said, he would not yet tell her. Then he shewed her a Knife, and told her it was for her. She asked him then whether he had a mind to be hanged, and this was all that passed between them then. On the Sunday she saw him again run by the window, with a Knife in his hand, as before, and she told her Father and Mother of it, and they both ran out, but could not see him. On the Monday, whilst she was Milking, she saw him with his Knife, as before; and thus he often afterwards appeared to her, especially at the Parlour-Window, having opened it (which had not, they think, been opened for many years before) and holding a Knife, only sometimes it was a shorter, and sometimes a longer, but always bloody, and so was the hand that held it.

6. In the Week also before *Whitsuntide*, one Richard Cosins, a Youth about 18 or 19 years old, and then living with Good-man Medcalfe, and now most commonly working for Sir William York, having heard Alice describe this Man, which she so often saw, as he was walking towards *Rocksome*, a little place belonging to *Lesfingham* Parish, he met a Man which he thought to be very like the Man which she described. He went home and told his Master, upon which he and his Daughter walked out that way, to see if they could meet him. They were not gone far, but the Daughter saw him, and told her Father, and pointed which way he went, that he might see him, but still as he went one way to see him, the Daughter presently saw him go the contrary way, so that he never could obtain the sight of him.

7. Once coming from Milking she had a good Club in her hand, and he met her, and asked her what she did with that Club. She being more than ordinary courageous, told him, she had a good mind to lay it about his Pate. He made her no answer but went away.

8. Another time in July, as near as they can remember, Alice made her a Mefs of Frumenty for her Breakfast; it was made, as she tells me, of New Milk, which I take notice of because of what follows. As soon as she had begun to eat it, the formentioned Follet came to the Door, and asked whether they had any Shoes to mend; she told him she thought they had (though indeed she knew of none, but spake it out of fear) but that her Father and Mother being gone out, she knew not where they were. So he went away, and she returned, designing to fall again to her Breakfast, but found it turned to a hard Curd. At which she was much surprised, and resolved to set it by to shew her Father and Mother; but she had no sooner turn'd her back, but the Dish danced about on the Table, till it fell on the ground, and spilt all in the Floor, which a Neighbour's Dog, as they thought, coming in, licked up. The same day, as she was raking Hay, she was taken lame, and continued so a quarter of a year.

9. After this she was quiet again for a while, and the next time she saw him was when going behind the Barn upon some occasion, she espied him standing at some distance from her, and a sudden blast of Wind took her Hat from off her Head, and carried it to his Feet; but she was not much daunted at it, but ran to him and took it up, and then he disappeared.

10. One Sunday, in the middle of all her troubles, as she was stooping to take up a Pin, he appeared to her, and told her, that Follet was the cause of all her troubles, and so left her.



11. Hitherto I have given you as exact an Account as I could get from them as to the time. That which follows, I set down without observing the circumstance of time or order of action, because I can learn no certainty of it from them, but the matter of Fact is truth.

12. Often when they were gone to Bed, the inner Doors were flung open, as also the Doors of a Cupboard which stood in the Hall, and this with a great deal of violence and noise. And one night the Chairs, which when they went to Bed, stood all in the Chimney Corner, were removed and placed in the middle of the Room in very good order, and a Meal-sieve hung upon one, cut full of holes, and a Key of an inner Door upon another. And in the day time, as they sat in the House, spinning, they could see the Barn-Doors often flung open, but not by whom. Once, as *Alice* sat spinning, the Rock or Distaff leapt several times out of the Wheel into the middle of the Room. Upon which she said she thought *Follet* was in it. She had no sooner said the words, but she saw *Follet* ride by to *Sir William York's* House, about some business with him relating to him as a Justice.

13. Another time *Alice* had her Petticoat taken away, and a good while after brought again, and several times other of her Cloths were taken away, and after some time brought again, and laid in some place where they should be sure to see them. As two Pinners which had been lost some time, were brought and put in a Panchin which Goodwife *Medcalfe* had but newly poured the Milk out of. An Apron was taken away, cut in pieces, and brought again, as also a Spiggot which they searched carefully for was brought at last and placed upon five Eggs which Goodwife *Medcalfe* had laid in the Milk-House but the night before; and the next night this Spiggot was changed, put into the Barrel, and that which was in the Barrel laid where the other was.

14. About the latter end of the Summer, in the night, the Daughter had her Cloths pull'd off, and her Hair snarled and matted together in that manner, that the next day her Mother could very hardly get a pair of Scizzers into it to cut it off; and she does believe she was near two hours about it.

15. Another time she felt and saw something like a Cat, sitting upon her, and till it removed she was in pain, and could not stir to help her self.

16. Another time going into the Parlour, she saw again, as she thought, a Cat which did fly at her, and struck her down several times with great violence, of which her face, which was much swelled and black, was no small indication.

17. Once she found a Note wrapped up in an Handkerchief, with these words written in it, *I would have you go from* — After she had read it, she lockt it up in her Trunk, designing to shew it to her Father and Mother when they came home (for they were gone to Church) but when she went to look for it again, it was gone out of her Trunk, and she never saw it any more.

18. The last thing that happened was this, one Saturday night *Alice* going to Bed, laid a clean Shift in her Bed, intending to put it on the next morning; but in the morning looking for it, she could not find it. The next night she borrowed one of her Mother, and laid that also in her Bed, as before. In the morning, when she went to put it on, it did not please her, whereupon she gave it to her Mother, desiring her to change it; the Mother took it to change, and opening it, found it cut and slashed in many places, and they are both very certain that it was whole before. And the same morning when they came into the Hall, they found the other,

which was first taken away, laid upon the Table.

19. Some odd Freaks were plaid also with the Father, as well as with his Daughter. For Goodman *Medcalfe* having received Eight pounds, at *Sleeford*, for Beasts, and when he came home, put it into a Purse by it self, and locked it up in his Chest; and a Day or two after, taking some Money out of another Purse, to buy more Beasts; when he returned, having some Money left, he went to his Chest, to put it into the Purse he took it out of, and afterwards began to tell that Money which he received at *Sleeford*, and had put in a Purse by it self, and found that there was seventeen Shillings wanting; and some days after, he found sixteen Shillings and Six-pence of it in his Pocket. So that there was only Six-pence lost.

20. And another such like feat was it touching his Knife. One Friday having occasion to use his Knife, he felt in his Pockets for it, but could not find it, and searched carefully every where for it. On Sunday night he dreamed his Knife was in his Pocket, and in the morning told his Wife of it, and they both immediately searched his Pockets, but found none. Afterwards, he being to go to *Sleeford* that day, he was feeling in his Pocket to see what Money he had, or upon some other account, and then he found his Knife in his Pocket.

## Advertisement.

**T**HIS Story, though it contain nothing in it that makes any extraordinary shew or noise, yet it is considerable, in that it is so notable an Instance, and so freshly happened, touching the little silly sportings and triflings of some kind of Demons, and will serve to confute that vulgar mistake, that whatsoever is called Spirit or Devil, is so Great and August a Being, that no small matters can be the Object of his Activity, whereas, I must confess, comparing Story with the System of the Invisible World, such as a sagacious and deliberate Reason would conclude it, I have this long time both thought it, and not a few times spoke it, That there are as arrant Fools out of the Body, as in the Body: and I wish there were not as arrant Devils in the Body as out of it. And therefore I hold this Narrative, though it be concerning meaner Persons, and things not at all despicable, especially *Mr. Wyche*, who took an account of it from the parties upon the very spot, avouching in his Letters to *Mr. Richardson*, that there is nothing contained therein but what is certainly true. And therefore I think it not amiss to bestow some few short Notes on several of the Paragraphs in order as they lie.

Sect. 1. This Man in the light flaxen hair seems to have been taken for a real Man by *Alice*, to whom he appeared, for a good while. But in process of the Story, it will be plain that it was no Man, but an Apparition. This appearing to her in an alluring humane shape (as *Lendale's Wife*, who was hanged for a Witch here at Cambridge, on *Jesus Green*, caused a Spirit or Dæmon to appear to her Maid in the shape of a proper Yeman-like Man, and solicited her to marry him, driving on the business a long time, as the Maid confessed to a learned Friend of mine, and my self) this appearing, I say, in this shape, seems to be a trick to familiarise his converse to her, that he might get her into a further snare. Whether such as *Lendale's Wife* intended, I leave to others to conjecture.

Sect. 3. Whether *Follet's* threatening the Daughter was not from his displeasure against her uncomplaisance with the Man in the light flaxen hair, the tenth Section will give more light to consider, compared with this present Se-



tion. But in the mean time it may not be unseasonable here to note, what danger there may be in listening to Astrologers or Fortune-tellers (for so this Follet is called by an able Physician in Lincolnshire, in his Letter to me.). For a Man may easily suffer hurt if they predict ill, by the Activity of evil Spirits with whom they are some how in Confederacy, and with whom it is a thousand times more easie to do mischief than good, and therefore they will not stick to do it, to gain credit to their Client, viz. the Astrologer or Fortune-teller.

Sect. 4. The flaxen hair'd Man flinging down his Club with that violence amongst the Panchins, and yet breaking none of them, nor it making any noise when it seemed to hit amongst them (as it was answered to my Query made touching this passage) is an indication, that this was to the sight what that monstrous thumping against the Door in the following Story, Sect. 9. was to the hearing. That the Senses in both were in a great measure imposed upon by the operation of these Dæmons. And that therefore here is the first hint of this flaxen hair'd Man's being an Apparition. And another is also contained in this same Section. In that her Father being several times called out by her to see this Man, he never could see him, though he appeared so conveniently placed as that her Father might as well see him as her self, as she answered to Mr. Wyche, upon my Query about that Passage.

Sect. 5. His so frequently appearing to the Maid, as is manifest out of this Section and the former, and with such an horrid Intention signified by his bloody Knife and Hand, though the Maid by her answer here seems not yet to be aware of it that it was an Apparition; yet 'tis no contemptible argument that it was. For what Man in his Wits would venture himself so oft in view to act this Part. And it is hugely incredible but that he would have been seen by several others as well as her, if it had been a Man, when he was seen of none besides her, saving one Rich. Cosins, who belonged to William Medcalfe's Family, as is set down, Sect. 6. Which seems done on purpose to put a Trick upon both the Daughter and Father, whom he dodged when he came out from home to see him, as that Section declares.

Sect. 7. This Passage also intimates that the Daughter took this Apparition to be a real Man still. But that there was Witchcraft in the Business, the Story in Sect. 8. does manifestly discover. For I making a Query upon that Passage [that she had no sooner turned her Back, but the Dish danced about on the Table] how she could see it her back being turned, she did answer, she turned about, (hearing, suppose the Noise of its motion on the Table) and there saw it turn about and fall. The turning her Frumenty also into an hard Curd, is another indication of Witchery in the Business, and that this Spectre of a flaxen hair'd Man was sent to her by that Art. But (Section the 9th) she seems to be well convinced it was an Apparition, her self declaring, it disappeared (though commonly, she said, in answer to a Query of mine, he went behind some House, Barn, Wall, or Hedge) and he seems (Sect. 10.) to have appeared on a sudden when she stooped for a Pin. And if Follet was the cause of all her trouble, this Dæmon did as other Dæmons often have done, that is, betrayed their Clients. But the Law can proceed upon no such Evidence, nor is it fit it should, for fear injury be done to the innocent.

But that William Medcalfe's house was haunted or infested by Witchcraft, the Pranks set down in the following Sections of the Narrative do plainly enough evince. And that of the Daughter's Lockard hair is such an argument as no one can possibly evade it. But to entangle things thus is an usual Feat of these ludicrous Spirits. And this reminds me of a Story told me by W. M. many years ago, of an House haunted somewhere in Lincolnshire, where it was usual with these Goblins in a Room unfurnisht, unless with the Lumber of broken Chairs and

Stools, and old Bedsteads (in which Room they hung up their Hanks of Yarn against the Wall) to wind all this Yarn on those old Pieces of Lumber, so perplexedly and entangledly, that they could not, without spoiling it, endeavour to dis-intangle it, but letting it be as they found it, the next night these Goblins of themselves would take it off clear without hurt, and make it up in Hanks, and hang it up orderly as before.

This Magical matting of the Daughters Hair into a Witch-Lock, and the leaping of her Distaff, Sect. 11. out of her Wheel several times into the Floor, in the sight of her Mother also, besides what happened to her Father, Sect. 19, 20. shew plainly that it was no deluded Fancy of the Daughter, but the real Effects of Witchery. Which will be abundantly more confirmed out of the following Story of the Stirs in Sir William York's House, especially if that be true which is bruited in the Countrey, that they came from the same Hand that the Troubles in William Medcalfe's Family did. But be that how it will, the ensuing Narrative is so palpable an Evidence of things done by Dæmons or Spirits, that having got into my Hands an Authentick Copy of some of the most remarkable Passages of those Disturbances, by my worthy Friend Mr. Richardson, though I have heard from more Hands than one how unwilling Sir William was to have the thing made publick; yet I will presume so much upon his Goodness, and Love of Truth, and useful Instruction of the World, as to adventure to displease his natural Humour, whilst haply I may, upon his better consideration, gratifie some more noble principle in him. For I know nothing in the thing that can turn to his dishonour. For the best of Men have been assaulted by the Devil in extraordinary ways, and it has been their glory that by their Faith and Courage, and humble Confidence in the Arm of God, they have overcome him. Wherefore without any further scruple I shall take the boldness to set down the abovesaid Narrative as follows.

## RELAT. V.

A true and faithful Narrative of the disturbance which was in the House of Sir William York in the Parish of Lessingham in Lincolnshire, sent by the former hand to the same party.

1. **I**N May 1679. Sir William York being from home, there was a great noise made by the lifting up of the Latch of the outmost Door, which continued with great quickness and noise for the space of two or three hours, till betwixt ten and eleven a Clock in the night. His Lady then being at home with few Servants, apprehended it to be Thieves, and thereupon they went to the door, and spake to them, and afterwards winded a Horn, and raised the Town, and upon the coming in of the Town, the noise ceased, and they heard no more of it till May following.

2. And then Sir William being at London, the same noise was made at the door as before for two or three nights together, and then they began to believe it to be occasioned by some extraordinary means. This was heard alike by twenty several persons then in the Family, who looking out at the Windows, over the door, heard the noise, but saw nothing. About a Month after, when Sir William had returned from London, he being in Bed, and his Lady ready to go in, he heard the same noise again; which held about half a quarter of an hour and ceased, and began again several times that night, the same persons being then in the House also, and taking the same care to discover it: at the end of this knocking there was as if it were a thrusting with a Knee, only more violent.



3. About the middle of *July* Sir *William* and his Lady being both from home, and the Servants sitting up expecting their return that night, they heard a noise in the Hall, being the next Room to them, like the clapping of the door at the feet of the Stairs, and going in, they found the Chairs all set in the middle of the Hall, which they did set in their usual places again, and returned into the Kitchen, and in a little time hearing the like noise again, they went into the Hall, and found the said Chairs removed into a passage between the said Kitchen and Hall.

4. In *August*, about nine or ten of the Clock, most of the Family being in Bed, and Sir *William* near upon it, he heard a knocking at the Door under the Stairs, as if it were with the End of a good thick Stick; at which being a little surprized, and going down, the said noise began again, but afterwards he heard no more of it that Night.

5. About a fortnight after that, and about ten of the Clock, Sir *William* being in his Closet in the Hall over against the said Door, heard a very violent Knocking at the said Door, and being surprized, could not find the Key very quickly, but after he had, he went into the said Room or Hole under the Stairs, which the Noise left, and nothing being there, he sat down in the Hall with half a score of the Family with him about half an hour, and all continued quiet. And then he went into his Chamber, but took the Key of the said Room under the Stairs in his Pocket, being very hard to believe any such extraordinary thing. And immediately the same noise began again in the same place, and he immediately going down, and into the same Room again, found all things as before. And the like noise was heard four or five times the same night in the same place, Sir *William* still using the same diligence to discover it as before. Note here, that as any one came near to that, or any other door where the knocking was, it always ceased, except the first time when it knocked at the outmost door.

6. About three or four nights after this, about eight of the Clock, at which time the noise usually began, and at the same place and door likewise where it usually began, there was a knocking heard as if it were with a stick with the broken end. Sir *William* used his former diligence to discover it. This noise was repeated about three or four times, and left off about eleven of the Clock. After this Sir *William* and his Family being after this manner so much disturbed, he resolved to do what he could to find it out. This noise therefore which was heard sometimes every other night, sometimes every night, as soon as it began, Sir *William* took all the Family into one Room, that he might be secured that there was no Cheat in it. Which the Servants gladly yielded to, being all mightily affrighted.

7. About *September* the noise began to be greater, and to be in a Room unfurnished, designed for a great Parlour, and was like to a Man walking up and down, and sometimes running, sometimes like a Man walking on Stilts, and sometimes knocking at the Ceiling, or top of the Room, but not above half a score strokes at a time, yet sometimes fewer, and sometimes more, still as he went towards it.

8. Afterwards the said noise began to be more dreadful and greater yet, and in more places, which mightily disordered Sir *William's* ancient Father; and his Lady and Children very much. Upon which they were thinking of leaving the House. Sir *William* was willing they should, but unwilling to leave it himself, and thereupon they all continued. At this time Sir *William* had a Plummer putting up Lead about the House, to convey the Rain that fell into a Cistern,

and this knocking was often against the Lead, and often against the Iron that bore it, in imitation of the Plummer's knocking in the day time. He had likewise Carpenters at the same time, and sometimes this noise was like their chopping at the Wood in the Yard, insomuch that the Head Carpenter said, that if he had not known his Servants to be in the House, he should have thought they had been chopping. Sometimes it was like the Servants chopping of Coals in the Coal-yard; sometimes knocking at the Doors of Out-houses, at the Wash-house, Brew-house, and Stable-doors; and as they followed it from place to place, it still immediately, and in one instant removed. These were the usual noises that were every night when it came, which was three or four times a Week.

9. But sometimes it was a great deal more terrible, particularly when Mr. *Brown*, a Relation of Sir *William's* Brother *Brown*, was here. The noise began about the usual time of the night, and at the usual place. Which said noise in one place or another held all night, sometimes at the Door under the stairs, sometimes running up and down in the Parlour, sometimes knocking violently at the Wood of the Windows, sometimes against the Spouts, and sometimes against the forementioned Cistern, and sometimes against the outmost Doors, as if it had been some great piece of Timber thrown against them; insomuch that the Carpenters, which were in the House, said, it was impossible for all the Art and Strength of Man to make such a noise without battering the doors in pieces, and yet examining they found the door firm and whole, not the least battered or strained; Sometimes this noise was like the tumbling of Tiles from the side of an House.

10. This noise growing worse and worse, Sir *William* followed it, demanding in the Name of God what was the occasion of it, but received no answer; but still it removed to another place. Particularly one night, it being very extraordinary in the great Parlour, Sir *William* kept the Family in another Room, and with a Candle in his hand, walked in the same Parlour, but heard nothing. Afterwards considering the same God could protect him in the dark, as well as in the light, he put out the Candle, and shut the door, and walked there a quarter of an hour, hoping some discovery might be made to a single person, which was not made to more. After he had walked a quarter of an hour in the dark, the noise began at the Wood of the Window in the same Room, only on the out-side. At which he demanded, as formerly in the Name of God, what was the meaning of it. Upon which it immediately ceased in that place, and removed to a Dial that stood about ten or twenty yards from the House, and knocked violently there, and took the rounds as formerly again. This night Sir *William* likewise opened a Bible, and laid it in the Room under the Stairs where it began; but nevertheless the noise was there afterwards, and the Bible not altered. After which he went into the Chamber with the Family, and having been a little time there, there began a very great Drumming at a pair of Wainscot Doors, between the Hall and the great Parlour, imitating Drummers in their several ways of beating, and varying it as they usually do, but it was as if it was done with hands against the Wainscot.

11. About three or four nights after this, the noise of knocking began as at former times, and Sir *William* lighted a Candle, and set it in a high Candlestick in the middle of the Hall, and went up into his Chamber with all his Family; and whilst they were above, this drumming Noise began at the Door again in a very dreadful manner. They were at their Devotions, which when they



had finished, Sir William went out first himself, and went down Stairs, and found the Chairs removed, and the Candle put out, the Snuff hanging bent down, and the Candlestick removed into the Passage between the Kitchen and the Hall.

12. This was about the beginning of October, and the sitting of the Parliament drawing nigh, which required Sir William's Attendance, and he being much concerned upon the leaving his Family in such Disturbances, and intending to set forward on Monday before the sitting of the Parliament, which was October 16. his Brother Browne and his Wife, Sir William's only Sister, and several other Friends coming to take their leave of him, the Noise was heard at the door under the Stairs that Night, but very little to what usually. And accordingly Sir William went to London, intending that if the Noise continued, his Lady and his Children should follow him, and that his Father should go to Mr. Brown's at Horblin; but by God's Blessing from that time to this it was never heard any more.

## Advertisement.

**T**His is a very true and assured Diary of the chief Passages in those Stirs made in Sir William York's house, but withal a very brief one. Which made me get Mr. Richardson to send certain Queries touching several Passages, which were answered from a very sure and authentick Hand; and in vertue of which answers, I shall be able to give a stop to all the Tergiversations of the Incredulous and their evasious Pretences, as if things might be resolved into waggish Combination. As first on,

SECT. 1. I was certified (so that no Man can pretend that the Party that made that Noise with the Latch, did upon the blowing of the Horn sink away before the Town could come in) that the Noise continued till the People of the Town came to the Gate; and that it was impossible but that if any Person had been within the Yard, they must have discovered him, because there is a Wall about ten Foot high round the Yard, so that he could no way escape. And besides that, it happened in that time of the Year when it is in a manner all night long Twilight, sufficient to discover any Person, if any were there to be discovered; it is not probable, if there had been need, but that some of the company would come with Lanthorns or other Lights.

SECT. 2. Those Persons that looked out of the Window to the Place where the Noise was made, could not but see if there were any Man there to make that Noise, it being done by Moon-shine, (as is answered to my Query on this Passage) sufficient to discover if any Person had been there, if not, who it were. And this Diligence being repeated for some Nights together, and nothing discerned, it is manifest that the Noise was made by some Demon or Spirit, not by any Man.

SECT. 5. Note that the Noise at the Door of the Room under the Stairs, it could not be discerned, whether it was on the Inside of the Door, or on the Outside, as was answered to one of my Queries. And therefore Sir William seeing no body at the outside to cause that Noise, which he might have easily done by the light of his Candle, if there had been any body, he went into the Room to see if he could discover any one there. But finding no body, lockt the Door, and yet the noise began again in the same Room, but upon a second search, no body found therein. And this Noise and this Diligence in searching the same place several times repeated in one night, by one naturally incredulous of any such extraordinary things, and receiving full satisfaction therefrom, methinks should shake the most obdurate Sadducee, and make him ashamed of his fond Incredulity.

But now for the ceasing of the Knocking when any one came near to any Door where the Knocking was; this was no impediment to the certain experience of that under the Stairs, because they by the light of a Candle plainly though at some distance, seeing there was no body at the outside of the Door, and finding no body within the Room or Hole, which was lockt; notwithstanding the ceasing of the Knocking, they might be sure that the Knocking was not made by the hand of any Mortal. Nay I will further add from certain Information, that there were scarce any of the House but have seen the Door at the same time the noise was made there, and no body at it; and that Sir William himself particularly has seen the Door from the top of the Stairs, with a Light in his hand several times, while the Noise was there, which sometimes continued till he came down several steps, and once till he came over against the Door within a yard of it, or thereabout, but saw nobody; so certain an experiment is this of *Demoniacal operation*.

SECT. 6. This taking the whole Family into one Room was of very good consequence; for thereby it was plain that none of the Family plaid these Freaks, nor augmented them by any humorous Imitation. And it is incredible any stranger should venture, as I understand by the answer to my fifth Query. Which assures me, that on the first night the House was searched every where, and the Doors were always lockt, and Sir William had the Keys given to him. What stranger therefore in his Wits would adventure upon such Freakish Exploits wherein he did himself so little good when he was in such apparent danger to be taken in such a numerous Family.

SECT. 7. My sixth Query was upon this seventh Section, which was this. Was Sir William in the Room where something seemed to walk, to run, to go on Stilts? &c. and whether it was not so dark but that he might see if there had been a Man there? To which was answered, He sometimes went in with a Candle, and sometimes without, yet could discover nothing; and if any Person had been there, it was impossible for him to escape out of the Room undiscovered, the Door being lockt. And I may add further, the outward doors being lockt, that would have sufficiently made him lyable to be taken if it had been a Man.

SECT. 8. This Apish imitation of the noise of Workmen, shews it to be some trifling Demon, as also that sudden removal from one place to another, and its being heard in so many places at once, plainly argues it could be no Man, unless there were more than one, which would make them still the more obnoxious to be taken.

SECT. 9. The continuance of the stirs also all night, argues it not to be probable it was any Man. For who would disquiet himself a whole night, meerly to amuse others for nothing. But that battering noise at the door demonstrates it was not the Feat of any Mortal. And besides this noise, as Mr. Edward Brown the elder, who was there this very night, writes to Mr. Richardson, the Iron Latch of the great Door of the Room, which was just under that in which he lay, seemed to him to move with such wonderful swiftness up and down, and with such very great noise, as he could not think any humane art or dexterity could effect. But he describes also the battering noise he heard at that door. There seemed, saith he, sometimes to be such extraordinary thumping and knocking against the said door, with such wonderful loud noise, as if some had managed an extraordinary great piece of Timber with the greatest art to give it the greatest advantage to force the door open, or break it in pieces; and in deliberate thoughts I could not conceive how the strongest Door, or Walls, could stand before such force as was threatened by such a very great and loud noise. These two kinds of noises, says he, continued in my hearing till about break of day; with frequent little intermissions: And yet in the Morning, both the Iron Latch and Door were found unaltered, in the very same state they were left when we went to



*Bed. And very intelligent persons, says he, in the Family said, that when they went to the door, or went out in the time of such disturbances they could see no body, nor perceive any motion in any thing on which the invisible Agent did seem to operate. Which is the very same which I heard from the abovementioned Doctor of Physick in his Letter to me. Mr. Brown in his discourse to Mr. Richardson in the Country, touching this thumping noise at the Door, told him he could not compare it to any thing better, as to the force thereof, than to the Roman Ram, which the Romans battered down Walls with. But it being experienced of all hands, that the noise seemed to come from a force against the Door, that would, if it had been real, break the Door all in pieces, and yet the Door suffering nothing from it, it is a plain demonstration that it was no Feat of any Man, but a prestigious Frolick of some Demon. And lastly, what one Man, or many could make such a noise on the Top of the House, as if most of the Tiles were falling, and how could he get down so suddenly, as not to be discovered?*

*Section 10. My seventh Query was upon this Section, viz. Whether when Sir William went into the great Par-lour with a Candle in his hand, to walk there, did the noise cease at his Approach, or before. To which is answered, It ceased upon his going in, and as soon as he was gone out, it would often begin again. Whence it is plain, if the noise had been caused by any visible Person, that Person would have been discovered by the light. But that which caused it did not so much as move out of the Room, in all likelihood, in beginning again as soon as Sir William's back was turned.*

*Sect. 11. My eighth Query belongs to this Section, and to some part of the former, namely, Whether when the Drumming was, and the Candle put out, and the Chairs removed, the Out-Doors of the House were locked, so that none might escape out. To which it is answered, They were locked, and Sir William kept the Keys. Which indeed was every night done, as was noted on the sixth Section. And therefore it is incredible that any Man would adventure to make such a thundering noise on the Wainscot-Doors, imitating the various Beating of Drums, or do any other discoverable Feats, in so numerous a Family, where there were so many to find him, and apprehend him, and the Doors shut upon him, that he could make no escape. To which you may add, that the Dogs were never observed to bark at any of these Disturbances, as most of the Family affirm, all of them, that never above once (which is a thing observed also in the Story of the Devil of Malsdon) and yet the noise was external, all the Family, and other Watchers hearing it alike.*

*These were my main Queries upon this Narrative, and I must profess that I am abundantly satisfied in the Answers to them. Nor will I omit what will reach further than to these Queries. For I am assured, from the same hand, that Sir William being a Person naturally incredulous of such things, and impatient of being imposed upon, used all possible care and diligence to detect the Impostor, if there had been any, and this would reach to more particulars than I could propose by way of Query. Which hitherto has been only touching matter of Fact. But I was also so curious as to ask what Witnesses there were besides those of Sir William's Family, which amount to about Twenty, and I was informed that most of his Tenants by turns watching there, could witness to the same matters. And there were at least forty Persons that were Eye-witnesses, or rather Ear-witnesses, the disturbance being by Noises, not Apparitions properly so called, and most of the Servants are still in Sir William's Family that were there in the time of the disturbance, so that if any one have the Curiosity to enquire of the truth of the Business, he may easily get full satisfaction in the Parish of Liffingham.*

*My last Query was, Whether any one was suspected to be the cause of these Disturbances, and upon what occasion. But the Answer was prudent and Christian, That there might be some Person suspected, but the Proof being not full, he was unwilling to lay so heavy a Charge on any one. Nor is that much to my purpose, unless the Party suspected should prove the Cobar that Alice Medcalfe's flaxen hair'd Visitant affirmed to her to be the Author of her troubles. For then the certainty of these Disturbances in Sir William's House, of which there is so full and ample Testimony, would be a farther confirmation of those things that are said to have happened at William Medcalfe's, they both being as well from one hand as in one Parish.*

*But in the mean time these Disturbances at Sir William York's having such clear and unexceptionable Evidence, that they were not the Feats of any Man, but the Freaks of some Invisible Demon, my communicating this Narrative to the World, as it cannot but deserve Thanks of the Reader, so I hope it will obtain pardon of Sir William, that I have not concealed his Name, no more than suppress the Story it self, which would have been main without it, but have exhibited it in its due fulness for the conviction of this incredulous Age, and confounding of Seducism and Infidelity, without the least Blemish to so worthy a Person. Who was so much under the Protection of the Almighty that this Demoniack Power was notably limited and curbed, forasmuch as it was observed that, unless it was in the Hall (and there was only a few Chairs) the disturbance was never in any Room that was furnished. And it was also confined as to time; for unless it began at eight, nine, or ten of the Clock, it came not at all that night, and usually left off about eleven or twelve, there is only that night excepted, when Mr. Brown was there. And lastly, when Sir William was in the greatest Straits of all, Sect. 12. and intended to have his Wife and Children come up to London to him, and to dispose of his Father at Mr. Brown's at Horb-in, to prevent that trouble, the Disturbance quite ceased. But Sir William's Christian Faith and Courage in the midst of those Disturbances, while they continued, was very eminent and conspicuous, and I know no Injury done to him or any one else, in my transmitting the memory thereof to future Ages.*

## RELAT. VI.

*A Story of the marvelous Condition of one Robert Churchman of Balsam, some six or seven Miles off from Cambridge, when he was inveigled in Quakerism, how strangely he was possessed by a Spirit that spoke within him, and used his Organs in despite of him, while he was in his Fits. And how he was recovered from his Error, and regained to the Church by the Devotion and Diligences of Dr. J. Templar, still Minister of that place, as it is set down in his Letter to a Friend, which is as follows.*

SIR,

**Y**OUR desire to be acquainted with some passages concerning the Quakers in this Town, obligeth me to give you the following Account. At my first settlement here, I found them very busie in enticing my people to a compliance with their Perswasions in Religion. This Design they did attempt to accomplish by dispersing their Papers among them. Two of my Parishioners I had a particular eye upon, namely, Robert Churchman and his Wife. They being Persons of a very good Life, and of a plentiful Estate, I was under a fear that their departure from the Church might be a means to induce others to the same Practice. The first, in many Discourses I had with him, did manifest a ve-



ry strong inclination to the Principles of the *Quakers*. The second was so far engaged, that the *Quakers* did commonly report that a *Principle* was wrought in her.

As I was one day in Conference with the said *Robert Churchman*, I desired him that when any of their Books came to his Hand, he would do me the kindness to bring them to me, that we might read them over together, assuring him of no unwillingness in me to hearken to whatsoever should appear reasonable.

What I desired he performed not long after. When I had received the Paper into my hand, before I began to read, I suggested to him, that it would be convenient that the Person who had been the Cause of his Seducement should be sent for, and hear what was replied to the Contents, which he willingly consented to. When the *Quaker* was come, one Branch of our Discourse was, *Whether the Scripture is to be owned as a Rule*, which the *Quaker* denied, asserting, that the Rule was *within them*. After the expence of two or three hours in Discourse about this and other matters, I desired *Robert Churchman* to take notice, that the *Quakers* did not own the Scriptures for their Rule. Which before this Conference I had intimated to him, but found him unwilling to believe. It pleased God so far to bless what was spoken, that the next time he met his Brother, *Thomas Churchman*, he told him of what had passed at my House, and that now he was assured that the *Quakers* did not acknowledge the Scripture for their Rule, and for his part, he would not be of that Religion which doth disown the Scripture in that particular.

Not long after, the Wife of the forementioned *Quaker* coming to his house to visit his Wife, he met her at the Door, and told her she should not come in, intimating that her Visit would make Division betwixt them. After some Parley, the *Quaker's* Wife spake unto him, in these Words, *Thou wilt not believe except thou see a Sign, and thou mayest see some such*. Within a few nights after *Robert Churchman* had a violent storm upon the Room where he lay, when it was very calm in all other parts of the Town, and a Voice within him, as he was in Bed, spake to him, and bid him, *Sing Praises, sing Praises*, telling him, that he should see the Glory of the *New Jerusalem*, about which time a glimmering light appeared all about the Room. Toward the morning the Voice commanded him to go out of his Bed naked with his Wife and Children. They all standing upon the Floor, the Spirit making use of his tongue, bid them to lye down and put their Mouths in the Dust which they did accordingly. It likewise commanded him to go and call his Brother and Sister, that they might see the *New Jerusalem*, to whom he went naked about half a Mile.

When he had delivered his Message, that which spake within him, charged them to denounce Wrath against them, and declare that Fire and Brimstone would fall upon them, as it did upon *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, if they did not obey, and so he returned to his own House. Where, upon the Floor of a low Room, he stood naked about three or four hours. All that while he was acted in a very unusual manner, Sometimes the Spirit within him forced him to sing, sometimes to bark like a Dog. When his Brother and Sister, who followed him, were very importunate with him to resist it, it bid him to kill them, making use of these Words. *These my Enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring them and slay them before my Face*. It made him to utter with great readiness many places in Scripture, which he had no knowledge of before. The drift of what was spoken,

was to perswade him to comply with the *Quakers*, and it named some which live in the neighbouring Towns. About three or four hours being thus spent, he came to himself, and was able to give a perfect Account of what had befallen him.

Several nights after, the same trouble returned upon him. His Wife was tortured with extraordinary Pains; the Children which lay in the Room complained that their Mouths were stoppt with Wooll as they were in Bed. The disturbance was so great, that he had thoughts of leaving his House for a time, and made it his desire to be with me at mine. I prevailed with him not to be so sudden in his removal, but to make some further trial. It pleased God upon a continuance with him in Prayer every day in the House, that he was at last perfectly free from all Molestation. The *Quakers* hearing of his Condition, gave it out, that the Power of God would come upon him again, and that the Wound was but skinned over by the Priest. Which made me the more importunate with him to keep close to the publick Service of God, and to have nothing to do with them or their Writings.

Which direction he followed till November 1661. and then perusing one of their Books, a little after upon the tenth day of that Month, his Troubles returned. A Voice within him began to speak to him after the former manner. The first Sentence which it uttered was, *Cease thou from Man whose Breath is in his Nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted?* The design which he discerned that it did aim at, was, to take him off from coming to the Church (where he had been that day) and from hearing the Word of God. It suggested several other Scriptures in order to the perswading of him to a compliance with the *Quakers*, and told him, that it would strive with him as the Angel did with *Jacob* until the breaking of the Day, at which time it left him. The two next nights it gave him the same Molestation, saying, *It must be with him as it was with David, who gave no sleep to his Eyes, nor slumber unto his Eye-lids, until he found a place for the Lord, an Habitation for the God of Jacob*. Upon Wednesday at night he was very peremptory in his resisting of it. When it began to sollicite him, he replied, That he saw it was a Spirit of Delusion, which he would not obey. Upon which the Spirit denounced a Curse against him, in these Words, *Go, ye cursed into everlasting Fire*, and so left him with a very great Heat in his Body.

After this, he was, in his own apprehension, in a very comfortable condition, and while he was considering what had happened, a Voice within him spake to him, saying, That the Spirit which was before upon him was a Spirit of Delusion, but now the true Spirit of God was come into him. It acquainted him that the Doctrine of the Trinity was true, and that God had an Elect People, and that those whom the Father Elected, the Son hath Redeemed, and whom Christ Redeemeth, the Holy Ghost Sanctifieth, and told him that the Minister of the Town would further instruct him about the Truth of these things. Upon Thursday morning about Break of day, it set him upon his Knees, as he was in Bed, and bid him farewell. The same day it came upon him in the Field as he was going to, and coming from the Market, and pressed upon him to believe that it was the good Spirit which he was acted with, which he still doubted of. One night that Week amongst many Arguments which it used to that purpose, it told him if he would not believe without a Sign, he might have what Sign he would. Upon that *Robert Churchman* desired, if it was a good Spirit, that a Wier-Candlestick, which stood upon the Cup-board might be turned into Brass. Which the Spirit said he would do. Presently there



was a very unfavoury Smell in the Room, like that of the Snuff of a Candle newly put out; but nothing else was done towards the fulfilling of the Promise.

Upon the Lord's day following, he being at Church, it came upon him. When the Chapters were named, he turned to them in his Bible, but was not able to read. When the Psalm was sung, he could not pronounce a Syllable. Upon Monday morning his Speech was wholly taken from him. When I came to him, and asked him how it was with him, he moved his Head towards me, but was not able to speak; I waited an hour or two in the Room, hoping that his Speech might have returned unto him, and that I might have gained from him some Account of his Condition. But finding no Alteration, I desired those who were present to join with me in Prayer. As we were Praying, his Body, with much violence, was thrown out of Bed, and then, with great vehemency, he called to me to hold my Tongue. When Prayer was done, his Tongue was bound, as before, till at last he broke out into these Words, *Thine is the Kingdom, Thine is the Kingdom*; which he repeated, I believe, above an hundred times. Sometimes he was forced into extream Laughter, sometimes into Singing; his Hands were usually imployed in beating his Breast. All of us, who stood by, could discern unusual heavings in his Body. This Distemper did continue towards the morning of the next day, and then the Voice within him signified to him that it would leave him, bidding him to get upon his Knees in order to that end, which he did, and then presently he had a perfect Command of himself.

When I came to him he gave me a sober Account of all the passages of the day before, having a distinct Remembrance of what the Spirit forced him to do, and what was spoken to him by those who stood by. In particular he told me, he was compelled to give me that disturbance in Prayer, which I before mentioned, the Spirit using his Limbs and Tongue as it pleased, contrary to the inclination of his own mind.

Upon the Thursday following the Spirit began to rage after its former manner, as I was at Prayer with him, it was very discernible how it wrought upon his Body, forced him to grate his Teeth, and draw his Mouth awry. He told me, after I had done, that it bid him to denounce Woe against me. It pleased God, upon continuance in Prayer with him, at last to release him of all his Trouble, and so far to make it advantageous to him and his Wife, and some others, which were too much byassed with the Principles of the *Quakers*, that now they have a perfect dislike of that way, and do diligently attend upon the Publick Service of God in the Parochial Church, Sir, You may be confident of the Truth of what is here related, by

Balsam, Jan. 1.  
1682.

Your assured Friend,

J. T.

## Advertisement.

**T**His Story I thought fit to add to the former *Additional Stories* for these three Reasons. First, Because I have all desirable assurance of the truth thereof, being personally acquainted this long time with the party that wrote this Letter, whom I know to be a learned, pious, and serious person, and such as I am confident would not for all the World close his Letter so as he has, but that he delivers nothing but what he knew to be true, by such means as is intimated in the Letter it self; that is, either by his own experience, or the information of Robert Churchman, whom he knew to be a singular honest Man, and utterly devoid of all fraud and guile. Moreover, the Writer of this Letter is so modest, that he was always very backward from publishing it by it self, though it makes not a little to his repute in the faithful and successful discharge of his Ministry. But this new occasion being offered, my importunity obtained of him, that it might be published in this Collection of Stories of this nature, which now accordingly is done.

My second Reason is, because it is such a notable Example of that danger they put themselves in, who leave the true Church of Christ (which has the Seal and Testimony of Christ, that it is for the main commensurate to his Word, as the Church Universal was, before the Apostasie, and the Reformed Churches are upon the Rising of the Witnesses) to follow the seducing of any private Spirit, especially such as the *Quakers* were at the first, being drunk and intoxicated with the Poyson of Familism, which out of a Spirit of Saducism and Infidelity, believing no subsistence of the Soul of Christ after death, antiquates all things belonging to his particular Person, as the Sacraments, Festivals, his Intercession, and Personal coming again to Judgment, &c. and makes nothing of any Christ but what is within us. Which is a perfect dissolution, or nulling of the True Apostolick Christian Religion, which yet is to be Everlasting, according to the prediction of Daniel.

And my third and last Reason is, because this Story with others of Toldervey, Gilpin, James Naylor, and the like, will the better justify that Satyrical passage of Jos. Glanvil his Letter to me, wherein he calls *Quakerism*, The sink of Folly and Madness, which I conceive he does with an Eye to the former times of the *Quakers*. But that there is now a more tolerable estimate to be made of them (though some sordid Badges of Familism still stick to them, and indeed all that remains ugly in them is such, though they do not consider it) I shall note in my Advertisements on that Letter, which is as follows.



A  
WHIP  
FOR THE  
DROLL  
Fidler to the Atheist:  
BEING  
REFLECTIONS  
ON  
DROLLERY and ATHEISM.

Sent, upon the occasion of the  
Drummer of Tedworth,

In a Letter to the most Learned  
D<sup>r</sup> HENRY MORE, D.D.

LONDON,  
Printed for S. Lownds, MDC LXXXVIII.

TO THE  
REVEREND and LEARNED  
D<sup>r</sup> HENRY MORE, D.D.

SECT. I.

*His Answer to certain Objections and Queries touching the  
Stirs made by the Drummer of Tedworth.*

Honoured Sir,

THE scrupulous care you take in examining the Story of the Disturbance at *Tedworth*, is no more than becomes a Philosopher, and one that is not willing to be deceived. And without such a cautious and particular inquiry you could not answer the murmurs and petty evasions of wilful Unbelievers. \* Those *Objections* you pickt up at *Cambridge* have the ill fortune to miscarry in almost every circumstance, and are in no likelihood of being believed but at a great distance. Some of them I could have answered upon mine own knowledge; and concerning the rest, I have made a strict enquiry of Mr. *Mompesson* himself and others, when I was last in those parts, and upon certain information I give you this Account.

To the (1.) that faith, *The House is rented, and that this is a device to beat down the value of it.* I answer from his own Mouth, That the House is his own, and so the foundation of this shift is over-turned. The second, of those that say, *It is a trick to get Money from those that come to see the Prodigy,* hath as little truth, but much more malice in the first Contrivers than the former. For this Gentleman being a Person of Estate, I am confident, scorns so base and so beggerly a Policy, and is so far from making any advantage, that it hath done him very material prejudice in his Fortunes and Affairs. And those Strangers that come to see the Prodigy, use to leave nothing behind them except thanks for the civility of their Entertainments. 'Tis true (3.) as others say, That *the House is boarded without*, at least a great part of it. But there are no Cellars as the *Objection* adds, save only under the Parlour, and the disturbance was most in other Rooms. And whereas (4.) 'tis objected, That *a Knight that offered to go down could not be permitted.* 'Tis answered me, That the Gentleman might have gone down had he pleased, and his Servant did, who made a careful search, but could find nothing that might be a cause of the noise, which he affirmed to be above, and that it proceeded not from the Cellar. And to disable what other Objecters say, viz. (5.) *That there was no Drumming in the midst of any Room, but only a striking on the Boards as it were with a Hammer in a corner of the outsides of the House.* I say, to null this pretence, Mr. *Mompesson* and others assured me, that the noise was



oft in the *midst* of the Room; and oft *over head*; and, he saith, that there is scarce a Man or Child in the Village but hath heard and can witness it. And after the first Month it was almost *always* within. Thus, Sir, to the *Objections* of others, which you have gathered. And to your own *Queries* I make this return.

Whereas you inquire (1.) *What part of the Childrens Bed did the Demon beat, and what noise did it make?* 'Tis answered, That it beat against the Head and Posts of the Bed, and that when hands were laid on each side of them, at those times they would shake as if they would fall in pieces, but nothing else could be perceived or felt. The noise was like to that of striking with a Hammer. And then (2.) To that whether the *Drummer's Drum* was ever looked on while it beat, or was it only in the dark, I am assured, that it was seen while the noise was made upon it, both by the light of Fire and Candle. (3.) To the Query, *What were the Boards that moved, by what Light was their motion seen, and by whom?* Mr. Mompeyson answers, They were seen move forwards and backwards in the light of clear day, before the Sun was set, and by a whole House full of people. And whereas (4) you ask, *In what clearness of Light were the Chairs seen walk about, and by what Witnesses?* 'Tis answered, That they were seen to do so by Candle-light, and by divers persons.

As to what I was a witness of my self, I add these circumstances for the satisfaction of your *Queries*; The Children were in Bed when the *Scratching* and *Panting* was, but I am sure did not contribute to those noises. I saw their hands above the Cloths during the *Scrapping*, and searched the place whence the noise came. To which I might add, That they were little harmless modest Girls that could not well have been suspected guilty of the confidence of such a Juggle, had it been possible they could have acted in it. For the *Panting*, I am certain there was no *Dog* in the Bed, for I graspt it with my hand, and felt it in all parts, especially there where the original motion was. The Bed also was searcht *under*, but no *Dog*, nor any Creature else could be found there. The Floor I said shook with the *Panting* sensibly, and yet it was as strong and substantial an one, as ordinarily is seen. But the Children indeed did not seem to be much concerned, having been used to those and ruder noises, and there was Company in the Room to assure them.

## SECT. II.

*The affected humour of Drollery one Cause of the Misbelief of Witchcraft, Apparitions, and Spirits. And what shallow Souls the Drolling Humourists are in points that require a more searching Wit and solid Judgment.*

THUS, Sir, I have briefly answered others *Objections*, and your *Queries*. And because I have an humour to say little more, I'll consider (what you know as well as any Man alive) the Reasons Men are so apt to cavil at this kind of Relations, and are rather willing to believe any thing, than the truth of such a Narrative. They are chiefly I think an affected *humour of Drollery* and *Scoffing*, and a worse cause, *Atheism*.

For the first, the subject of *Witches* and *Apparitions* is an apt and ample occasion. And the Cheats of *Impossours*, the Conceits of *Melancholy*, the Credulity of *Ignorance*, the Tricks of *Waggery*, the more solemn Vanities of *Superstition*, and the Tales of *old Women*, these are excellent Topicks for a frolick and wanton Fancy. And the desire of the *Humourist* hath to be some body, and to have a name above those of common Apprehen-

sion, will be sure to actuate the scoffing Vein; in the exercise of which if he have quibbled luckily, and made Folks laugh, he is encouraged to take all such occasions to prove himself a Wit, and to shew he had a pretty way to play the Fool. And when he hath wanton'd a while, and frolickly toyed in his affected Merriments, his *Reason* becomes an obedient Servant to his *Fancy*. He makes himself believe (by those Arguments that at first were intended only to make him laugh) and in the end concludes in earnest, that there is neither *Witch* nor *Apparition*, and 'tis well if he stop there.

Now these, Sir, are the *Wits* (if we will believe them) and their Admirers take every Jest for an Argument, and a loud Laugh, upon an idle Tale of a *Devil* or a *Witch*, for a Demonstration of the *Non-existence* of such Beings. And thus the Humour propagates, and *Saducism* is the fashion. Nor is this all, but by the same method every thing that is sacred or serious hath been exposed, and both *Government* and *Religion* made the Objects of idle and fantastick *Buffoonry*.

\* And must we call this Wit, Sir? I confess there are few things that urge me to more indignation than to hear that Name, which deserves to signifie better, to be so injuriously apply'd. Certainly Wit is not an odd *Metaphor*, or a lucky *Simile*, a *Wild fetch*, or unexpected *Inference*, a *Mimick action*, or a pretty *Knack* in telling of a Tale, but it is a Faculty to dive into the Depth of things, to find out their Causes and Relatives, Consonancies and Disagreements, and to make fit, useful, and unobvious Applications of their respective Relations, and Dependencies. For which great and noble Exercises of the Mind, the *Droll* is the most unfit and incompetent Person in the World; and those that on this Account assume the *Prerogative* of being the only *Wits*, are of all Men the most incapable of being so. For that trivial and Pedling way of *Fancy* and *Humour*, to which they are addicted, emasculates their Minds, and makes them superficial, flashy and fantastical, by employing them upon Effeminacies and little apish Fooleries. And by these darling Entertainments of a too fondly-indulged Fancy, the Mind is made incapable of serious and deep Reflections, which give it the noblest and most valuable Improvements. So that I have observed that the *Drolling Humourist*, are for the most part remarkably Defective in close *Ratiocinations*, and the worst in the World at *Inference*. Which is no wonder, since *Fancy* is a desultory and roving Faculty, and when 'tis not under the conduct of a severe Judgment, not able to keep it self to a steady and resolved Attention, much less to make coherent chains of rational Deduction. So that 'tis next to impossible for such *Wits* as these to arrive to more than a Knack of scoffing at what they understand not. And they are under almost an invincible Temptation of doing so, by every thing that is too great for their comprehension. For the *Humour* that acts them is proud and assuming, and would not have any thing to be valued, of which it self is incapable, and therefore it depreiates all the nobler and more generous matters which it hath very great reason to despair of, and endeavours by ridiculous and insolent Scorn to lift it self above them.

And yet this presumed Wit, which raiseth them to such an Elevation in their own conceit, is but a young and boyish Humour, and the very first Essays of Juvenile Invention are in these Exercises of Fancy, which the maturer Spirit outgrows. For you know, Sir, our Senses are the first Powers we exercise and indulge in our greenest years. From them by degrees our *Imaginations* grow up, and their Actions and Gratifications are the Pleasures and entertainments of Youth, which is easy to observe in the little Flirts, Quibbles, and Tricks



of Fancy with which the younger Students in the Universities are so much tickled and transported. But when Age and Experience ripens the Judgment (which is the Faculty of slowest Growth) we then slight this Wantonness and toying of our Fancies, and apply our selves to Pursuits that are more manly and concerning. And when the Judgment is come to its full exercise and pitch, and hath overcome and silenced the Futilities and Prejudices of Imagination, we are then and not till then grown into Manhood. And those that never arrive to this Consistence, but spend their Age in fooling with their Fancies, they are yet *Children*, though they have *gray Hairs*, and are still *Boys* though past their great *Climacterical*.

I confess, Sir, I am not so *Cynical* and severe, but that I allow even to the more improved *Genius's* their Relaxations and pleasant Intervals. And sage *Socrates* himself sometimes rid the Boys Hobby-horse. *Fancy* may be permitted its plaissance and inoffensive Raileries, so long as they are governed by the Rules of *Vertue*, and a prudent Judgment. And no doubt God himself allows all our Powers and Faculties their Innocent Gratifications. Yea and I acknowledge a delightful Prettiness in the result of a managed and judicious Fancy, while it is employed in exposing Vice, and conceited Follies to deserved Scorn and Laughter.

But when *Imagination* is rampant, loose and ungoverned, when it knows no Bounds, and observes no Decorums, but shoots at random, and insolently flies at all things that are *august* and *venerable*, its sallies are then vicious and detestable Excesses; and those that are of this Humour, are but a sort of fleering *Bluffs*, that is, a better kind of *Apes* in the judgment of the *Wise*, though *Wits* in their own.

### SECTION III.

*His just Reprehension of the quibbling Debauchees, for their Irreverence toward Government and Religion. And what an Abhorrence and Antipathy, they have against all noble Theories of Philosophy, which are above the pitch of their weak Intellectuals.*

**B**UT, Sir, I intimated a greater charge against these quibbling Debauchees, viz. that they are the Enemies of Government and Religion, and shall prove it with this Addition, that they are so of all the better sorts of Knowledge.

\* For Government, you know, Sir, its Influence depends upon the Reverence its Rulers have from the People, and while they are Men, there will be miscarriages in publick Affairs and Managements of State. And if all the slips and imperfections, all the Mistakes and Faults of the supream Ministers of Rule be tatled and aggravated among the Herd, the Government will thereby be exposed to the scorns of the Rabble, and lose a great part of its Force with its Reverence. And in this it suffers infinitely from the drolling Phantasticks, who blow in the Sores till they have rankled them with their malicious and poysonous Breath, and shoot Libels at the Government till they have made deep Wounds in its Reputation and Reverence, and turned every Tongue into a Weapon of War against it. Thus do these Chams discover their Fathers nakedness, and rejoyce to publish the Shame of those whose Failures and Infirmities Loyalty, Prudence, and Regard to the publick Quiet should oblige them to conceal.

Nor (2) is Religion more beholden to them. For a Mind that useth to whittle up and down in the Levities of Fancy, will find a very great Indisposition to the seri-

ous and solemn exercises of Piety. And that will grow into an *Aversation*, which will be sure to prompt the *Humourist* to take all occasions to expose it; so that he quickly jests at Scripture, and makes a mock of Sin, plays with eternal Flames, and scoffs at those that fear them. As if the sacred Oracles were but a *Legend* of idle Tales, and Sin but a *Name*, coyn'd by Fancy and vain Fears; as if Hell were but a painted Fire, and the Religious a sort of timorous Fools that are afraid of Buggs, and the Imagery of Dreams; And if these are not yet the real Articles of their Creed, their extravagant Fancies, and vile Affections are like in a short time to encline these light and impure Spirits to make them so. And this sort of Wits are either *Atheists*, or as great *Prodigies* of Folly, if they are not; since to believe a God that made, sees, and will judge them, and to scoff at that Tremendous Majesty before whom their Brother Wits below tremble, to think the Scriptures are the Inspirations of the God of Heaven, the Laws of Souls, and grand Instruments of immortal Happiness, and yet to Droll upon them, and to jest with the Records of Eternity, to believe endless Torments, and everlasting Joys in the state immediately succeeding these our short and uncertain Beings, and yet to sport with the Wrath of God, and to make tricks at Eternal Terrors, to talk trivially of beatifical Enjoyments, and to make as bold with Heaven as they do with an imaginary Elysium. These, I say, are Follies, these are degrees of Impudence, beyond all aggravation or possibilities of expression, and did not sad experience shew them, one would scarce believe there were such prodigious Monsters in Nature. And to these things I add

(3.) These idle Drollists have an utter Antipathy to all the braver and more generous kinds of Knowledge. For that they are perfectly indisposed for Philosophy and all deep Researches, I have said some things that may suffice for proof already. And I add this observation to confirm it, That among the numerous Youth I have seen bred in a great School, and in the University, I have noted that those of them who are most remarkable for Waggishness and Jestings, seldom arrived to any great maturities or capacity for things of consequence and weight. And indeed frolickness of Fancy, and solidity of Judgement, require dispositions of Brain that are very different, and such as seldom meet in great Degrees, but in some very few extraordinary Tempers. But generally I believe the Droll is very unfit for matters of Sublimity and Substance, and therefore, as I intimated, endeavours by his Scoffs and Injuries to make them appear as much below his serious notice, as they are indeed above his reach, and in this design he hath many great Advantages for his Abuses. For the Pedantry of Disputers, that make a loud claim to Knowledge, the Vanity of the extravagant sort of Chymists, the fond Boasts of some bold Pretenders to Philosophy and Experiment, the Strangeness of things that soberer Inquirers declare practicable, but have not yet succeeded, the meanness, and seeming contemptibleness of many Subjects, the Experimenter is often obliged to deal in, these afford plausible Arguments for Drolling Harangues, and those Advantages are taken to make the most useful Theories, and Endeavours appear ridiculous and vain.

And for the encouragement of the Phantastick in his insolent humour of Injustice and Abuse, there is a certain Envy in Mankind against those that attempt any thing extraordinary, which makes men willing to embrace and applaud that which exposeth what themselves cannot act nor comprehend. By reason of which ill Nature in the generality, yea even of those that pretend to something, this kind of Wit becomes the most pestilent enemy to knowledge, and its Improvements, especi-



ally to *Philosophick* Wisdom. For Philosophy can shame and dis-able all the *Reasons* that can be urged against it, but *Jests* and *loud Laughter* are not to be confuted, and yet these are of more force to degrade a thing in the esteem of some sort of Spirits than the most potent demonstrations. And the mischief of it is, that these *Quiblers* and *Buffoons* that have some little scraps of Learning matcht with a great proportion of *Confidence*, have commonly the luck to be celebrated among the *vulgar* for Men of great Parts and Knowledge, and that opinion of them gains credit to their insolencies and abuses.

But, Sir, I perceive my zeal against those *Pedlars* of *Wit* hath transported me to your trouble. I therefore make an abrupt return to my other Reason mentioned of mens Disbelief of the Being of *Witches* and *Apparitions*, and that is,

## SECT. IV.

Atheism, another cause of Disbelief of Apparitions and Spirits. With an Account of his Discourse with a profest Atheist. And a touch on one special cause of the increase of Atheism, viz. The placing Religion in Opinions.

(11.) **A**THEISM, the Folly of which accursed Madness, you, Sir, have so fully discovered to the World in your incomparable Works, and so thoroughly understand the Mysteries of that black Conspiracy against Heaven, that it would be fond for me to think to suggest any Notion on the Subject which you could not teach. But, Sir, I have a relation about this matter to make you, which, I believe, you will not be unwilling to hear; And you shall have it, when I have taken notice, that there is a *latent Atheism* at the Root of the *Saducean* Principle. For too many deny *Witches*, because they believe there are no *Spirits*, and they are so persuaded, because they own no *Being* in the World but *Matter*, and the results of *Motion*, and consequently can acknowledge nothing of a *God*.

It hath indeed been a Question, whether 'tis possible there should be such a Prodigy as a *Speculative Atheist* in Nature, and I could wish it were so still. But alas! our Age and Experience hath ended the Dispute, and we need not search the dark and barbarous corners of *America*, nor seek the Monster among the Wild Men of the Desert, we have found him in times of Light, in a witty and civilized Region, and in an Age of the greatest Knowledge and Improvements; he skulks not among the thickest of the Woods, nor seeks Caverns for Concealment, but braves the Sun, and appears in the clearest day. And the Fool is not so modest as he was in the days of the *Royal Prophet*, to say only in his Heart, *There is no God*. We know a bolder sort of Infidels, and I can say, Sir, from a particular experience, That there are who deny the *Existence of a Deity*. I met with one such some years since in *London*, who confidently, and without mincing, denied that there was any such Being, and bid me prove it. I wondered at the boldness as well as the impiety of his saying, and because I had a great compassion for one in so deplorable a State, I resolved not to exasperate him by Passion, hard Words, or damning Sentences, but calmly and without seeming Emotion, discoursed the business with him. I granted him all I safely or reasonably could, and all that might serve my design for his conviction, before we began the close Engagement; that so he might have less prejudice against what was said by one whom he might see not to be

of a narrow confined Judgment, and that I might not have the disadvantage of being put upon the impugning of Principles, which are plausible by the great Names or Reasons of any eminent Philosophers, and that were not absolutely necessary for the defence of the Proposition for which I undertook.

\* Such were the *Platonick Anima mundi*, the *Eternity* and *Immensity* of the World, which, Sir, though I should not affirm, yet I would not at that time deny, but quietly granted them as Hypotheses, being willing to permit his belief of these in order to the convincing and disabusing him in his main and deadly Conclusion. And by those Concessions I gain'd the advantages I expected. For hereby he was disappointed of all those plausibilities which I perceived he was wont to urge for those Doctrines. And I saw, that when he was prest with the necessity of a Cause of all things, and a *First*, his Refuge was, that old *Epicurean* one of an *Eternal infinite Matter*, which when his unwary Opposites would attempt to disprove, by endeavouring to demonstrate the Beginning and Finiteness of the World, they gave him the opportunity of a colourable Defence, and diverted from the main Thesis which might be evinced, though the *Immensity* and *Eternity* of the Universe were granted: And so they let him go from an Assertion that is most impious and absurd, to another which is tolerably accountable and specious. And the Conclusion would be at last, that since the Undertaker could not prove the World was not *Infinite* and *Eternal*, he could not make it appear *there was a God*. By which Procedure the Arguer falls from a Proposition which is the most demonstrable one in Nature, to another which cannot be cleared but by supposing the main thing in Question.

But besides this shift, which my Concession made insignificant; when my Atheist was urged with the *Order*, *Harmony*, *Contrivance* and *Wisdom* that is visible in the Creatures, he would betake him to his *Anima Mundi*, the Existence of which, when those other Antagonists he had dealt with would endeavour to overthrow, then they took a thing of harder probation than the main Conclusion.

I say therefore, Sir, I permitted him to assume these Principles, and then proved, That though the World were *Immense* and *Eternal*, yet, That 'tis not possible meer blind unguided Matter should shuffle it self into such regular and accurate Productions as we see are the Results of every day without the Manuduction of some *Knowing Agent* and *Contriver*, as you have fully made good in your excellent *Antidote*. And when he at this turn took sanctuary in an *Anima Mundi*, as the Cause of all the art and exactness in Nature, I granted him the Being; but askt him, Whether he took it for a Substance that was *Intelligent* or devoid of Reason and Perception. When he seemed to incline to this latter, I shew'd him that such a Principle as had no sense or knowledge signified no more to his purpose, than if he had stuck in the Hypothesis of meer Matter and Motion. But when he allowed his great Soul to be an *intellectual* Being, as he at last did, and that it was *Immense* and *Eternal*, (as he was forced to do by his Assertion, that this Soul was diffused through the whole Mass of his *Infinite* and *Eternal* Matter) I shewed him, that in effect he was brought by his own Principles to the acknowledgment of a *God*, though he gave him another Name.

Thus, Sir, I pursued my Infidel into all his Starting-places and Retreats, and drive him from one Assertion to another, its contradictory; and then back again to the first Thesis, and so up and down till at length he began to be ashamed of his shuffling, and confest, that I had said to him more than he had heard, and some things



that he would consider. He desired that I would give him the Substance of my Discourse in Writing, which I prepared for him, and shall perhaps ere long give an Account of these and other dependent Matters to the Publick.

After the heat of our Engagement was over, I was willing to learn by what means he came into that desperate Infidelity, and understood from him, \* that he had run through the several Stages of Modern Sects, not stopping till he came down to that Sink of Folly and Madness, *Quakerism*, and thence made a step into *Atheism*, which is no great leap; For East and West at long run meet, and are the same. And certainly he that places his Religion in *Opinions*, and judgeth it now to lie in this form of Belief, and then in another, when he comes to consider the vast variety of Sects, the confidence of each in his own Reasonings, the Pretences of all to *Scripture-Reason*, and *Antiquity*, the Antipathy they have one against another, and the doubtfulness, if not falshood, of things that each of them hold sacred and certain; I say, he that takes Religion to be an adherence to *Sects* and *Opinions*, upon the Accounts mentioned, when he reflects, is in mighty danger of being an *Atheist*. And except he fix at last upon the few plain acknowledged Essentials of Belief and good Life, (if he be of an anxious inquisitive Mind, and not obstinately resolved in the way of his particular Sect) 'tis a Miracle if he ends not there at last. For he having established this, That Religion consists in the Way or Form of some *Party* or other, and then having successively deserted those Sects that had most of his favour and affection, and so past from one to another through all the steps of Descent, when at length he is fain out with the last, he hath nothing else to fly to but contempt of *all Religion* as a meer *Juggle* and *Imposture*. This I took to be this Gentleman's case, and I believe much of the general *Atheism* of our days is to be ascribed to this Cause.

Thus, Sir, I have followed the humour of Writing, as it led me, and expect your pardon of this Ramble upon the account of that liberty which uses to be allowed in Intercourses of this Nature, and more from that Friendship with which you are pleased to honour,

Sir,

Your Affectionate

Humble Servant,

J. G.

## Advertisement.

THIS Letter was left out in the former Edition, the Publisher confining it to fewer Sheets, that there might be the more room left for Stories. But the forepart so particularly satisfying *Objections* and *Queries* touching the stirs in Mr. Mompesson's House, and the rest being so well levelled against *Saducism* and *Atheism* (the routing of which is the scope and design of the whole Book) and it being written with that smartness of Wit and soundness of Judgment for the main, I thought fit to take it in again in this new Edition of *Saducismus Triumphatus*, as a piece sufficiently congenerous thereto. And it is published unalteredly in every respect, unless in one word that was rather *French* than *English*, and so not so easie to pass with the vulgar. And now it is republished, I think it not amiss to bestow some few *Advertisements* on it, as has been done on several other pieces of this Book.

Sect. 1. *Those Objections you pickt up, &c.* Though the more perfect *Narrative*, in the last Edition, of the stirs of *Tedworth*, made this part of this Letter less necessary, yet if any one consider the particular satisfaction here given to every *Objection* and *Query*, and compare it with the aforesaid *Narrative*, I believe he will confess it was worth the while to take in again, in this second Edition, this Letter omitted in the former.

Sect. 2. *And must we call this Wit, Sir, &c.* Certainly not *Wisdom*, nor *Wit*, in the better sense and meaning of the word, as it signifies a sound and able Faculty of the Mind, whether natural or improved, to discern and judge of things. But the *Wit* that is so called now adays, is rather the *Paralytick* motions, or *Antick* Dances of that Faculty that is properly to be called *Wit*, than the genuine operations thereof, the demitting of that to meaner offices, which God has given us for better purposes. And as J. G. phrases it, to turn *Drolls* and *Fiddlers* to the *Atheist*, to make his *Worship* merry. Which is a very mean employment for so noble a Being as the Rational Soul of Man.

Sect. 3. *For Government you know, Sir, &c.* What the Writer of this Letter delivers in this Section, is worth the most serious consideration of all Men, that are not so well affected to Government as they ought to be. Whose Authority is certainly most *Sacred*, and their *Rule*, if it be tolerable, exceeding commendable, those in high Places having such strong Temptations from the Flatteries and Circumventions of cunning Parasites and forcible Attempts of *Things*, whereby they are attacked daily, and too often drawn into Mistakes before they are aware. Upon which, for others to insult, is a most savage and inhumane thing, and quite contrary to the Law of Charity, which is the indispensable Rule of a Christian, who cannot but think such Demeanors as coarse and barbarous, as the sporting at a man's breaking a limb by a fall from an horse, or his being cast into some desperate sickness. Besides, that to sport at such things is to give themselves the Lye; and when they would pretend them great and heinous Misdemeanours, to acknowledge them more slight; else how could they be the due Object of *Wit* and *Drollery*. I repeat it again, and indeed I have often and often thought of it, that Princes and grand Ministers of State that may seem to acquit themselves tolerably well, do really acquit themselves exceeding well, considering the high Temptations, they have, and are worthy of all loyal Affection and Honour. How highly then are those Princes to be honoured, and sincerely loved, who rule well, and have a real tender regard to the peace and welfare of all their Subjects. The other two parts of this Section are penned down so full and home, and with that briskness and Judgement, that nothing can be added that may not seem superfluous.

Sect. 4. *Such were the Platonick Anima Mundi, the Eternity and Immensity of the World, which, Sir, though I should not affirm, yet I would not at that time deny, &c.* This Passage is set down with caution and discretion, in that he professes that these Concessions were only *ad hominem*, and made so good use of, that he caught his Adversary in his own Net, who being forced by dint of Argument to acknowledge that the Phenomena of the World could not but be from a knowing Principle, but casting it upon his *Anima Mundi*, to avoid the Profession of a Deity, by his granting, (because of the Eternity and Immensity of the Matter) this *Anima* to be immense and eternal, as well as knowing, he was forced to acknowledge, in a considerable sort, a Deity whether he would or no. Better thus far than to be a downright



dall *Atheist*. But I must confess I do not hold any one an *Orthodox Deist*, that does not hold the *Matter* created of God, as well as contrived by his Wisdom into such *Phænomena* as appear in the World.

Besides, he might have puzzled and confounded the *Atheist* in demonstrating that the World (being an orderly continuance of things in successive motion and duration) could not be *ab æterno*. First, because it is plain and undeniable, that in successive duration every moment that is past, was sometime present, and therefore, since they all must be one after another that all, at least but one, were sometime to come. Which plainly evinces the World could not be *ab æterno*. Again, this is most certainly true, that be the World supposed as much *ab æterno* as you will, yet according to the order of Nature and Time, there was *Life* before there was any *Death*, and a *Standing* of Spirits before any *Fall*. He might here therefore demand of the *Atheist* how long it was e'er any *Death* was, or *Lapse* of any order of Beings to a worse State. Was it an infinity of time before that? And thirdly, and lastly, If there has been an eternal and infinite Succession of time till now, how come we to find our selves in being. For if from us, suppose in the time B, backwards, the Succession is infinite, it is likewise infinite *ab æterno*, or from A to B. And as he can never come in Succession to A, backward from B, because it is infinite, so succession from A to B, being alike infinite, it could never come to our turn to be in Being. Nothing but stable and unsuccessive duration can be infinite, where there is nothing past, nor to come. From this eternal *NUNC STANS*, wherein there is nothing to come, and which it is impossible to be successive (and therefore nothing by supposing it successive can be really argued from it) doth successive duration commence, which it is alike impossible to be eternal or infinite.

Indeed if the Infinity was not in Succession, but at once as infinite Space, I grant that we might be in a set point of it, which would look like the term of, suppose its Eastern Infinity butting upon us, from which Term you might conceive an infinite Line thence Eastward, and such as we nor any other moveable thing could get to the end of, it being infinite. And as certain it is, that no moveable thing which took its motion absolutely from the Eastern Infinity, could ever come to us, or to the Point where we are, the length being as infinite forwards from the Eastern Infinity, as it is back again thitherward from us, there being the same distance, as *Aristotle* somewhere speaks, from Thebes to Athens, and from Athens to Thebes. Which further may illustrate the Impossibility of finding our selves here in Being, if the successive duration of the World has been *ab æterno*. For it being as infinite from A to B as from B to A, it is manifest it could never fall to our share to exist the time we do, it being an infinite distance from A and never to be run through. This Point of the Impossibility of successive Durations being eternal or infinite, it is sufficient that I but touch on it here, I having so fully handled it in my *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, and clear'd it from all Objections and Evasions whatsoever. See cap. 10, and the *Scholia* thereon. Where also you may see how little reason there is to hold the *Matter* of the World infinite, and that it is part of the Essential Sanctity and singular Transcendency of the exalted Nature of God, that He alone be Eternal as to Duration, and Immense in Amplitude.

And the suffering God to be an *Anima Mundi*, though it served J. G. his turn at that bout, yet this also is hugely against the Essential Sanctity of the Divine Majesty, whose excellency it is infinitely below, to grow, as it were, into one *Suppositum* with the visible World.

Which error might be the main Foundation or Prop of much of the Idolatry of the ancient Pagans. There is no *Anima Mundi*, but what is purely a Creature, and that is the Spirit of Nature, so far from being a God, that it scarce has any Perception but only an Omnisform Plastic power, or Vital Laws of ordering the Matter of the World, imparted to it essentially from the Wisdom of God. To call this an *Anima Mundi*, may be Sense good enough. But the Platonick *Θεία Ψυχή*, or *Anima Divina*, which answers to the Holy Spirit in our Christian Trinity, they are the third Hypostases of the pure Deity in both, of an eternal, necessary, and immutable Essence and Existence, and therefore in no wise are creatural, but purely Divine, and were before ever the World was or could be.

And now the World is, there is no need of any Hypostatical Union betwixt the Platonick Divine Soul, and it, to be conscious of what things happen here, or to moderate the Matter of the World. For the latter is done by the Spirit of Nature, and the former requires no such Union, since we our selves have the perception of what is no part of our own *Suppositum*. But as we see things reflected from a Looking-glass, our Eye having no Hypostatical Union therewith, so are all the Energies of this exterior Creation reflected into the perception of the Deity, without any such derogatory Union of the Godhead therewith. According as is expressed in *Psychozoia*, Cant. 1. Stanz. 50.

In this clear shining Mirrour Psyche sees  
All that falls under Sense, what ere is done  
Upon the Earth, the Desarts shaken Trees,  
The mournful Winds, the solitary wonne  
Of dreaded Beasts, the Libyan Lions moan,  
When their hot Entrails scorch with hunger keen,  
And they to God for Meat do deeply groan,  
He hears their cry, he sees of them unseen,  
His Eyes encompass all that in the wide World been.

He sees the weary Traveller sit down  
In the vast Field oft-times with careful cheer,  
His chafed feet and the long way to Town  
His burning Thirst, Faintness, and Panick Fear,  
Because he sees not Him that stands so near,  
Fetch from his Soul deep sighs with count'nance sad,  
But He looks on to whom nought doth dis'pear.  
O happy Man that full persuasion had  
Of this, if right at home nought of him were ydrad.

And then again, Stanz. 54. there is more expressly mention of this Mirrour, even for the representing of Sounds to set out the perfectness of these exterior Perceptions in the Divine Nature, that they are rather Active than Passive, as *Scaliger* says the Sight is, though other Senses be not. Whence *ἐξῆρ*, signifying transitively, governs an Accusative Case, when other Verbs of sense govern a Genitive, as he is pleased to criticize. But the abovesaid Stanza is this.

Do not I see? I slumber not nor sleep,  
Do not I hear? each noise by shady Night,  
My Mirrour represents, when Mortals sleep  
Their languid Limbs in Morpheus dull delight,  
I hear such sounds as Adam's brood would fright.  
The doleful Echo's from the hollow Hill,  
Mock howling Wolves, the Woods with black delight,  
Answer rough Pan his Pipe, and eke his Skill,  
And all the Satyr-routs rude whoops and shoutings shrill.

According to that in the Book of Wisdom, chap. 1. v.  
7. For the Spirit of the Lord fills the whole World, and he



that containeth all things, hath knowledge of the Voice.

For as it is the height of the Excellency of the Divine Essence and Energy, not only to be infinite in itself, but also to be able to create another Essence with its Energy, distinct from itself, such as this orderly Universe is; so is it likewise the Perfection of the Divine Knowledge, besides that Intellectual Omniscience, which contains all the Natures and Ideas of things, and the whole comprehension of Providence, with the Series thereof from everlasting to everlasting all at once, unalterably and immoveably; which Intellectual Life, or Energy in God, is the *Áíov* of the Platonists, and the true Notion of Eternity, I say, it is likewise the Perfection of the Divine Knowledge to have the Perception of all the Energies of the Creation, as well when they are *in fieri*, and that they are now *in fieri*, when they were not before, as in that Intellectual comprehension which is at once from everlasting to everlasting. For in an infinite Life as God is, there can be no distraction, his *animadversion* necessarily being infinite. And if we do not give this exterior Perception to him, we cannot be assured, that he knows when we pray unto him. Which methinks would be a foul defect, and a great damp to our Devotion. When as the other opinion does not only encourage Devotion, but naturally strikes also a due awe and reverence towards him in our Addresses.

I know there are some dry Contemplators that would have God to have no new Perceptions, *pro re nata*, lest he might seem in a Physical sense alterable or mutable. But these are the very Cobwebs and *Quisquilie* of the Schools, who thinned and spread every Attribute of God to as infinite excess as they could, forgetting that one necessary Measure of all his Attributes, *That they be no further applied to him than they imply perfection*. Which is a thing worth our most serious consideration. And certainly it would be an Imperfection in God if he knew not things past that they are past, things present that they are present, and things to come, that they are yet to come. But he could not know them to be past when they were to come, or to be present when they are to come or past, or that they are yet to come when they are present. And therefore you must either make God ignorant of things here below, or make his exterior Perceptions change as the Scene of things change, *ad extra*, or else his Perceptions will prove false, which is intolerable to admit, either in Philosophy or Theology. Thus I have run out before I was aware, but I hope it is not an useless excursion. For nothing can move a Man more to do all things with all Faithfulness and Decorum, both in private and before Men, than to remember that the All-present God is really a Hearer of his Words, and Seer of his Actions.

That he had run through the several Stages of modern Sects, not stopping till he came down to that sink of folly and madness Quakerism, and thence made a step into Atheism, &c. This is a remarkable passage of his Letter, and worth our considering. I must confess, that his expression here of the condition of Quakerism, is very sharp and Satyrical, to call it that sink of Madness and Folly. Which therefore I conceive he spake with an eye to their first appearance, which was very uncouth and frantick, and not at all like the appearance of the Apostles of Jesus Christ, but as it were of so many Demoniacks. Which Scene, though true, being so unpleasant, I will not repeat here, having spoke enough of it in my *Mystery of Godliness*, lib. 4. cap. 6. and lib. 10. cap. 13. And the precedent Story of him at Balsam, that was inveigled in Quakerism, is of the same suit. But to deal impartially touching them, if we take our measures from Robert Barclay's Apology, which represents them as they were when he wrote, which is not passing five or six years

ago, they are very much changed from what they were first, for the better, and a most just and impartial estimate I have made of them, and of their way, in my *Scholium* upon my *Divine Dialogues*, Dialog. 5. Sect. 15. Which he that is curious, may peruse in the second Tome of my *Volumen Philosophicum*. But that Apology of R. Barclay's, was many years after this Letter of Joseph Glanvil to my self, which may the better excuse him for the severity of this passage. And how natural and easie a step there is out of Enthusiasm into Atheism, I have noted in my *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus*.

But of what danger it is to forsake the Communion of the Truly Catholick Church, such as is purged from the gross dregs of Antichristian Superstition and Idolatry, the example of him at Balsam and this Atheist, whom J. G. conversed with, are egregious Instances. To forsake the sentiments of the ancient Apostolick Church (for such are the Reformed Churches freed from the filth of the predicted Apostasie, and such in a special manner is the Church of England) to follow any private Spirit is such a piece of folly and giddiness, that the extravagance thereof is above expression, and the danger so obvious, that they must be very blind and stupid that discern it not at first sight. All are not born to be Philosophers or Theologers, and to have a faculty to decide Controversies by the edge of their own Wit and Reason. Wherefore it is both their duty and safety to adhere to the sense of the Church Catholick before the Apostasie, such as it was for about Four hundred years after Christ. Within which time the Divinity of Christ, and the Trinity of the Godhead was professed as publick Articles of the Church, and the distinction of Bishops and Presbyters owned. Whence it is demonstrable how innocent the one is, and how Orthodox the other. For if the Articles of the Divinity of Christ, and Trinity of the Godhead were false, they had also been Idolatrous, and the Apostasie had begun much sooner than it is predicted to begin in that admirable Book of Prophecies, the Apocalypse. Nor were the late Reformation, which yet certainly it is (and I have undeniably demonstrated it in the Second Part of my Appendage to my Exposition of Daniel's Visions) the Rising of the Witnesses. For they had been strange Witnesses that should still profess the Divinity of Christ, and Trinity of the Godhead, if those Articles were false, since it necessarily follows that they were *ipso facto*, grossly Idolatrous; or retained Episcopacy, if it had been Antichristian. These things are so exceeding plain, that no man can deny them that has Parts and Leisure, and without prejudice considers them. And if the Sectaries that pretend so much to the Spirit above others, had the Spirit of interpreting and understanding Prophecies aright, it would convince them of their Error and Schism. But if this slowly goes down with them, they are to examine themselves, if it be not an Humour in them to deny any such Symmetrical times of the Church, for about four hundred Years, that they may still find matter for eternal Cavils and Schisms.

But now the main Articles of our Faith being thus redoubledly assured to us, both by the Symmetricalness of the Primitive Times for about four hundred Years, and the Testimonies of the Risen Witnesses, of which Political Resurrection, neither Quaker, Familist, nor Socinian partook of, as appears by the Harmony of Confessions of the Reformed Churches, no reformed Church owning their Opinions, how just, how sober, and Christian a thing is it for every private Man to adhere to this common Faith touching these main Articles, and not to commit himself to these *Ignes Fatui* of private Spirits, which may lead him so about as at last to plunge him into the Dregs of Atheism, as it happened to this Gentleman?



That Spirit which leads from the *Communion of the Antient Apostolick Church* (which is as a light set upon an Hill, and so certainly to be known by those two Characters abovementioned) and carries Men into the dark holes of *Schismatical* Conventicles, is most assuredly, let them pretend to what they will, a Spirit of Errour, and a delusion of the Devil, and a certain Symptome that such Men are *Carnal*, as highly as they think of themselves, *having not the Spirit*, most assuredly having not the Spirit in that measure whereby they become such living Members of the *true Catholick Church*, which is the *Body of Christ*, that they plainly feel what hurts it, at least what palpably stops its growth, what wounds it, what hazards the very Life and being of it. Can they pretend to the *Spirit of Christ*, in any due measure, that are devoid of this necessary Sympathy and Sense of the common good of his *Body*, and the interest of his *Kingdom*, which is *Reformed Christendom*. The enemies whereof what do they desire? what do they endeavour more than to divide and subdivide us? to hurry us into *Opinions and Practices* as unlike the ancient Apostolick Church as may be; to make us appear as whimsical, and ungovernable as they can, thereby to expose us to *contempt and loathing*, and to harden the hearts of the Princes and Prelates of *Christendom* against a just Reformation, and those that have Reformed, to make them half sick and weary of the Reformation, by Reason of the unsettledness and distraction of the people. Does the Spirit of Christ then lead to the destroying, and laying waste his own Church and Kingdom? Certainly that Spirit that hinders the growth, and hazards the Being of the Kingdom of *Christ*, must be not the *Spirit of God*, but the *Spirit of Giddiness, of Errour and Delusion*.

Wherefore the ancient Authority of the Church, while it was *Symmetrical*, is to be acknowledged, and those main points, touching *Faith and Worship*, to be adhered to, and professed, the Holy Ghost having set his Seal thereto in those Divine Prophecies of the *Apocalypse*, and this detestable *Pride* and loathsome *Ingratitude* (whenas things are so well settled by lawful Authority in the late *Rising of the Witnesses*) thus to break from so *Authentick a Constitution*, and set up *Schismatical Congregations*, is heartily to be repented of, nor are we any longer to be deluded by that false Spirit, that under pretence of bringing in a more pure and Spiritual Dispensation, undermines and hazards the very Being of the true Kingdom of Christ, by this odious Spectacle of Multifarious Schisms.

It is not the breath of any meer Man that can convey the Spirit of God to us, and it is a false pretence of these high-flown *Spiritualists*, that think that in their *Schismatical* Worship they have nearer Communion with God, than those that adhere to the way of the Ancient Apostolick *Faith and Practice*. For they in their Meetings are but taught by *Men*, and those speaking the sense of a *Private Spirit*, they being Straglers from the Epd of Christ, as having bid adieu to the Ancient Catholick and Apostolick Church; Of which yet the Church of England, which they have forsaken, is a genuine part, and therefore its *Ministry* more safe and authoritative, they speaking the sense of the ancient Apostolick Church, not any blind Conceits or Fancies of their own. And for the saving Operations of the *Spirit*, nothing is more inculcated than that in our Publick Service. Nor is the *Ministry of Man* so much the Conveyer of it, as the *Sincerity of the Party*, who desires to partake of it. It is the Gift of Christ to the Sincere, who has told us from his own Mouth here upon Earth, *That blessed are they which hunger and thirst after Righteousness, for they shall be satisfied*.

It is not the hearing of a *gracious* Man once or twice a week, or being present sometimes in the Meetings whether *Silent or Vocal*, of a Company of fullen *Melancholists*, or *Histrionical Mock-Prophets*, but a firm and unshaken *Faith* in the Power of the *promised Spirit of Christ*, for the subduing our Corruptions, a fixt and continued Resolution of not offending the God of Heaven in any thing small or great, a close Guard upon our Words and Actions, as having a sense of the Presence of the Divine Majesty all the day long, a perpetual Exercise of mortifying the Impetuosities of our own Will, and of extinguishing all the sweet Relishes of Self-interest and Vain-glory, and a constant endeavour of wholly resigning our selves to God and his Service, who has wholly made us Body and Soul, and strictly and conscientiously walking according to His Will revealed in his written Word, that is the method of attaining to a more near Communion with God, and the only way of more fully participating of his Spirit. And this certainly may as well be done holding still Communion with the Church of England, as in any new-fangled Way, that either the *Cunning of Man*, or *Subtily of Satan* can invent. And therefore it is rather a wanton kind of *Hypocrisy* in Men, or *Insincerity* to true Religion indeed, that makes them break from the *Established Religion of the Church of England*, reformed according to the old *Symmetrical and Apostolical Pattern*, than any colour of Necessity driving them thereto.

And thus much briefly to those high-flown *Spiritualists*. But what I now shall utter is still more weighty, forasmuch as it concerns a greater number of Men, that have an honest inclination to Religion, but their Education, Parts, and Calling does not capacitate them to make so strict inquiry into the Doctrines thereof, as others may make, but seek some *External Authority* to support their Faith, and thereby lye obnoxious to the solicitations of the *Emissaries of Rome*, who boast so much in the *safe Anchorage* of their Church. To those Men therefore I appeal, what can be more safe for them than to adhere to the *Authority and Profession of the Ancient Apostolick, and truly Catholick Church*, such as it was found before the *Apostasy*, and is born witness to in the Oracles of the Holy Scripture, as I have above declared; To adhere, I say, and keep close to this steady Rock, and stop their Ears against the vain pretences of any idle *Fanatical New-Lights*, or bold *Enthusiasts*. Now he that adheres to the Church of England, does adhere to this ancient Apostolick Church, the Church of England, being reformed to that Pattern, as to the Frame of *Government*, and *Articles of Faith*, and for the Precepts of an holy Life, besides what occurs in our *Liturgy, Litany, and Catechism*, they are so plain in the Scripture, and so fully and effectually declared by those of our own Church in *Printed Sermons*, and several other Writings, to say nothing of the good Preaching up and down, that no well-minded Christian can want any due Instruction.

This is a Consideration, the best accommodate, that I know, to keep us all in one, which is to acknowledge the *Authority and Undeceivedness* in matters of any moment, though not *Undeceivedness* or *Infallibility* of the ancient Catholick Church before the *Apostasy* came in. Which true and just ground will give us all the Advantages and more, than that false Boast of the *Roman Church*, as if *She*, forsooth, were *Infallible*, and therefore irrefragable. When as that one Tenent of *Transubstantiation* alone, sufficiently demonstrates it to be a shameless Pretence, that Doctrine being plainly a Fardel of *Impossibilities and Contradictions*, to say nothing of their infinite *Superstitions, Impostures, and gross Idola-*



tries, and barbarous and bloody *Persecutions*, and *Murders*, for not submitting to them. So that she is a Church all over besmeared with *Sordidly-gainful Superstitions*, *Idolatries*, and *Blood*. And therefore she being deprehended so grossly and enormously *Erroneous* or *Imposturous* and *Deceitful*, and supporting all her impious Opinions upon that single pretence of her *Infallibility*, she has manifestly forfeited her Credit before all the World, and most justly lost her Authority, that no Man can, unless he be bewitched, lean upon this broken Reed of *Egypt*, which is a fictitious and certainly false pretence to *Infallibility* by an apostatized Church shamelessly obtruding upon those they can deceive, all the Abominations that are declared against in *Daniel* and the *Apocalypse*, where the *Visions* represent the state of those times into which this grand Apostasy fell. What Blindness therefore or Madness is it in any Man to repose himself on the Authority of such a Church. God open the Eyes of all Men that mean sincerely in Religion, that they never fall into such a foul Ditch as this. But the Church of *England* keeping to the ancient *Symmetrical* Church, to whom the Divine Oracles bear witness, is in truth *infallible* in the main Points abovementioned, and in all things else material to Salvation, and therefore all sorts of People learned and unlearned may safely embosom themselves in her so long as she continues such, which I wish may be for ever.

In the time we see what a mighty Advantage it would be if that, as our own Church in particular, so all the *Reformed Churches* would jointly exhibit the same unexceptionable Pattern of Antiquity to be followed that bears a just Authority with it, which the generality of Men may safely rely on, and that *Independency* and the *Guidance of private Spirits* seducing Men from the *National Churches* fram'd to that ancient Platform, were quite out of fashion in all *Reformed Christendom*, and that all Men with alacrity of Mind, and sincerely loyal Affections, would shew themselves morigerous to their Supreme Governours. For this is the only effectual and warrantable way that I can conceive for the enlarging the *Kingdom of our Lord Jesus*, and the over-throwing the *Dominion of Antichrist*. The other Scene of things, as I noted above, hardens the hearts of the Princes and Prelates of Christendom, who cannot but think it a sorry Exchange to accept of *Presbytery*, which would prove but a *Democratical Papacy*, for the *Order of Episcopacy*, or a dismal Spectacle, to see the Body of Christ mouldered into an infinity of *Sects* and *Schisms*, as a dead Carcass dissolved into a multitude of crawling Worms, and the decent Grandeur and Splendour of the Church to

dwindle into dispersed Companies of obscure Conventicles, and the just and honourable Revenues of it, to shrink into the poor *Arbitrarious Pittancies* of either the appointment of the *State*, or uncertain *Benevolence* of the *Fickle People*. That Scene of things, I say, cannot but harden their hearts against listening to never so just a Reformation for the further enlargement of Christ's Kingdom, and hazard the very *Being* of the *Reformed Churches*. Whenas this way, which I wish may obtain, would silence *Atheism* and *Fanaticism* at once, and be the readiest means of bringing on those happy times of the Church which God has promised and predicted by the Mouth of his holy Prophets.

But this is the gross Iniquity and Madness of the *Sectaries*, that they think so goodly and choicely every one of their own Party, that they think it worth the while to hazard the safety of *Reformed Christendom* to support any how, and keep up for the present, the small freaks and conceits of their own self-chosen Way and Sect. Than which nothing can be conceived more enormous and outrageous amongst the dealings of the Sons of Men, to bring into imminent danger so solemn and *sacrosanct* a Constitution as the *Reformation*, for the dreams and opinions of *private Spirits*, which no sober Christian would hazard for small indifferent dispensable things, though they had the stamp of *publick allowance* upon them, which it is, and ought to be, in the hand of the Sovereign Power to alter for the common good. And verily this *Fanatical* distemper is so heinous and abominable, that they that are on the right side, ought to take heed how in the least shew they imitate it. For a Man may be *factiously* affected, even in a right cause, and bear an over-proportionated zeal for things of smaller concern, out of an over-heightened Animosity against the present Sects, to the hazarding of the quiet settlement of the Whole. And, if any one be so affected, I appeal to the sober, if he may not justly be reputed to play the *Sectarian* himself, though it be against the *Sectaries*. No such Care for our Breaches and Wounds as the most profound *Humility* in all Parties, and *unfeigned mutual Love and Charity*. Of which Virtues or Graces whosoever is found destitute, let him call himself (of whatever denomination) *Christian*, as loud as he please, he has really in him not one spark of *saving Christianity*.

Thus have I run out again further than I was aware of, one thing drawing on another. But I hope I have hit on some things, which if seriously considered, and duly improved by those that are most concerned, may contribute their share, to the peace and settlement of the Church of *Christ*, which should be the aim and desire of us all.



AN  
ACCOUNT  
Of what happen'd in the  
KINGDOM  
OF  
SWEDEN

In the Years 1669, 1670. and upwards.

IN  
Relation to some Persons that were  
accused for *WITCHES*;  
AND  
Tryed and Executed

By the King's Command.

Together with the Particulars of a very sad Accident  
that befel a Boy at *Malmoe* in *Schonen*, in the Year  
1678. by the means of Witchcraft, attested by the  
Ablest and most Judicious Men of that Town.

*Both Translated out of High-Dutch into English.*

By *Anthony Horneck*, D. D.

LONDON,

Printed for *S. Lownds*, M DC LXXXVIII.

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER,

Shewing what Credit may be given to the  
Matter of Fact, related in the ensuing  
Narrative.

**T**hat we are to believe nothing, but what we  
have seen, is a Rule so false, that we  
dare not call our selves rational Crea-  
tures, and avouch it; yet as irrational as the  
Maxim is, 'tis become modish with some Men, and  
those no very mean Wits neither, to make use of it;  
and though they will hardly own it in its full lati-  
tude, yet when it comes to Particulars, let the Rea-  
sons to the contrary be never so pregnant or convin-  
cing, they'll hugg it as their sacred Anchor, and  
laugh at all those credulous Wretches, that without

seeing, are so easily chous'd into an imprudent Con-  
fidence. And this pitiful Stratagem we find practi-  
sed in no affair so much, as that of Spirits and  
Witches and Apparitions, which must all be Fan-  
cies, and Hypochondriack Dreams, and the Effects of  
distemper'd Brains, because their own are so dull  
as not to be able to pierce into those Mysteries. I  
do not deny but the Imagination may be, and is some-  
time deluded; and melancholy People may fancy they  
hear Voices, and see very strange things, which  
have no other Foundation but their own Weakness,  
and like Bubbles break into Air, and nothing, by  
their own vanity.

Yet as no Man doth therefore take unpolisht Dia-  
monds to be Pebbles, because they do look like them, so  
neither must all Passages of this nature, we hear  
or read of, be traduced as Self-conceit, or derided  
as Old Wives Fables, because some smell strong of  
Imposture and Sophistication. We believe men of  
Reason and Experience, and free from Fumes, when  
a Person of ordinary Intellectuals finds no great cre-  
dit with us; and if we think our selves wise for  
so doing, why should any Man so much forget him-



self, as to be an Infidel in point of such Phenomena's, when even the most judicious Men have had experience in such Passages? It seems to me no less than Madness to contradict what both wise and unwise Men do unanimously agree in; and how Jews, Heathens, Mahometans, and Christians, both learned and unlearned, should come to conspire into this Cheat, as yet seems to me unaccountable. If some few Melancholy Monks, or old Women had seen such Ghosts and Apparitions, we might then suspect, that what they pretend to have seen might be nothing, but the effect of a disordered Imagination; but when the whole World, as it were, and Men of all Religions, Men of all Ages too, have been forced by strong Evidences, to acknowledge the truth of such Occurrences, I know not what strength there can be in the Argument, drawn from the consent of Nations in things of a sublimer nature, if here it be of no Efficacy. Men that have attempted to evade the Places of Scripture, which speak of Ghosts and Witches, we see, how they are forced to turn and wind the Texts, and make in a manner Noses of Wax of them, and rather squeeze than gather the Sense, as if the holy Writers had spoke like Sophisters, and not like Men, who made it their Business to condescend to the capacity of the Common people. Let a Man put no force at all on those Passages of holy Writ, and then try what Sense they are like to yield. It is strange to see, how some Men have endeavoured to elude the story of the Witch of Endor; and as far as I can judge, play more Hocus-pocus Tricks in the Explication of that Passage, than the Witch herself did in raising the deceased Samuel. To those Straits is Falshood driven, while Truth loves Plain, and undisguised Expressions; and Errour will seek out Holes and Labyrinths to hide it self, while Truth plays above-board, and scorns the subterfuges of the Sceptick Interpreter. Men and Brethren, why should it seem a thing incredible with you, that God should permit Spirits to appear, and the Devil to exert his Power among Men on Earth? Hath God ever engaged his Word to the contrary? Or is it against the nature of Spirits to form themselves new Vehicles and visible Shapes, or to animate grosser Substances to shew themselves to Mortals upon certain Occasions?

I am so much a Prophet, as to foresee what will be the Fate of the ensuing Story, nor can I suppose that upon the reading of it, Mens Verdicts will be much changed from what they were, if they have set up this Resolution, to believe nothing that looks like the shadow of an Apparition, though the things mentioned here, cannot be unknown to any that have been conversant with foreign Affairs of late Years. And though there cannot be a greater Evidence, than the Testimony of a whole Kingdom, yet your nicer Men will think it a Disparagement to them to believe it; nor will it ever extort Assent from any, that build the Reputation of their Wit upon contradicting what hath been received by the vulgar.

The Passages here related wrought so great a Consternation, not only on the Natives, but Strangers too, that the Heer Christian Rumpf, then Resident for the States General at Stockholm, thought himself obliged to send away his little Son for Holland, lest he should be endangered by those villanous Practices, which seem'd to threaten all the Inhabitants of the Kingdom. And he that doubts of it may be satisfied at Dr. Harrel's in St. James's Park, to whom the Letter was written. And a Friend of mine in Town, being then in Holstein, remembers very well that the Duke of Holstein sent an Express to the King of Sweden, to know the truth of this famous Witchcraft: To whom the King modestly replied, That his Judges and Commissioners had caused divers Men, Women, and Children to be burnt and executed upon such pregnant Evidences, as were brought before them; but whether the Actions they confessed, and which were proved against them, were real, or only Effects of strong Imagination, he was not as yet able to determine.

Add to all this, that the Circumstances mentioned in the ensuing Narrative, as I am informed, are at this day to be seen in the Royal Chancery at Stockholm; and a Person of my Acquaintance offered to procure me a Copy of them under the hands of publick Registers, if I desired it: Not to mention that in the year 72. Baron Sparr, who was sent Embassadour from the Crown of Sweden to the Court of England, did upon his Ward aver the Matter of Fact recorded here, to be undoubtedly true, to several Persons of Note and Eminency, with other Particulars, stranger than those set down in these Papers. And to this Purpose divers Letters were sent from Sweden and Hamburgh to several Persons here in London; insomuch, that should a Man born in, or acquainted with those Parts, hear any Person dispute the Truth of it, he would wonder where People have lived, or what sullen Humour doth possess them, to disbelieve that, which so many thousands in that Kingdom have felt the sad Effect of.

Since the first Edition, it hath been my fortune to be acquainted with the Lord Leyonbergh, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Sweden, living in York Buildings, with whom discoursing about these Affairs, I found that the Account he gave, agreed, for the most part, with what is mentioned in the Narrative; and because his Testimony, being a publick Person, may be of some moment in a thing relating to that Kingdom, I have here set it down in his own Words.

Having read this Narrative, I could do no less, than upon the Request of the Translator and Publisher of this Story, acknowledge, that to my best Remembrance, and according to the



best Reports that have been made to me, the Matter of Fact mentioned in it, is true, and that the Witches confessed such things, and were accordingly Executed. Witness my Hand,

London,  
March 8,  
1682.

LEYONBERGH.

*I do not take upon me to justify the Truth of what the Witches said, for dealing with the Father of Lies, it's probable, Veracity is not a Vertue, that they greatly study, yet that the Devil speaks truth sometimes, is a thing so far from being impossible, that if we give credit to the Sacred History, we must grant that all, he saith, is not False, or Erroneous. All, I design, at this time, is only to suggest that it is not altogether irrational to conceive, that he, or his Emissaries are capable of such Actions and Pranks, as are related in these Papers.*

*That a Spirit can lift up Men and Women, and grosser Substances, and convey them through the Air, I question no more, than I doubt that the Wind can overthrow Houses, or drive Stones, and other heavy Bodies upward from their Centre. And were I to make a person of a dull understanding, apprehend the nature of a Spirit, I would represent it to him under the Notion of an Intelligent Wind, or a strong Wind, informed by a highly Rational Soul; as a Man may be called an intelligent piece of Earth. And this Notion David seemed to favour, when speaking of these Creatures, Psalm 104. 4. he tells us, that God makes his Angels Wind, for in the Original it's רוח and most certainly if they be so, they must be reasonable windy Substances; nor doth the Expression, which immediately follows, in that Verse, cross this Exposition, viz. That he makes his Ministers a flaming Fire; for it's no new Opinion, that some of those invisible Substances are of a Fiery, and others of an A fiery Nature; and as we see, God gives Rational Creatures here on Earth, Bodies composed of grosser Matter, why should it seem incongruous for him to give Rational Creatures above us, Bodies of a subtiler and thinner Matter, or such Matter, as those higher Regions do afford? and if Wind breaking forth from the Caverns of Hills and Mountains have such force, as makes us very often stand amazed at the effects, what Energy might we suppose to be in Wind, were it inform'd by Reason, or a Reasonable Being?*

*And though I cannot comprehend the Philosophy of the Devils committing Venereal Acts, and having Children, and those Children upon their Copulation bringing forth Toads and Serpents, yet I can very rationally conceive, that having more than ordinary power over Matter, he can either animate dead Bodies, and by the help of them commit those Villanies, which modesty bids us to conceal; or some other way compound, and thicken Atomes into what*

*shape he pleases, especially if he meet with no hinderance from a higher power. And he that was permitted, as we see in the Gospel, to possess and actuate living Men, and do with them almost what he pleased, why may not he commit wickedness by such Instruments, and cast Mists before the Witches eyes, that they may not know who they are? And he that could in Ægypt produce Frogs, either real or counterfeit ones, Why may not he be supposed to be able to produce such Toads and Serpents out of any mis-shapen Creatures, and Lumps of Matter, of his own compounding, at least represent the shapes of them to the deluded Witches, that they shall imagine them to be really such things, as they seem to be. Nor is this to be admired in the Devil more than Tricks are in Jugglers, who by slight of Art can represent things to the ignorant Spectator, which he shall be ready to swear to be real, though they are nothing less, and I suppose we may allow the Devil a greater degree of cunning, than an ordinary Juggler.*

*However, Spirits that know the nature of material things better than the deepest Philosophers, and understand better, how things are joined, and compounded, and what the Ingredients of terrestrial Productions are, and see things (grosser things at least) in their first principles, and have power over the Air, and other Elements, and have a thousand ways of shaping things and representing them to the external Senses of vicious Men, what may not they be supposed to be able to do, (if they have but God's permission to exert their power) and that God doth sometimes permit such things, we have reason to believe, who read what Signs and Wonders Simon Magus, and Apollonius Tyanæus wrought by the power of darkness, and how not a few men sin to that degree, that God suffers them to be led captive by the Devil, and dooms them to that slavery we read of in the Revelation, He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.*

*Spirits by being Devils do not lose their nature; and let any man in sober sadness consider, what Spirits are said to be able to do in Scripture, and what they have done, and compare those passages with what is said in the following Relation, and he will not think those things, the Witches confessed, altogether impossible.*

*Yet still, as I said before, I do not pretend to be their Advocate, but shall leave it to the Reader to judge of the truth, or untruth of their Confessions, as he sees occasion, only beg of him not to condemn every thing as a falsehood, before due consideration of what Spirits are capable of doing.*

*That in so great a multitude as were Accused, Condemned, and Executed for Witches, there might be some who suffered unjustly, and owed their death more to the Malice of their Neighbours, than to their Skill in the Black Art, I will readily grant; nor will I deny, that when the News of these Transactions, and how the Children bewitched, fell into Fits, and strange unusual Postures, spread abroad in the Kingdom, some fearful and credulous People, if they saw their*



Children any way disordered, might think they were bewitched, or ready to be carried away by Imps; This happens in all consternations, and our fears make us see that, which unbyassed Eyes cannot perceive; and of this, a Gentleman, who was an Ear-witness, gave me this instance, of a Minister's Child of his Acquaintance not far from Stockholm, who being told, and assured by his Wife, that the Child was carried to Blockula every night, and convey'd back into his bed again, resolved to sit up with the Boy, and see whether any Devil durst be so bold as to snatch him out of his Arms. The Child went to Bed, and between twelve and one of the Clock at night, began to groan in his sleep, and seemed to shiver a little, at the sight whereof the Mother began to weep and mourn, thinking that the Child was just going to be snatcht away, but her Husband smiling at the Conceit, and pleading with her, that the Child's laying his Arms out of Bed might be the cause of these symptoms, took the Child in his Arms, and there kept him till towards two or three of the Clock, but no Spirit came or meddled with him, yet was his Wife so possessed with the conceit, or fear of Transportation, that his strongest Arguments could scarce make her believe the contrary; and the same Person, (a near Relation of the aforesaid Envoy) added; how much Malice and Ill-Nature was able to effect, whereof he gave this Example, which himself saw, and could testifie the truth of, viz. how in the year, 1676. at Stockholme, a young Woman accused her own Mother of being a Witch, and swore positively, that she carried her away at night; whereupon both the Judges and Ministers of the Town exhorted her to Confession and Repentance; But she stily denied the Allegations, pleaded Innocence, and though they burnt another Witch before her Face, and lighted the Fire, she her self was to burn in, before her, yet she still justified her self, and continued to do so to the last, and continuing so, was burnt. She had indeed been a very bad Woman, but it seems this crime she was free from, for within a fortnight, or three weeks after, her Daughter which had accused her, came to the Judges in open Court (weeping and howling) and confessed that she had wronged her Mother, and unjustly out of a spleen, she had against her for not gratifying her in a thing, she desired, had charged her with that Crime which she was as innocent of, as the Child unborn; whereupon the Judges gave order for her execution too.

There is no publick Calamity, but some ill People will serve themselves of the sad Providence, and make use of it for their own ends, as Thieves, when a House or Town is on Fire, will steal and filch what they can; yet as there is no Fable, but hath some Foundation in History, so when wicked people make use of such Arguments against the persons they hate, it's a sign there was such a thing, that gave them occasion to fix the calumny; and had not such things been done before, they could not have any colour for their Villany.

I could add a known passage, that happen'd in the

year 1659, at Crossen in Silesia, of an Apothecary's Servant. The chief Magistrate of that Town at that time was the Princess Elizabeth Charlotta, a person famous in her generation. In the Spring of the year one Christopher Monigk, a Native of Serbest, a Town belonging to the Princes of Anhalt, Servant to an Apothecary, died and was buried with the usual Ceremonies of the Lutheran Church. A few days after his decease, a shape exactly like him in face, cloths, stature, mien, &c. appeared in the Apothecary's Shop, where he would set himself down, and walk sometimes, and take the Boxes, Pots, Glasses off of the Shelves, and set them again in their places, and sometimes try, and examine the goodness of the Medicines, weigh them in a pair of Scales, pound the Druggs with a mighty noise in a Mortar, nay, serve the people, that came with their Bills to the Shop, take their Money, and lay it up safe in the Counter; in a word, do all things that a Journeyman in such cases uses to do. He looked very ghastly upon those, that had been his Fellow Servants, who were afraid to say any thing to him; and his Master being sick at that time of the Gout, he was often very troublesome to him, would take the Bills that were brought him, out of his hand, snatch away the Candle sometimes, and put it behind the Stove; At last, he took a Cloak that hung in the Shop, put it on and walked abroad, but minding no body in the Streets, went along, entred into some of the Citizens Houses, and thrust himself into Company, especially of such as he had formerly known, yet saluted no body, nor spoke to any one but to a Maid-Servant, whom he met hard by the Church-yard, and desired to go home to his Master's house, and dig in a Ground-Chamber, where she would find an inestimable Treasure; but the Maid amazed at the sight of him, swooned; whereupon he lift her up, but left such a mark upon her Flesh with lifting her, that it was to be seen for some time after. The Maid having recovered her self, went home, but fell desperately sick upon it, and in her Sickness discovered what Monigk had said to her; and accordingly they digged in the place, she had named, but found nothing but an old decayed Pot, with a Hæmatites or Blood-Stone in it. The Princess hereupon caused the young Man's body to be digged up, which they found putrefied with purulent Matter, flowing from it; and the Master being advised to remove the young Man's Goods, Linen, Cloth, and things, he left behind him when he died, out of the House, the Spirit thereupon left the House, and was heard of no more. And this some people now living will take their Oath upon, who very well remember they saw him after his decease, and the thing being so notorious, there was instituted a publick Disputation about it in the Academy of Leipzig\*, by one Henry Conrad, who disputed for his Doctor's Degree in the University. And this

\* By reason of my absence from the Press, there was a mistake in the former Edition, where it is Wittemberg.

puts me in mind of an Apothecary at Reichenbach in Silesia, about fifteen years ago (I had it from a



very credible Witnesses) who after his death appeared to divers of his acquaintance, and cried out, that in his life time he had poisoned several Men with his Drugs. Whereupon the Magistrates of the Town after consultation, took up his Body, and burnt it; which being done, the Spirit disappeared, and was seen no more. But if the Stories related in the preceding Book are

not sufficient to convince Men, I am sure an example from beyond Sea will gain no credit. It's enough that I have shewn Reasons which may induce my Reader to believe that he is not imposed upon by the following Narrative; and that it is not in the nature of those Pamphlets, they cry about the Streets, containing very dreadful News from the Country, of Armies fighting in the Air.

# A RELATION OF THE Strange Witchcraft

Discovered in the  
Village *Mobra* in *Swedeland*,

*Taken out of the publick Register of the Lords Commissioners, appointed by his Majesty the King of Sweden, to examine the whole business, in the Years of our Lord 1669. and 1670.*

THE News of this Witchcraft coming to the King's Ear, his Majesty was pleased to appoint Commissioners, some of the Clergy, and some of the Laity, to make a Journey to the Town aforesaid, and to examine the whole business; and accordingly the Examination was ordered to be on the 13th of August; and the Commissioners met on the 12th instant, in the said Village, at the Parson's House, to whom both the Minister and several people of fashion complained with tears in their Eyes, of the miserable condition they were in, and therefore begg'd of them to think of some way, whereby they might be delivered from that Calamity. They gave the Commissioners very strange Instances of the Devils Tyranny among them; how by the help of Witches, he had drawn some Hundreds of Children to him, and made them subject to his power; how he hath been seen to go in a visible shape through the Country, and appeared daily to the people; how he had wrought upon the poorer sort, by presenting them with Meat and Drink, and this way allured them to himself, with other circumstances to be mentioned hereafter. The Inhabitants of the Village added, with very great lamentations; that though their Children had told all, and themselves sought God very earnestly by Prayer, yet they were carried away by him; and therefore begg'd of the Lords Commissioners to root out this hellish Crew, that they might regain their former rest and quietness; and the rather, because the Children which used to be carried away in the County or District of *Elfdale*, since some Witches had been burnt there, remained unmolested.

That day, i. e. the 13th of August, being the last Humiliation-day Instituted by Authority for removing of this Judgment, the Commissioners went to Church, where there appeared a considerable Assembly both of young and old: the Children could read most of them, and sing Psalms, and so could the Women, though not

with any great zeal or fervor. There were preached two Sermons that day, in which the miserable case of those people, that suffered themselves to be deluded by the Devil, was laid open; and these Sermons were at last concluded with very fervent Prayer.

The Publick Worship being over, all the people of the Town were called together to the Parson's House, near Three thousand of them. Silence being Commanded, the King's Commission was read publickly in the hearing of them all, and they were charged under very great Penalties to conceal nothing of what they knew, and to say nothing but the truth; those especially, who were guilty, that the Children might be delivered from the Clutches of the Devil. They all promised obedience; the guilty feignedly, but the guiltless weeping and crying bitterly.

On the 14th of August the Commissioners met again, consulting how they might withstand this dangerous Flood; after long deliberation, an Order also coming from his Majesty, they did resolve to execute such, as the matter of fact could be proved upon; Examination being made, there were discovered no less than Threescore and ten in the Village aforesaid, Three and twenty of which freely confessing their Crimes, were condemned to dye; the rest, one pretending she was with Child, and the other denying and pleading not guilty, were sent to *Fahluna*, where most of them were afterwards Executed.

Fifteen Children which likewise confessed that they were engaged in this Witchery, died as the rest; Six and thirty of them between nine and sixteen years of age, who had been less guilty, were forced to run the Gantlet; Twenty more, who had no great inclination, yet had been seduced to those hellish Enterprizes, because they were very young, were Condemned to be lash'd with Rods upon their hands, for three Sundays together at the Church-door; and the aforesaid Six and



thirty were also doom'd to be lashed this way once a Week for a whole Year together. The number of the Seduced Children was about Three hundred.

On the twenty fifth of *August*, Execution was done upon the notoriously guilty, the day being bright and glorious, and the Sun shining, and some thousands of people being present at the Spectacle. The Order and Method observed in the Examination was thus:

First, The Commissioners and the Neighbouring Justices went to Prayer; this done, the Witches, who had most of them Children with them, which they either had Seduced, or attempted to Seduce, from four years of age to sixteen, were set before them. Some of the Children complained lamentably of the misery and mischief they were forced sometime to suffer of the Witches.

The Children being asked whether they were sure, that they were at any time carried away by the Devil; they all declared they were, begging of the Commissioners that they might be freed from that intolerable Slavery.

Hereupon the Witches themselves were asked, whether the Confessions of these Children, were true, and admonished to confess the truth, that they might turn away from the Devil unto the living God. At first, most of them did very stily, and without shedding the least Tear deny it, though much against their Will and Inclination.

After this, the Children were Examined, every one by themselves, to see whether their Confession did agree or no; and the Commissioners found that all of them, except some very little ones, who could not tell all the Circumstances, did punctually agree in the confession of Particulars.

In the mean while the Commissioners that were of the Clergy examined the Witches, but could not bring them to any Confession, all continuing stedfast in their denials, till at last some of them burst out into Tears, and their Confession agreed with what the Children had said. And these expressed their Abhorrency of the Fact, and begg'd pardon; adding, that the Devil, whom they call'd *Loeyta*, had stop't the Mouths of some of them, and stop't the Ears of others; and being now gone from them, they could no longer conceal it, for they now perceived his Treachery.

The Confession which the Witches made in *Elfdale*, to the Judges there, agreed with the Confession they made at *Mobra*: and the chief things they confessed consisted in these three Points.

1. Whither they used to go?
2. What kind of Place it was, they went to, called by them *Blockula*, where the Witches and the Devil used to meet.
3. What Evil or Mischief they had either done or designed there.

#### 1. Of their Journey to Blockula. The Contents of their Confession.

**W**E of the Province of *Elfdale*, do confess that we used to go to a Gravel-pit which lay hard by a cross-way, and there we put on a Vest over our Heads, and then danced round, and after this ran to the Cross-way, and called the Devil thrice, first with a still Voice, the second time somewhat louder, and the third time very loud, with these Words, *Antecessour, come and carry us to Blockula*. Whereupon, immediately he used to appear, but in different Habits; but for the most part we saw him in a gray Coat, and red and blue Stockings: He had a red Beard, a high-crown'd Hat, with Linnen of divers Colours, wrapt about it, and long

Garters upon his Stockings.

Then he asked us, whether we would serve him with Soul and Body. If we were content to do so, he set us on a Peast which he had there ready, and carried us over Churches and high Walls; and after all we came to a green Meadow, where *Blockula* lies. We must procure some Scrapings of Altars, and Filings of Church-Clocks; and then he gives us a Horn with a Salve in it, wherewith we do anoint ourselves; and a Saddle, with a Hammer and a wooden Nail, thereby to fix the Saddle; whereupon we call upon the Devil and away we go.

Those that were of the Town of *Mobra*, made in a manner the same Declaration: Being asked whether they were sure of a real personal Transportation, and whether they were awake when it was done; they all answered in the Affirmative, and that the Devil sometimes laid something down in the Place that was very like them. But one of them confessed, that he did only take away her Strength, and her Body lay still upon the Ground; yet sometimes he took even her Body with him.

Being asked, how they could go with their Bodies through Chimneys and broken Panes of Glass, they said, that the Devil did first remove all that might hinder them in their flight, and so they had room enough to go.

Others were asked, how they were able to carry so many Children with them; and they answered, that when the Children were asleep they came into the Chamber, laid hold of the Children, which straightway did awake, and asked them whether they would go to a Feast with them? to which some answered Yes, others No; yet they were all forced to go. They only gave the Children a Shirt, a Coat, and a Doublet, which was either red or blue, and so they did set them upon a Beast of the Devil's providing, and then they rid away.

The Children confessed the same thing; and some added, that because they had very fine Cloaths put upon them, they were very willing to go.

Some of the Children concealed it from their Parents, but others discover'd it to them presently.

The Witches declared moreover, that till of late they never had that power to carry away Children, but only this Year and the last, and the Devil did at this time force them to it; that heretofore it was sufficient to carry but one of their Children, or a Stranger's Child with them, which yet happened seldom, but now he did plague them and whip them if they did not procure him Children, insomuch that they had no peace nor quiet for him; and whereas formerly one Journey a Week would serve turn, from their own Town to the place aforesaid, now they were forced to run to other Towns and Places for Children, and that they brought with them, some fifteen, some sixteen Children every night.

For their Journey, they said they made use of all sorts of Instruments, of Beasts, of Men, of Spits and Posts, according as they had opportunity: if they do ride upon Goats, and have many Children with them, that all may have Room, they stick a Spit into the back-side of the Goat, and then are anointed with the aforesaid Ointment. What the manner of their Journey is, God alone knows: Thus much was made out, That if the Children did at any time name the Names of those that had carried them away; they were again carried by force either to *Blockula*, or to the Cross-way, and there miserably beaten, insomuch that some of them died of it: and this some of the Witches confessed; and added, That now they were exceedingly troubled and tortured in their minds for it.



The Children thus used lookt mighty bleak, wan, and beaten. The marks of the Lashes, the Judges could not perceive in them, except in one Boy, who had some Wounds and Holes in his Back, that were given him with Thorns; but the Witches said, they would quickly vanish.

After this usage the Children are exceeding weak; and if any be carried over-night, they cannot recover themselves the next day; and they often fall into Fits, the coming of which they know by an extraordinary Paleness that seizes on the Children; and if a Fit comes upon them, they lean on their Mothers Arms, who sit up with them sometimes all night; and when they observe the Paleness coming, shake the Children, but to no purpose.

They observe farther, that their Childrens Breasts grow cold at such times; and they take sometimes a burning Candle and stick it in their hair, which yet is not burnt by it. They swoon upon this Paleness, which Swoon lasteth sometimes half an hour, sometimes an hour, sometimes two hours, and when the Children come to themselves again, they mourn and lament, and groan most miserably, and beg exceedingly to be eased: This two old Men declared upon Oath before the Judges, and called all the Inhabitants of the Town to witness, as Persons that had most of them experience of this strange Symptome of their Children.

A little Girl of *Elfdale* confessed, That naming the name of *JESUS* as she was carried away, she fell suddenly upon the Ground, and got a great hole in her Side, which the Devil presently healed up again, and away he carried her; and to this day the Girl confessed, she had exceeding great pain in her Side.

Another Boy confessed too, That one day he was carried away by his Mistress, and to perform the Journey, he took his own Fathers Horse out of the Meadow where it was, and upon his return, she let the Horse go in her own ground.

The next Morning the Boys Father sought for his Horse, and not finding it, gave it over for lost; but the Boy told him the whole story, and so his Father fetcht the Horse back again; and this one of the Witches confessed.

## 2. Of the place where they used to assemble, called *Blockula*, and what they did there.

They unanimously confessed, that *Blockula* is situated in a delicate large Meadow, whereof you can see no end. The place or House they met at, had before it a Gate painted with divers Colours; through this Gate they went into a little Meadow distinct from the other, where the Beasts went, that they used to ride on: But the Men whom they made use of in their Journey, stood in the House by the Gate in a slumbering posture, sleeping against the Wall.

In a huge large Room of this House, they said, there stood a very long Table, at which the Witches did sit down: And that hard by this Room was another Chamber, where there were very lovely and delicate Beds.

The first thing they said, they must do at *Blockula*, was, That they must deny all, and devote themselves Body and Soul to the Devil, and promise to serve him faithfully, and confirm all this with an Oath. Hereupon they cut their Fingers, and with their Bloud writ their Name in his Book. They added, that he caused them to be Baptized too by such Priests as he had there, and made them confirm their Baptism with dreadful Oaths and Imprecations.

Hereupon the Devil gave them a Purse, wherein there were filings of Clocks with a Stone tied to it, which they threw into the Water, and then were forced to speak these words; *As these filings of the Clock do never return to the Clock from which they are taken, so may my Soul never return to Heaven.* To which they add Blasphemy and other Oaths and Curses.

The mark of their cut Fingers is not found in all of them: But a Girl who had been slashed over her Finger, declared, that because she would not stretch out her Finger, the Devil in anger had so cruelly wounded it.

After this they sat down to Table; and those that the Devil esteemed most, were placed nearest to him; but the Children must stand at the door, where he himself gives them Meat and Drink.

The Diet they did use to have there, was, they said, Broth with Colworts and Bacon in it, Oatmeal, Bread spread with Butter, Milk, and Cheese. And they added, that sometimes it tasted very well, and sometimes very ill. After Meals they went to Dancing, and in the mean while Swore and Cursed most dreadfully, and afterward went to fighting one with another.

Those of *Elfdale* confessed, That the Devil used to play upon an Harp before them, and afterwards to go with them that he liked best, into a Chamber, where he committed venereous Acts with them; and this indeed all confessed, That he had carnal knowledge of them, and that the Devil had Sons and Daughters by them, which he did Marry together, and they did couple, and brought forth Toads and Serpents.

One day the Devil seemed to be dead, whereupon there were great lamentations at *Blockula*; but he soon awaked again. If he hath a mind to be merry with them, he lets them all ride upon Spits before him; takes afterwards the Spits and beats them black and blue, and then laughs at them. And he bids them believe, that the day of Judgment will come speedily, and therefore sets them to work to build a great House of Stone, promising, that in that House he will preserve them from God's Fury, and cause them to enjoy the greatest Delights and Pleasures: but while they work exceeding hard at it, there falls a great part of the Wall down again, whereby some of the Witches are commonly hurt which makes him laugh, but presently he cures them again.

They said, they had seen sometimes a very great Devil like a Dragon, with Fire round about him, and bound with an Iron Chain; and the Devil, that converses with them tells them, that if they confess any thing, he will let that great Devil loose upon them, whereby all *Sweedland* shall come into great danger.

They added, That the Devil had a Church there, such another as in the Town of *Mohra*. When the Commissioners were coming he told the Witches, they should not fear them; for he would certainly kill them all. And they confessed, that some of them had attempted to murder the Commissioners, but had not been able to effect it.

Some of the Children talked much of a white Angel, which used to forbid them what the Devil had bid them do, and told them that those doings would not last long: what had been done was permitted because of the Wickedness of the People, and the carrying away of the Children should be made manifest. And they added, that this white Angel would place Himself sometimes at the Door betwixt the Witches and the Children; and when they came to *Blockula*, he pulled the Children back, but the Witches they went in.



3. *Of the Mischief or Evil which the Witches promised to do to Men and Beasts.*

They confessed, that they were to promise the Devil, that they would do all that's ill; and that the Devil taught them to Milk, which was in this wise: They used to stick a Knife in the Wall, and hang a kind of a Label on it, which they drew and stroaked; and as long as this lasted, the Persons that they had power over were miserably plagued, and the Beasts were milked that way, till sometimes they died of it.

A Woman confessed, that the Devil gave her a wooden Knife, wherewith, going into Houses, she had power to kill any thing, she touched with it; yet there were few, that would confess, that they had hurt any Man or Woman.

Being asked whether they had murdered any Children, they confessed, that they had indeed tormented many, but did not know, whether any of them died of those Plagues. And added, That the Devil had shewed them several Places, where he had Power to do Mischief.

The Minister of *Elfdale*, declared, That one Night these Witches, were to his thinking, upon the crown of his Head, and that from thence he had had a long continued Pain of the Head.

One of the Witches confessed too, that the Devil had sent her to torment that Minister: and that she was ordered to use a Nail and strike it into his Head, but it would not enter very deep; and hence came that Head-ach.

The aforesaid Minister said also, That one Night he felt a Pain, as if he were torn with an Instrument, that they cleanse Flax with, or a Flax-comb; and when he waked, he heard somebody scratching and scraping, at the Window, but could see no-body. And one of the Witches confessed, that she was the Person that did it, being sent by the Devil.

The Minister of *Mohra* declared also, that one Night one of these Witches came into his House, and did so violently take him by the Throat, that he thought, he should have been choaked; and waking, he saw the Person that did it, but could not know her; and that for some Weeks he was not able to speak, or perform Divine Service.

An old Woman of *Elfdale* confessed, that the Devil had holpen her to make a Nail, which she struck into a Boy's knee, of which Stroke the Boy remained lame a long time. And she added, that before she burnt, or was executed by the hand of Justice, the Boy would recover.

They confessed also, that the Devil gives them a Beast about the bigness and shape of a young Cat, which they call a *Carrier*; and that he gives them a Bird too as big as a Raven, but white. And these two Creatures they can send any where; and where-ever they come, they take away all sorts of Victuals they can get, Butter, Cheese, Milk, Bacon, and all sorts of Seeds whatever they find, and carry it to the Witch. What the Bird brings they may keep for themselves; but what the Carrier brings, they must reserve for the Devil, and that's brought to *Blockula*, where he doth give them of it so much as he thinks fit.

They added likewise, that these *Carriers* fill themselves so full sometimes, that they are forced to spue by the way, which spueing is found in several Gardens where Colworts grow, and not far from the Houses of those Witches. It is of a yellow colour like Gold, and is called *Butter of Witches*.

The Lords Commissioners were indeed very earnest,

and took great Pains to perswade them to shew some of their Tricks, but to no purpose; for they did all unanimously confess, that since they had confessed all, they found that all their Witchcraft was gone, and that the Devil at this time appeared to them very terrible, with Claws on his Hands and Feet, and with Horns on his Head, and a long Tail behind, and shewed to them a Pit burning, with a Hand put out; but the Devil did thrust the Person down again with an Iron-fork; and suggested to the Witches, that if they continued in their Confession, he would deal with them in the same manner.

The abovesaid Relation is taken out of the Publick Register, where all this is related with more Circumstances. And at this time through all the Countrey there are Prayers weekly in all Churches, to the end that Almighty God would pull down the Devil's Power, and deliver those poor Creatures, which have hitherto groaned under it.

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*An Account of what happened to a Boy, at Malmoe in Schonen, in the Year 1678. supposed to be done by Witchcraft, and attested by the ablest, and most judicious Men of that Town.*

HAVING in the Preface to the foregoing Narrative taken notice of the *Swedish Envoy Extraordinary*, it may not be unsuitable to the Subject, these Papers treat of, to give the World an Account of a very strange Passage, which the said Envoy hath taken very great pains to satisfy himself in; and of which he hath the publick Testimony of the Town, where it was done, by him. No longer ago than in the Year 1678. an Alderman or Senator's Son of *Malmoe in Schonen*, a City belonging to the King of Sweden, the Boy being then about Thirteen Years of Age, his Name *Abraham Melchelsburg*, going to School one Morning, as the Custom is in that place, about Six of the Clock, stay'd there till Eight, and then went home for his Breakfast, which when he had eaten, he was going back to School again, when just before the Door, close by the lowermost Step, there lay a little Bundle of Linnen Rags, which the Lad out of Curiosity took up and open'd, but found nothing in it, but partly Pins, some crooked, some laid across, some without Points; partly broken Horse-nails, and Nails without Heads; partly Horse-hair, and such Trash, which, when it answered not his Expectation, he rent asunder, and threw away.

Some few days after, the Boy fell ill, and continued so for some time, no Physician being able to guess what ailed him. At last he began to void little Stones, at the Orifice of the *Penis*, which by degrees came forth bigger and bigger, some were perfect Pebbles of all sorts of Colours, and in process of time, there came forth great uneven Stones like pieces of Rocks, as if they were broken off of a greater Stone, whereof the Envoy hath two by him, One given him by the Father of the Boy, and the other by the King's Chirurgeon, both which I have thought fit to give the Reader the dimensions of.

Before the Stones came forth, there was a strange motion in his Belly, as if something were alive in it, the Stones seemed to crack within, and something they heard, as if a great Stone were violently broken, and at this time he felt the greatest pain. When the Stones were ready to come forth, the *Penis* was drawn in so deep, that the Standers by could not perceive any thing of it; and after that, it dropt those prodigious Stones, which seem rather to be fetch'd from Quarries, than produced by any Saline or Nitrous Matter in the Body. The Stone



I have given the Figure of, is of a reddish colour, with some grains of white in it, heavy, and such as lie in common Roads and Highways. When the Stones came forth, the Boy felt no pain, the pain being most upon him, when the Stones within seem'd to crack, and a little before; and the Fit was then so violent, that four or five Men were forced to hold him. The Boy in the mean while slept well at Night, eat, and drank as heartily as ever, discomposed at no time, but when the Fit of voiding these Stones was coming upon him. This lasted two years: The Parents had the Boy pray'd for at Church, and instantly besought God at home, whenever any of those Fits came upon him, to turn the stream and to stop the Devils Power. The Boy is now as well as ever, rideth abroad, and doth all things as he used to do before this accident befel him. The Envoy spoke both with the Father and the Boy, and tells me, they are no indigent People, but well to pass, and Persons of very good Reputation in the Town of Malmoe. While this Misfortune lasted, the King of Sweden being then but a little way off, sent some of his Chirurgens to the Place, to know the truth thereof, who were by, when the Lad voided very strange Stones at the Orifice of the Penis, and gave the King an account of it: One of them to be thoroughly satisfied, held his hand under the Penis after it was drawn in, and there drop'd a very odd Stone, broad and angular into his hand. The Envoy being upon the place last Year, enquired of all People, whom he thought might not be very credulous, who unanimously bore witness of the thing; and upon his request gave him the following Account, which I have translated out of the Original.

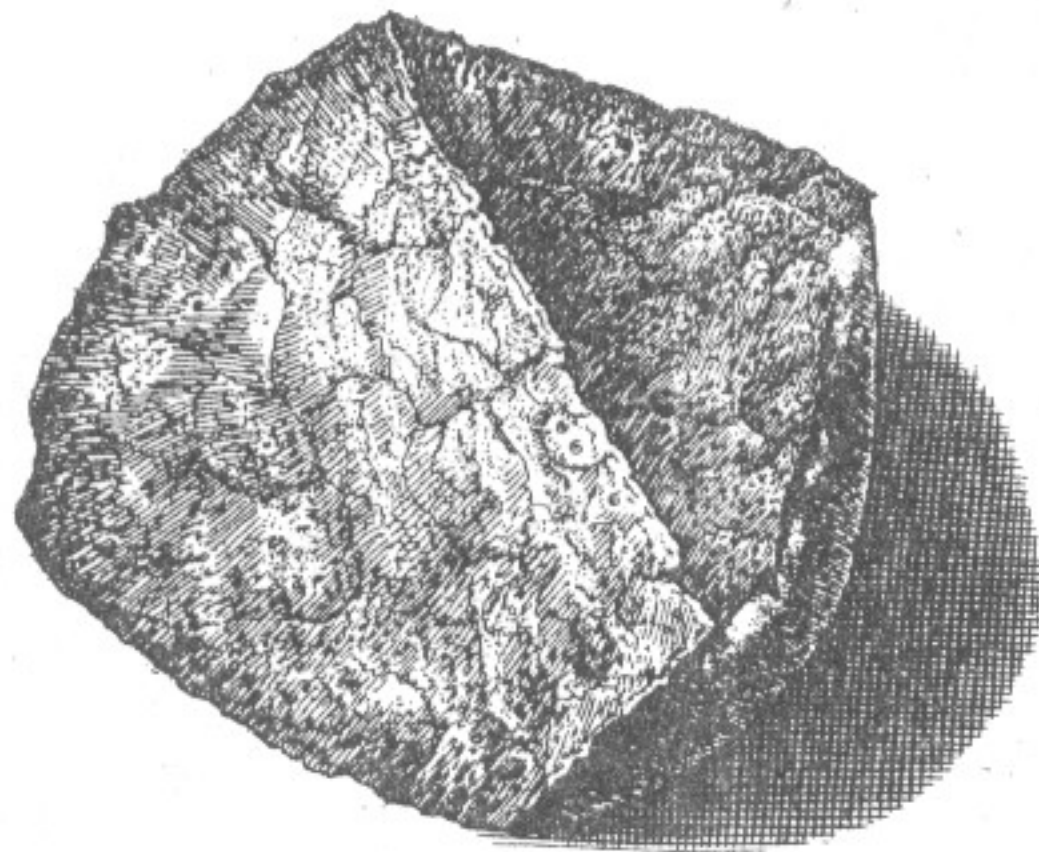
A. H.

**B**E it known, that during the Years, 1678. and 1679. a very wonderful thing happened in this City of Malmoe, to one of the Aldermen of the Town, his name John Mechelburg, and his Wife's Abba Kruthmeyer; for God having blessed them with three Sons, one of them Abraham by name, a Boy at this time aged about sixteen years, hath been very strangely afflicted with a preternatural voiding of Stones, insomuch that during the space of those two years, he hath through the Virga of the Penis voided several hundreds of Stones great and small, which being weighed together, weighed no less than one and Twenty Pound, Aver du poise, some weighing 6, some 7, some 8, some 9. Ounces, full of Angles, and much like pieces of a Rock that's broken by Force, or Instruments fit for that Purpose. These broken Stones sometimes came forth at the Boy's mouth, sometimes he voided them by Siege, and the Parents of the Child have confidently assured us, that before this Misfortune, the Boy had been sick several Weeks together, and kept his Bed; during which Sickness something was seen moving in his Body, as if it had been some live thing. After this Sickness there appeared the Stones aforesaid; The first that came forth exceeded not the bigness of half a Pea, but in a short time after they increased to a greater Bulk; when they were ready to come away, the Boy complained much of the Spine of his Back, where, as he said, he found incredible Pain. While this lasted, he neither made Water, nor went to Stool sometimes in two Months, sometimes not in a Quarter of a Year; sometimes the Stones, when they were past through the Virga, appeared bloody, and upon one of them there appeared a kind of Talch. Notwithstanding all this misery, the Boy continued to eat his Meat very heartily, nor was he troubled with this Pain at all in the night, but slept quietly as he used to do. About the latter end of this unexampled Passion and Misery, a matter of 64. Stones, for the most part small, came forth very

fast, one upon the neck of another, and since the 20th. of September, 1679. this Misfortune hath totally left him, and he is as well as ever; nor is there, after all those Torments, any Defect to be found, or perceived either in his Body, or the aforesaid Member of the Boy, but he continues safe and sound unto this day.

And whereas, in all probability, abundance of Men, because they have not been Eye-witnesses, will deride these Passages, as fabulous, we, whose Names are under-written, upon the Request and Desire of the Lord John Leyonbergh, Envoy Extraordinary of Sweden, have once more spoken, and conferred with the Parents of the Boy, who have shewed us the aforesaid Stones, and given us one of the biggest, as a Present, and do hereby testifie, that the Passages related in the Premises, are undoubtedly true, which Testimony we have also signed with our own hands, that in case the aforesaid Envoy coming into foreign Parts, shall have occasion

*The dimensions of the two Stones mentioned in these papers.*



to speak of these things, Men may give Credit to his Relation. Given at Malmoe, this 20th. of September, 1680.

Christophorus Rostius, Med. D. & Prof.  
Nicolaus Hambraus, Pastor & Præpositus Malmoy.  
Wilhelmus Laurembergius, V. D. M. Malmoy.  
Martinus Torstorrius, Comminister, ibid.  
Sigismund Aschenborn, Consul Malmoy. Primar.  
John Caspar Heublin. Consul. Malmoy.  
Ephraim Koldewey, Chirurgion to the Garison.





THE OLD HOUSE IN KENT.

## THE HIDDEN ROOM; OR, THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY DAVID KER.

"So you want me to give you that story about why father gave up his house in the South of England so soon after he got it," said Fred Hamilton, as he sat in the midst of an eagerly attentive circle. "Well, I'll tell you all about it, if you like; only, don't blame me if you have bad dreams after it, for it's not at all the sort of story to tell just before going to bed. I can promise you that I didn't sleep soundly all night for more than a month after the thing happened; no more would you, if you had seen what I saw. However, if you will have the story, here goes:

"When we first came over from America, we lived at a hotel in London for a bit, while father was looking out for a house down in Kent; for that was where mother wanted to go, because she was born there herself. It wasn't long before we found the very thing we wanted—a great, huge, old-fashioned house, right in the middle of a big garden, and as quiet as ever it could be, for there was no other house near it, and the nearest railway was three or four miles off.

"We got it cheap, too, for it hadn't been let for ever so long, and the owner was very glad to get a tenant for it at last. Curiously enough, it never occurred to any of us to ask *why* they had not been able to let it; but we remembered it afterward, and with good reason, as you shall hear.

"When we went down there, we thought it rather dismal just at first; and so indeed it was, the trees grew so high and thick all round it, and it had such a lot of dark passages and secret stairs, and grim old oak-paneled chambers in which nobody seemed to have slept for years and years.

"But after awhile we got used to all that, and liked it very well; and father—who had plenty of friends in London—used to have so many people down to stay with him that the house, big as it was, could scarcely hold them all. So father thought he'd build some more rooms at

the back, and sent for an architect from London to help him.

"Down comes the architect, goes all over the house, examines it, measures it, and then comes to father with a queer sort of smile, and says:

"'Well, sir, you must be very hospitable to think of building more rooms to your house, when you've got one in it already that has never been used at all.'

"'What on earth do you mean?' says father, staring at him. 'Every room in my house is in use now.'

"'I beg your pardon,' says the architect; 'I've measured this house very carefully, and I'll pledge you my professional reputation that there is a certain amount of space still unaccounted for, and that there must be in it somewhere a room which you have never yet seen.'

"Now, this man was one of the best architects in England, and when father heard him talk like that, it set him thinking.

"'Do you really mean that?' says he.

"'I do,' says the architect; 'and what is more, I believe I could point you out the exact spot where the hidden room is to be found; and if my guess is right, we shall find a room which has not been opened or seen within the memory of living man—possibly not for two or three hundred years.'

"Well, that woke up father in earnest, as you may think; and all the people who were staying in the house were every bit as excited as himself. By this time we boys had found out what was going on, and had come down from up-stairs to see what they were going to do about it; so when the architect went back into the house (for he'd had his talk with father out in the garden), he had a regular Fourth of July procession at his heels.

"Up he went to the head of the great staircase, turned off along a narrow passage to the right, and stopped half way down it, with us all watching him as if we were looking on at a conjuring trick.



"‘Now,’ says he, tapping the wall with his knuckles, ‘pick a hole in that wall just *there*, and if you don’t find the *hidden room* behind it, I’m willing to pay all the expenses of the search.’

"‘Send up a couple of men with pickaxes and crow-bars,’ says father. ‘This affair’s getting interesting, and we’ll see it through.’

"Up came the men, and to work they went, making the plaster fly in fine style; and it wasn’t long before they’d beaten a hole in the wall large enough for a man to creep through.

"Inside, all was dark as pitch, and there came out a damp, chill, *buried* kind of smell, as bad as any church-vault. We all looked at each other, but nobody seemed inclined to go in.

"‘Light me a lamp, somebody!’ cried the architect. ‘It was I who discovered this place, so it’s only fair that I should be the first to enter it.’

"In he went, and we all held our breath as we looked after him.

"But he had scarcely got inside when we heard him give a kind of gasp, and next moment he came scrambling and tumbling out again, almost letting fall the lamp in his hurry. He was a big, strong man, but we could see him tremble like a leaf, and his healthy red face was pale as death.

"‘There’s something wrong here!’ cries father, snatching the lamp from his hand; and in *he* went in his turn, the rest of us crowding in after him without knowing why. And there we *did* see a sight, and no mistake!

"It was a room of the old English style, just like one of those places in Walter Scott—all oak and tapestry, with a splendid fire-place of carved stone, higher than a man’s head. But the oak was all decayed and worm-eaten, and the rich hangings were faded and mildewed, and the fire-place full of white ashes. On the table were

fine gold dishes and gold goblets, as if a grand feast had been set out there; but both they and the table, and the high-backed chairs round it, were thick with dust, as if nobody had touched them for centuries.

"But *the* sight was in the farther corner, where there stood a kind of couch, and a skeleton lying upon it, with its hands clasped over where its face *had been*; and on the floor beside the couch lay another skeleton, doubled up in a grewsome kind of way, as if it had died in awful agony.

"‘This sort of thing don’t suit *me*,’ says father. ‘I shall look out for another house, for I wouldn’t live in his one if I got it rent free.’

"And he kept his word; and so Mr. Architect did himself out of a job by his own cuteness, for the additional rooms were never built."

"‘And didn’t you ever find out what all this meant?’ asked half a dozen eager voices at once.

"Indeed we did," answered Fred, gravely, "and the explanation was worse by far than any of the stories that we made up for ourselves before we heard it. The clergyman of the parish—who was a great antiquarian—happened to come up to the house just as the discovery was made; and he told us that this house had once belonged to a crusty old baron of Henry VIII.’s time, a regular old Turk of a fellow, who was said to have been furiously jealous of his young wife and a cousin of hers, a very handsome young fellow, whom he suspected of being rather fonder of her than was quite convenient. So, one day, he decoyed the pair of ’em into this room, and then walled them up in it, having left on the table a splendid dinner, every bit of which was poisoned; so that they must either die of hunger or kill themselves by eating the poisoned food. Nice idea, wasn’t it? There, I mustn’t say any more about that, or I sha’n’t sleep a wink all this blessed night."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1867

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WATERTOWN.

BY EDMUND KIRKE

**I**T is a low-roofed, rambling structure, half-hidden by a grove of sombre hemlocks, and standing not far from the main road which leads from Cambridge to Waltham, in Massachusetts. In its front cluster a few graceful elms and maples, and in its rear a plowed field slopes gently up to a level ridge from which one may see, spread out at his feet, the town of Boston and the net-work of roads which, branching outward from it like the spokes of a wheel, bind its glittering tire of villages to the "Hub of the Universe."

The place has been a human habitation for twenty years, and yet an air of desolation and decay hangs over it, which well accords with the received notion of a house that is haunted. The grass around is thin and starved; the weeds grow thick and rank on the lawn; the encircling wall is fast crumbling away; and the one window which looks out on the drive-way is boarded up, as if the mortal tenants of the house would shut from view the ghostly visitors who are supposed to alight nightly from a spectral vehicle at its doorway.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE

From the high-road it seems a modest cottage of very moderate dimensions; but as one comes nearer he sees, stretching back from the main edifice, a rambling row of low, disjointed buildings, containing more than a dozen rooms, and



giving the whole a spacious look which well becomes a country mansion. In these secluded rooms, shut out by dense masses of shrubbery from the gaze of passers-by, were, it is said, enacted the dark deeds that have given the "Haunted House" its ghostly reputation in the neighborhood.

Its original owner was a cultivated gentleman, lineally descended from an early Governor of Massachusetts, and connected with some of the most distinguished statesmen of New England. His college life was wild and dissipated; but after he was graduated he is said to have reformed, and, marrying a daughter of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, to have settled down in the pleasant cottage which had been built for his occupation. Here for several years he led an aimless but otherwise blameless life, following no regular pursuit, and living, as was supposed, on the income of an ample property. His widowed mother-in-law came to reside in the neighborhood, and soon two or three children were born in his family.

This was not far from twenty years ago, and the few of his neighbors who are still left in the vicinity speak of the unity and affection which then seemed to exist in the little household.

But in an evil hour the domestic harmony was broken. A young woman came to reside in the house as governess to the children. She was an orphan girl, without friends, and is said by the aged woman who then served in the family to have been accomplished and very beautiful. She had a queenly form, dark, dreamy eyes, and a wealth of wavy brown hair that was a wonder to look at.

At first no change occurred in the relations of the household; but before many months the servant observed a growing coldness between the husband and the wife, and a growing intimacy between the former and the young woman. This intimacy increased until the approach of summer, and then the husband, leaving his desolate wife at home, began to go upon long rides with the governess. They would go almost daily, setting out late in the afternoon, and often not returning till midnight. Then, giving the door-bell a sharp ring, or quickly turning the bolt with the latch-key, the governess would enter the house, and, with a light step and a furtive look, pass swiftly up the front stairway to her chamber in a remote part of the upper-story. On such occasions she always wore a dress of black silk, a heavily-fringed black mantle, and a black lace bonnet, with a veil of green barége, thrown back so as to fully disclose her features.

Mornings and afternoons she would go with the children into the library, and there the two

would read or talk together, the young innocents being unconscious witnesses of their father's shame.

Meanwhile the neglected wife and mother pined away until she became little more than a skeleton. With a patience beyond words she



UP THE STAIRS.

went about her household duties, and with all of woman's winning ways tried to lure back the love of her erring husband; but at last the daily torture became unendurable, and she left the cottage—going, it is thought, to her mother's house. About this, however, the old servant is not clear in her recollection.

Her absence left no check on the guilty intimacy, but the evening rides became less frequent, and soon the morning interviews in the library ceased altogether. Conscience had begun its work, or sin had wrought a surfeit.

Whichever it was, the man grew moody and abstracted, and the woman pale and emaciated; and soon, like the deserted wife, she went about the house a living skeleton. At times he would be away for weeks, and when he came back would spend whole days in his library in a state of almost beastly intoxication. Then his financial affairs became involved, and he grew well-nigh desperate from want of money. At this time one of his little children heard him say to himself, as he was one day pacing to and fro in the hemlock grove near his doorway: "It seems to me I would murder a man for a single dollar."

But his wife's mother now came to the res-



cue. With true womanly generosity she relieved his pressing needs, and paid off a mortgage that was endangering his possession of the property. One night soon afterward the governess suddenly and mysteriously left the cottage. It was supposed that the husband, brought to a sense of duty by the generosity of his mother-in-law, sent her away that he might again take his deserted wife into his household.

The name of the governess was Alice, and the aged servant states that directly before her disappearance she was a sight to melt the coldest heart to pity. Her flesh was wasted, her once blooming cheeks were white as snow, and her large dark eyes blazed with a hectic fire that seemed to be burning at her vitals. By day she would keep her room, weeping and lamenting, and often at dead of night the old servant would come upon her walking the lower hall, wringing her hands and moaning as if her heart were breaking. She was never seen or heard of afterward.

The wife returned to the cottage, but her presence wrought no immediate change in the habits of her husband. Day and night he would be shut in his library, his senses drowned in intoxication. Gradually, however, the long-suffering woman lured him from his evil ways, and won him back to himself and his children. Then some few months went away—months when the faithful wife thought she saw some returning gleams of the peaceful light which had shed such blessing on the early days of their marriage. But again, in an evil hour, another “strange woman” crossed the unhappy threshold.

She was a niece of the Colonel’s—by that title was he known—the portionless child of a widowed sister, and young and very beautiful. She too taught the children; and, ensnared by the arts of this wicked man, she too fell from true womanhood. Then the sad history was repeated! Again the wife was driven away, and again the conscience of the woman wasted her frame, and made of her a living skeleton. Once more, too, his financial affairs began to trouble the Colonel. The estate was again mortgaged, but the avails paid only his pressing debts, and soon he was again bankrupt for a dinner.

Suddenly, however, he was seen in possession of considerable sums of money. Where this money came from was a mystery; but no one connected his having it with the disappearance of a certain itinerant vendor of watches and jewelry, who for years had been in the habit of making periodical visits to the neighborhood. This peddler is well remembered by the old residents in the vicinity. He was a foreigner, and had no settled place of residence in this

country. All that was certainly known of him was that his name was Carrol, and that he often carried about with him large amounts in money and jewelry.

One afternoon, about the time of the peddler’s disappearance, the niece and the uncle were heard in loud altercation in the library. The same day the young woman left the cottage, and went to live with some relations; and soon afterward the children were taken away by their grandmother. Then the solitary man was left in his wretched home with only the old servant, who through all his wickedness had clung to him with the affection of a mother.

But not long were the wretched master and the faithful servant left together. Soon the silent messenger came and tore him from the scene of his crimes forever. But was it forever? Could the history of the “Haunted House” be truly told an answer might be found to this question.

He died about fifteen years ago, and the house remained vacant until sold under foreclosure some four years afterward. Then it was occupied by a gentleman of Boston, who designed to make it the permanent residence of his family. They remained only a few months, and then removed, unable to longer endure the mysterious noises which, day and night, they said echoed through every apartment of the cottage. Another family succeeded them in the occupancy, and then another, and another; but all were unable to endure the strange sounds, and all soon sought more peaceful habitations.

Then it began to be noised abroad that the house was haunted. It was left vacant; the country people shunned it; timid night-travelers went by on another road, and the unknown author of the mysterious sounds, whether spirit or mortal, was left to hold his noisy carnival in its dingy rooms unrestrained by the presence of living man or woman.

How long the house was without a tenant I have not been able to ascertain; but it is certain that about four years ago it passed into the hands of a well-known gentleman of Watertown, and then once more became a human habitation.

This gentleman was proprietor of the adjoining estate, and having added to it this property—which contains about forty fertile acres—he appropriated the “Haunted House” to the use of his newly-engaged farm superintendent. The proprietor had heard accounts of the strange noises, but regarding them as idle tales he omitted to mention them to the new superintendent. This person, whose name is King, is a robust man, in the prime of life, with nerves of iron, and an unusual degree of courage and



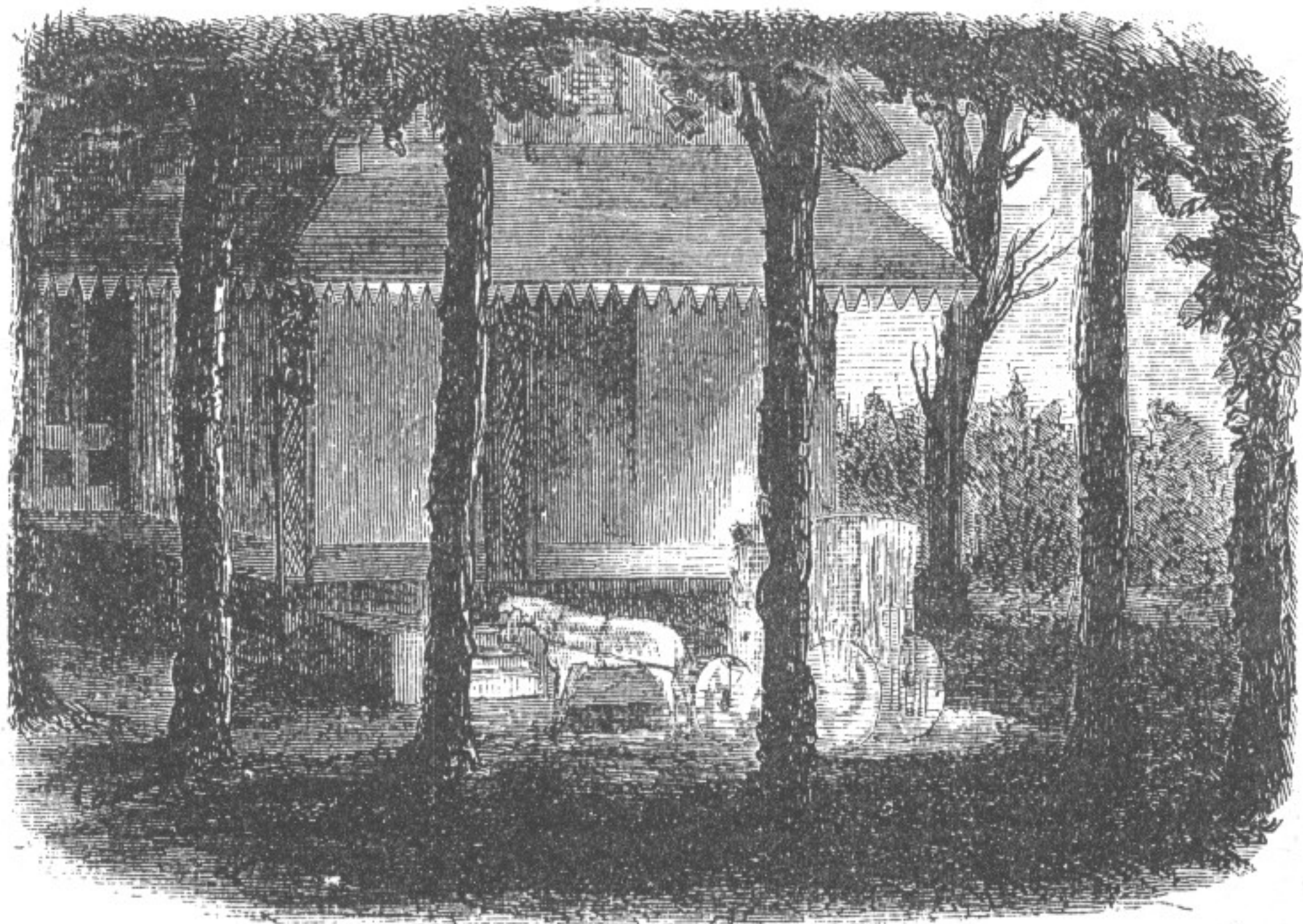
resolution. To his absolute fearlessness it is mainly owing that so much has come to light of the secret history of the strange domicile. His family is small and the house is large, and he has therefore been allowed by the owner to rent to others a portion of the premises. Thus, during the four years he has lived there, seven different families have been his co-tenants, but none of them have been able to live more than a few weeks under the "haunted" roof. That Mr. King has had the courage to undergo, for four years, the ghostly ordeal should be a subject of satisfaction to all earnest explorers of the misty border-land which lies between this life and the dim world of shadows.

Mr. King's family consists of himself, his wife—a delicate woman of about thirty—a young son, and a little daughter of some dozen years. Their first night in the house was sometime in February, 1863; and on that occasion they had for guests an aged lady and her sick husband, who occupied the front chamber over the parlor. Their own room was on the opposite side of the hall, and looked directly down upon the front doorway. The children slept in an adjoining apartment.

Overcome with fatigue, Mr. King and his wife slept very soundly, and that night heard no noises. On going down stairs in the morning, however, they were asked by their lady-guest who it was that had been moving about in the upper rooms after midnight. Further remarks disclosed the fact that during the night this lady had thought she heard loud raps all about her room, the house creak from foundation to attic as if rocked by a strong northwest wind, and the several doors of her apartment

open and shut with great violence. In the morning she had found these doors open, though she said she had carefully closed them all before going to bed. Mr. King, who had not yet heard of the reputation of the house, naturally concluded that all this was the offspring of a timid imagination.

On the following night all in the house retired early, and nothing occurred to disturb their slumbers until about an hour before midnight. Then, suddenly, Mr. King was aroused by a pounding on the door of the wood-house—the most remote of the disjointed outbuildings. The blows were those of an axe, and the thought of the startled man was that burglars were attempting to break into his dwelling. Springing out of bed, he hastily threw on a portion of his clothing, and hurried down the stairway. As he went down the noises increased; blow after blow sounded on the door, and echoed through the building; and then, with a loud crash, the iron-banded frame seemed to give way, and to fall inward into the wood-room. "I shall be too late," thought Mr. King, as he rushed to the outer door of the kitchen. This was fastened, and, placing his foot against it, he awaited the attack of the burglars. At first he heard low voices in earnest conversation, and then sharp, quick blows as of an axe hewing the fallen door into ten thousand fragments. Making no sound he waited and listened; but in a few moments the sounds suddenly ceased, and a deadly silence fell upon the gloomy outbuildings. Then this man of nerve lighted a candle, and, holding it above his head, went coolly into the wood-room. Every thing was in its appropriate place, and the barred door



THE GHOSTLY CARRIAGE.



hung, as usual, firm and strong upon its hinges!

Thinking his ears had deceived him as to the true location of the sounds, and that they had really come from a detached outbuilding, Mr. King refastened the kitchen-door, and, with the candle in his hand, went back to his sleeping apartment. His step was light, for he was in his stockings; but as he went along a heavy tread kept pace with his every footfall. Holding the candle above his head, he turned about again and again, but nothing was there but the impalpable air and the now unearthly silence. Followed by the sounds he went slowly up the stairs and entered his chamber; and then the echoing tread died away, and lying down on the bed he soon fell into uneasy slumbers.

As the clock down stairs struck for midnight he was roused again by his wife, who said the bell at the front entrance had just rung violently. Getting up, he went down and opened the door, wondering what visitor could be coming at such a late hour. The moon was at the full, not a cloud obscured the clear, wintry sky, and the hemlock grove, the vacant barn, and the leafless trees which girdled the silent road were all lighted up by a sort of dim daylight. He saw, or thought he saw, in the clear moonlight, a carriage, drawn by a white horse, standing at the door. Just then a sudden gust of wind blew out the light which he bore. He turned to relight it with a match. The interval was hardly a moment; but when he again looked out he could see or hear nothing that wore the semblance or gave out the sound of moving mortal. Turning round he re-entered the house, and then a soft hand was laid lightly on his arm, and an unseen form glided swiftly by, with a rustling sound, as of heavy silk brushing against some solid substance. It rapidly ascended the stairway, and, bolting the door, he quickly followed, holding the light above his head. He saw nothing; but still the soft rustle smote on the air, and now a gentle footfall sounded on the carpet. Past his own room it went, past his children's, and then paused at the door of a remote chamber, which, as if touched by some invisible hand, swung open at its coming. Then the brave man entered the room, and found it as empty and as desolate as a beggar's pocket.

He went back to his chamber, threw himself upon his bed, and closed his eyes for another short slumber. His wife lay awake, not alarmed, but with the thought that no earthly visitors were breaking the quiet of their peaceful dwelling. Soon she heard a loud rap on the open door of their bedroom, and, springing up, awakened her husband. "Who are you? What do you want?" asked the startled woman. A

low, rattling, and yet musical laugh was the only answer.

As the man rose from the bed and went to the doorway his wife suddenly exclaimed: "It's against the wall—a woman in a silk dress and mantilla!" Her husband looked but saw nothing. Some eyes, it is said, are naturally open, and some naturally closed to ghostly spectacles.

Again the man went to sleep, and again was awakened by loud noises in the lower part of the cottage. This time they seemed to come from the kitchen. At first he thought that the room door was broken in, then that the chairs were tossed wildly about, and then that the stove was thrown across the room with a crash which shook the whole building. He rose again and went softly down to the lower story; but so little of ghostly impression had all this made upon him that he opened the kitchen door fully expecting to encounter three and perhaps four mortal burglars. But no human being was there. The stove was where it had been, the chairs were in their former places, and the window stood in no need of a glazier.

Perplexed and annoyed, he went again to his chamber and slept out the rest of the night soundly. Happy result of healthy nerves and a good digestion.

In the morning the aged lady who was their guest said to Mr. King and his wife: "About midnight a strange man came to my bedside. He so frightened me that I couldn't make an outcry. He stood and looked at me, and then, after a while, began to walk up and down the room, with his head down and his hands behind him. I saw him as plain as I see you. He was tall, had large features, slightly gray hair, and wore a long dressing-gown."

Two or three years afterward the family learned that this was a true description of the Colonel, and that the room in which the old lady slept had been his bedchamber.

On the following night no sound broke the quiet of the infested house till the clock again struck the hour of midnight. Then the noise of wheels echoed on the graveled drive-way, and the inmates heard the crack of the driver's whip, and his loud "Whoa!" to the horses. Soon there was a sound as of some one alighting from a carriage, and, a moment later, a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell. This, surely, could be no ghostly intruder, and Mr. King rose, partly dressed himself, and went out to admit his midnight visitor. He had gone only as far as the upper landing when he heard the grating of a latch-key in the lock, and saw the outer door open and close again. Then the soft rustle of the silken dress, and the same light but rapid footfall ascended the stairway.



Swiftly it swept by him, and was once more lost in the silence of the deserted chamber.

Not an hour afterward the noisy carnival began again in the lower story. Again the wood-house door was battered down, the kitchen window broken in, the chairs tossed about, and the stove thrown across the room with a crash that shook the building. The man of the house listened for a while, but he had begun to suspect the character of his nocturnal disturbers, and, with the philosophical reflection that "he could endure the racket as long as they could," he closed his eyes and went soundly to sleep till morning.

The noises were continued, with some slight variations, till far into April. Then they subsided for a time, but only to break out again with greater violence. Every night, for long, the carriage came to the door, the bell rang, and the light footfall went up the stairway, and every day a heavy tread echoed in the library. Then these sounds ceased and a woman was heard weeping and lamenting. Then this went away and there was a shoveling of earth in the cellar, the grating of a saw in the wood-house, the falling of the door, and the noise of the axe, hewing it in pieces; and then the general letting loose of all the ghostly artillery. There was method in the "manifestations." Who knows but they were the terrible refrain of some awful tragedy which, first enacted here, was being repeated in eternity!

Space would fail me if I were to recount all the strange sights and sounds which, now for four years, have been seen and heard in this perturbed domicile. Unless my own senses have been deceived, and a multitude of good men and women have borne false witness, all the laws which govern well-regulated matter have here been set at defiance; and some unknown agency has demonstrated that there are more, many more "things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." In broad day wood is split by an invisible axe; doors are opened, and furniture displaced by invisible hands; and at dead of night the house is shaken when there is no wind; earth is upturned and graves are dug without shovel or spade; unnatural moans and laughter issue from unoccupied apartments; and the whole building is at times so illuminated by spectral lights dancing from room to room that passers-by on the road rush to the door, thinking the house on fire and the lives of its inmates in danger.

But somewhat similar things are related of other houses that have been "haunted," and therefore I need detail only such incidents as cast some light—it may be a dim, un-religious light—on the unhappy history of the original tenants of the cottage.

On one occasion, when the lady of the house was sitting alone in her room in the daytime, she experienced an indescribable sensation as of a palpable but invisible human presence. In a few minutes she distinctly saw the shadowy figure of a man glide along the wall and disappear through the closed window. His form, features, and clothing were vividly impressed on her memory, and not long afterward she described them to the aged woman who formerly served in the family. She recognized them at once as those of her old master. Many times since the same man has been seen by her and by others emerging from the guest chamber, or from the room which was formerly the library, and passing slowly through the hall and out at the front doorway with his head down and his hands behind him.

One day the same lady was ironing at the kitchen-table when her attention was arrested by a sound like the whetting of a knife on a flint-stone in the pantry. Laying the flat-iron down softly she suddenly opened the door of the pantry; but no knife and no stone were there, and the sound ceased suddenly. On another day, while she was in the kitchen, she heard the grating of a saw in the adjoining wood-room; but on opening the door she found the wood untouched and the saw hanging idly on its peg by the window. Again, while in a lower room of a summer afternoon, she heard loud sobs and moans issuing apparently from the empty upper chamber, which is said to have been occupied by the governess. Going softly up the stairs she opened the door, and in that moment all was silence. After this, time and again, she and her husband heard the same sounds coming from the same empty chamber; but they went about their work and left the unquiet spirit alone with its sorrow. Many times at midnight the man of the house has been aroused by a sound like the shoveling of earth in the cellar; but going down has found nothing but darkness.

Hundreds of curious people have visited the house in the hope to explore the mystery of the strange noises, and among them is a respectable lady living in the neighborhood, who is said to have the gift of spirit-vision. Once she came with a male friend to watch through the night, and her companion relates that not far from midnight they heard the same shoveling of earth in the cellar. He rose to ascertain the origin of the sounds, but she held him back, saying, "Don't go; it is the tall, dark man; he is digging a grave for the woman he has murdered." The same night they heard footsteps in the hall, and sounds as of a woman weeping. As they opened the door the sounds ceased, but the lady states that the spectre-woman kept on



in her walk, wringing her hands, and every now and then lifting her eyes imploringly to heaven. She had a queenly figure, a beautiful but pallid face, a wealth of dark brown hair, and wore a flowing dress of black silk, with a heavily-fringed black mantle. For half an hour she walked there; then slowly, still wringing her hands, she went up the stairway. This was long before the old servant had been discovered, or any thing was definitely known of the history of the former tenants of the haunted domicile.

Not long after this another lady, who is also said to have the gift of spirit-sight, visited the house in the daytime, in company with two female companions. She relates that she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was accosted by a beautiful woman in a flowing gray robe, who begged permission to speak through her to her friends and the family who live in the cottage. She assented, and a dozen men and women having assembled in the parlor, she fell upon her knees and made a prayer that is reported to have drawn tears from all who were present. Then rising to her feet, she told, in the person of the ghost, her story. She was, she said, the niece of the Colonel. She had lived there in unholy relations with him until the murder of the peddler. The deed was done in broad day, when both she and the old servant were in the cottage. The Colonel had asked the peddler to saw some wood for the family, and coming upon him when he was off his guard, had taken his life without his making a struggle. In his haste to hide the body and the poor pack which was the reward of his crime the Colonel neglected to spread with fresh earth the blood-dampened ground, and to wash off the stains which covered the whole door of the wood-house. These tell-tale tokens of the terrible deed she saw before the day was over, and she charged the crime upon her uncle in the library. He only said that rather than starve he would kill every peddler in creation. Then she left the house, after he had gone out to cover the traces of his deed, to sprinkle the ground with earth and hew the wood-house door into ten thousand pieces. She had kept the terrible secret, for she loved the wretched man, and after ten years of miserable life had followed him to the world of retribution. He was still chained to the scene of his crimes, but she, by years of penitence and prayer, had made some expiation. Her final release from the place, whose very sight was to her a torment, was conditioned on her making this public confession.

The real facts connected with this unhappy household had at this time become whispered about in the neighborhood; but it is said, I know not how truly, that the lady through whom, or by whom, this strange revelation was made had

never heard the story.

Among the many who have been attracted to the "Haunted House" are several professional "mediums," but the tales they tell are so inconsistent and contradictory that no reliance can be placed upon them. More interesting than their disclosures are the physical manifestations which have attended their presence on many occasions. In broad day the house has rocked like a cradle, the furniture has danced all about the rooms, the stove has sung hymns and "talked like a book," light articles have risen from the floor and floated through the air as if they had wings, and, stranger still, while the little daughter of Mr. King has played the accordeon an invisible voice has accompanied the instrument, and sung a dozen as merry staves as ever set mortal legs in motion. These things have been seen and heard by so many reliable persons that they can not well be doubted; but they throw no light on the mystery which envelops the cottage.

It is now about a year since the writer of this article had his attention first attracted to the haunted cottage. During this time the family in the house have given him every facility for investigation; but with the coolest and most careful scrutiny he has utterly failed to fathom the mystery. His vision is defective when directed to invisible objects, and it may be for this reason that he has not *seen* the spectral sights of which others speak so confidently. His hearing, however, is good, and he has *heard* the ghostly sounds—nearly all that he has enumerated—and to these he is willing to give his unqualified testimony. To the *facts* that he is now to recount he can also bear true witness; but the "ghostly" disclosures that occurred during the strange interview he would have the reader accept or reject according to their intrinsic credibility. The facts were as follows; and that they may impress the reader as nearly as possible as they impressed the writer he will relate them with every remembered detail of manner and circumstance:

During the last autumn he was passing an evening with a highly-gifted lady residing in his vicinity, when the subject of the mysterious noises was alluded to. Though living but a few miles away, the lady had never heard of the "Haunted House" or of its original occupants. She expressed a natural desire to witness some of the singular manifestations, and the writer at once got up his horse and drove her to the infested domicile. They arrived about an hour after dark, and were shown by the mistress of the cottage into the sitting-room—the apartment which had been the Colonel's library. There they sat down, no one, so far as they knew, being in the house but



they three and the two young children. It was a balmy autumnal night. The moon was up, the stars were out, and not a breath of air stirred the great trees in the court-yard; but they had no sooner taken their seats than the house shook as if rocked by a hurricane. The lady is a devoted church-woman, and no believer in spirits or "spiritualism;" yet, startled from her self-control, she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "What a dreadful noise! and the air—how it stifles me!" The writer, more familiar with ghostly ways, had scarcely time to assure her that there was no danger, when, springing to her feet, she struck an attitude, and, with eyes blazing and arms moving like a wind-mill, shouted out, "Who are you that are trying to probe this mystery? Do you hope with a two-foot rule to measure the Almighty?"

"Not exactly. But you act well; with a little practice you would rival Ristori."

"Act! It is you who act—you mortals who crawl between heaven and earth, your heads down and your hands in your pockets."

"It would trouble any one to *crawl* with his hands in his pockets; but if you are not mortal what are you?"

"Your peer—every way your peer; and when I was a man I would have scorned to creep into strange houses to rob the dead of their secrets."

"They should have no secrets—when one dies he is expected to leave all his real and personal estate behind him."

This was too much for the good-nature of the ghost. Taking a few strides forward the dead man, or the living woman, raised an arm, and pointing to the door, shouted, "Go! Leave this house! It is mine! Go!" and then a foot came down on the floor with a force that set the chairs a-dancing.

The writer had heard that a strong human will can exorcise the worst devil in creation, and, rising to his feet, he said: "It is for *you* to go. If you are that bad man, and have possessed this woman, go this moment!"

Instantly, as if struck by some invisible power, the lady staggered back and fell into the chair from which she had risen. Placing her hands quickly to her head, she said: "How strangely I feel! What is the matter with me? What has happened?"

The circumstances were briefly explained, and a short conversation followed. In the midst of it the lady, again raising her hands, and lifting her eyes, which all the while had been fully open, began to chant a low psalm. It was a sad, weird air, and yet strangely musical. At its close she sank to her knees, and uttered a prayer that was full of mingled penitence, love, and adoration. When it was over she resumed her seat, and, turning to the writ-

er, said: "You will forgive him; he knows not what he does; he has not yet come to his right reason."

"Who is he?"

"The unhappy man who lived here—who lives here still, bound to this wretched house by the sins he has committed."

"Is that the law—that spirits are bound to the scene of their earthly crimes till they have made expiation?"

"It is—bound by an irresistible force which keeps them down, doing over and over again their wicked deeds, till, at last, the soul grows weary of wrong-doing, looks upward, and the angels come to it."

"Then there is forgiveness in eternity?"

"There is forgiveness every where—God is all-merciful; but there is no remission—no escape from punishment. Every crime must be expiated, every sin worked out; if not in your world, then in ours."

"And why do you take such interest in that bad man?"

"We sinned together, we must rise together. It is my work to lift him up and bring him to his right reason."

"And you are—"

"Alice."

"Not bound here, I hope, as he is?"

"Not now; long penitence has wrought my release. I can now go up, far up; but I came back to aid and uplift him."

"He led you into sin, and yet you have forgiven him?"

"He led me into sin, he took my life, and yet I died forgiving him. I loved him then, I love him now, the more because I know he is almost utterly lost and forsaken."

"If you loved him so why did he take your life?"

"Because my remorse was torture to him—the sight of me a constant reproach and torment."

"I have great faith in the power of human love—it would seem to me that such love as yours might lift a spirit from the very abyss."

"There is no abyss except the abyss of sin, and that is in one's own bosom. My love is lifting him; with me already he is all gentleness and goodness."

The writer leaned his head upon his hand, pondering those strange doctrines, so foreign to his own belief, and to that of his companion, and in a moment she said, "I should go. Come here, place your hand upon her head, and will, gently and kindly, that I shall go away."

He did as he was bidden, and in another instant his lady companion was a member of the Episcopal Church, and a devout believer in the



Apostles' Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles. She thought she had been far away, in a beautiful garden, playing with little children.

As he has intimated, the writer does not know what to make of the facts which form this strange story; he only trusts that what he has written may lead some clearer head than his to attempt a solution of the mystery which enshrouds the "Haunted House at Watertown."

Since writing the foregoing the writer has

learned that in a vault near the haunted building has been found a luxuriant head of woman's hair. It is wavy, of a golden brown, and is described as a "wonder to look at." It was apparently not *cut* from the head, but taken off with the scalp, and some remains of flesh still cling to its roots. The cellar in which the body of the peddler is supposed to have been buried is to be thoroughly dug over, and, when that is done, another chapter may be added to this strange history.

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# LETTERS

## ON THE TRUTHS

CONTAINED

### IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

BY

HERBERT MAYO M. D.



PUBLISHED BY

JOHN DAVID SAUERLÄNDER, FRANKFORT o/M.

AND

MESSRS BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH.

1849.

## PREFATORY REMARKS

The original letters appeared in Blackwood's magazine in 1847. The superstitions examined are, the divining rod, vampyrism, the belief in ghosts and dreams, second-sight, supposed workings of the holy spirit on masses, possession by devils (in the middle ages and subsequently), witchcraft. The truths expounded are, the Od force, the law of sensorial illusions, the laws of trance. The superstitions reduced to natural phenomena fall thus into the domain of physiology, and their elucidation enriches one of its most important sections. In revising the letters for republication, I have been led to recast them, and have to a considerable extent rewritten the theoretical part. I have likewise added some striking facts to the body of instances before

adduced. These facts and instances are I think sufficiently strange and curious to interest the idlest reader; — for whose convenience, and my own pleasure, I have compressed the appended philosophy into a nutshell, fit emblem possibly of its value. It grew in the slow progress of my thoughts as the necessary complement to my views on "the nervous system and its functions," matured, and published under that title before I left England in 1842, by Messrs. Parker. They too lie in small compass. What one sees clearly one can express briefly. What admits of being the most clearly seen is truth.

January 1. 1849.

BOPARD ON THE RHINE.



## Letter I

### THE DIVINING ROD

Dear Archy,

As a resource in the solitary evenings of commencing winter it occurred to me to look into the long-neglected lore, of the marvellous, the mystical, the supernatural. I remembered the deep awe with which I had listened many a year ago to tales of seers, ghosts, vampires, and all the dark brood of night. And I thought it would be infinitely agreeable to thrill again with mysterious terrors, to start in my chair at the closing of a distant door, to raise my eyes with uneasy apprehension towards the mirror opposite, and to feel my skin creep through the sensible "afflatus" of an invisible presence. I entered accordingly upon a very promising course of appalling reading. But, alack and well-a-day, a change had come over me since the good old times, when fancy, with fear and superstition behind her, would creep on tiptoe to catch a shuddering glimpse of kobbold, Fay, or Incubus. Vain were all my efforts to revive the pleasant horrors of earlier years. It was as if I had planned going to a play to enjoy again the full gusto of scenic illusion, and through absence of mind was attending a morning rehearsal only; when instead of what I had anticipated, great coats, hats, umbrellas, and ordinary men and women, masks, tinsel, trap-doors, pulleys, and a world of intricate machinery, lit by a partial gleam of sunshine, had met my view. The enchantment was no longer there; the spell was broken.

Yet on second thoughts the daylight-scene was worth contemplating. A new object of stronger interest suggested itself. I might examine and learn the mechanism of the illusions which had failed to furnish me the projected entertainment. In the books I had looked into, I discerned a clue to the explanation of many wonderful stories, which I could hitherto only seriously meet by disbelief. I saw that phenomena, which before had appeared isolated, depended upon a common principle itself allied with a variety of other singular facts and observations, which wanted only to be placed in philosophical juxta-position to be recognized as belonging to science. So I determined to employ the leisure before me upon an inquiry into the amount of truth in popular superstitions; certain, that if the attempt were not premature, the labour would be well repaid. There must be a real foundation for the belief of ages. There can be no prevalent delusion without a corresponding truth. The visionary promises of alchemy fore-shadowed the solid performances of modern chemistry; — as the debased worship of the Aegyptians implied the existence of a proper object of worship.

Among the immortal productions of the Scottish Shakespeare, you smile, but that phrase contains the true belief not a popular delusion; for the spirit of the poet lives not in the form of his works, but in his creative power and vivid intuitions of nature; and the form even is often nearer than you think; but this discursiveness will never do; to begin again.

Among the novels of Scott, — I intended to say, there is not one more wins upon us than the *Antiquary*. Nowhere has the great author more gently and indulgently, never with happier humour described the mixed web of strength and infirmity in human character; never besides with more facile power evoked pathos and terror and disported himself amid the sublimity and beauty of nature. Yet gentle as is his mood, he misses not the opportunity, albeit in general he displays an honest leaning towards old superstitions, mercilessly to crush one of the humblest. Do you remember the Priory of St. Ruth, and the summer-party made to visit it, and the preparation for the subsequent rogueries of Dousterswivel in the tale of *Martin Waldeck*, and the discovery of a spring of water by means of the divining rod?

I am inclined, do you know, to dispute the verdict of the novelist on this occasion, and to take the part of the charlatan against the author of his being; — as far at least as regards the genuineness of the art he then and there affected to practise. There exists in fact strong evidence to shew, that in competent and honest hands the divining rod really does what is pretended of it. This evidence I propose to put before you in the present letter. But as the subject may be entirely new to you, I had best begin by describing what is meant by a divining rod, and in what the imputed jugglery consists.

Then you are to know that in mining districts a superstition prevails among the people, that some are born gifted with an occult power of detecting the proximity of veins of metal and of underground currents of water. In Cornwall they hold that about one in forty possesses this faculty. The mode of exercising it is very simple. They cut a hazel twig, just below where it forks. Having stripped the leaves off they cut each branch to something more than a foot in length, leaving the stump three inches long. This implement is the divining rod. The hazel is selected for the purpose, because it branches more symmetrically than its neighbours. The hazel-fork is to be held by the branches, one in either hand, the stump or point projecting straight forwards. The arms of the experimenter hang by his sides; but the elbows being bent at a right angle, the fore-arms are advanced; the hands are held seven or eight inches apart, the knuckles down and the thumbs outwards. The ends of the branches of the divining fork appear between the roots of the thumbs and fore-fingers.

The operator thus armed walks over the ground, he intends exploring, in the full expectation that if he possess the mystic gift, as soon as he passes over a vein of metal or underground spring, the hazel-fork will begin to move spontaneously in his hands, rising or falling as the case may be.

You smile at my gravely stating an event so unlikely. It is indeed natural, that you should suppose the whole a juggle and think the seemingly spontaneous motion of the divining fork to be really communicated to it by the hands of the conjuror; — by a sleight in fact which he puts in practise, when he believes that he is walking over a hidden water-course, or wishes you to believe that there is a vein of metal near. Well, I thought as you do the greater part of my life; and probably the likeliest way of combating your scepticism will be to tell you how my own conversion took place.

In the summer of 1843 I dwelt under the same roof with a Scottish gentleman, well informed, of a serious turn of mind, fully endowed with the national allowance



of shrewdness and caution; I saw a good deal of him; and one day by chance this subject of the divining rod was mentioned. He told me, that at one time his curiosity having been raised upon the subject, he had taken pains to ascertain what there is in it. With this object in view he had obtained an introduction to Mrs. R., sister of Sir G. R. then living at Southampton, whom he had learnt to be one of those in whose hands the divining rod moved. He visited the lady, who was polite enough to shew him in what the performance consists, and to answer all his questions and to assist him in making experiments calculated to test the reality of the phenomenon and to elucidate its cause.

Mrs. R. told my friend that being at Cheltenham in 1806 she saw for the first time the divining rod used by Mrs. Colonel Beaumont, who possessed the power of imparting motion to it in a very remarkable degree. Mrs. R. tried the experiment herself at that time, but without any success. She was as it happened very far from well. Afterwards in the year 1815 being asked by a friend how the divining rod is held and how it is to be used, on shewing it she was surprised to see, that the instrument now moved in her hands.

Since then, whenever she had repeated the experiment, the power had always manifested itself tho' with varying degrees of energy.

Mrs. R. then took my friend to a part of the shrubbery where she knew from former trials the divining rod would move in her hands. It did so to my friends extreme astonishment; and even continued to move, when availing himself of Mrs. R.'s permission, my friend grasped her hands with sufficient firmness to prevent any muscular action of her wrists or fingers, influencing the result.

In a subsequent day my friend having thought over what he had seen, repeated his visit to the lady. He had provided himself as substitutes for the hazel fork which he had seen her employ, with portions of copper and iron-wire about a foot and a half long, bent something into the form of the letter V. He had made in fact divining forks of wire wanting only the projecting point. He found that these instruments moved quite as freely in Mrs. R.'s hands as the hazel-fork had done. Then he coated the two handles of one of them with sealing wax, leaving however the extreme ends free and uncovered. When Mrs. R. tried the rod so prepared holding the parts alone which were covered with sealing wax, and walked on the same piece of ground as in the former experiments, the rod remained perfectly still. As often however as, with no greater change than adjusting her hands so as to touch the free end of the wire with her thumbs, Mrs. R. renewed direct contact with the instrument, it again moved. The motion ceased again as often as the direct contact was interrupted.

This simple narrative made to me by the late Mr. George Fairholm carried conviction to my mind of the reality of the phenomenon. I asked my friend why he had not pursued the subject further. He said he had often thought of doing so, and had he believed mainly been deterred by meeting with the work of the Comte de Tristan's entitled "*Recherches sur quelque effluves terrestres*" Paris 1829, in which facts similar to those which he had himself verified were given, and a number of additional curious experiments detailed.

At Mr. Fairholm's instance I procured the book and at a later period read it. I may say that it both satisfied and disappointed me. It satisfied me in as much as

it fully confirmed all that Mr. Fairholm had stated. It disappointed me for it threw no additional light upon the phenomena. M. de Tristan had in fact brought too little physical knowledge to the investigation, so that a large proportion of his experiments are a puerile waste of time and ingenuity. However his simpler experiments are valuable, to the point, and good. These I will presently describe. In the mean time you shall hear the count's own narrative of his initiation into the mysteries of the divining rod.

The history of my researches, says M. de Tristan, is simply this. "Some twenty years ago, a gentleman, who from his position in society could have no object to gain by deception, shewed to me for my amusement the movement of the divining rod."

"He attributed the motion to the influence of a current of water, which appeared to me a probable supposition. But my attention was more engaged with the action produced by the influence, let the latter be what it might. My informant assured me he had met with many others, in whom the same effects were manifested. When I was returned home, and had opportunities of making trials under favorable circumstances, I found that I myself possessed the same endowment. Since then I have induced many to make the experiment, and I have found a fourth or certainly a fifth of the number capable of setting the divining rod in motion at the very first attempt. Since that time during these twenty years, I have often tried my hand but for amusement only, and desultorily, and without any idea of making the thing an object of scientific investigation. But at length in the year 1822, being in the country and removed from my ordinary pursuits, the subject again came across me, and I determined forthwith to try and ascertain the cause of these phenomena. Accordingly I commenced a long series of experiments, from fifteen to eighteen hundred in number, which occupied me nearly fifteen months. The results of above twelve hundred were written down at the time of their performance."

The scene of the Count's operations was in the valley of the Loire, five leagues from Vendôme, in the park of the chateau de Ranac. The surface of ground, which gave the desired results, was from seventy to eighty feet in breadth. But there was another spot equally efficient at the Count's ordinary residence at Emerillon, near Clery, four leagues south of Orleans, ten leagues south of the Loire, at the commencement of the plains of Sologne. The surface ran from north to south, and had the same breadth with the other. These "exciting tracts" form in general bands or zones of undetermined and often very great length. Their breadth is very variable. Some are only three or four feet across, while others are one hundred paces. These tracts are sometimes sinuous, in other instances they ramify. To the most susceptible they are broader than to those who are less so.

M. de Tristan thus describes what happens when a competent person, armed with a hazel-fork walks over the exciting districts.

When two or three steps have been made upon the exciting tract of ground, the fork, which at starting is held horizontally, with the point forwards, begins gently to ascend; it gradually attains a vertical position; sometimes it passes beyond that, and lowering itself, with its point to the chest of the operator, it becomes again horizontal. If the motion continues, the rod descending becomes vertical with the point downwards. Finally the rod may again ascend and resume its first position. When



the action is very lively, the rod immediately commences a second revolution, and so it goes on, as long as the operator continues to walk over the exciting surface of ground.

A few of those, in whose hands the divining fork moves, exhibit a remarkable peculiarity. The instrument instead of commencing its motion by ascending, descends; the point then becomes directed vertically downwards; afterwards it reascends, and completes a revolution in a course the opposite of the usual one. And as often and as long as its motion is excited, it pursues this abnormal course.

Among the numerous experiments made by M. de Tristan, the following are about the simplest and the best.

He covered both handles of a divining rod with a thick silk stuff. The result of using the instrument so prepared was the same which Mr. Fairholm obtained by coating the handles with sealing wax. The motion of the divining rod was extinguished.

He covered both handles with one layer of a thin silk. He then found that the motion of the divining rod took place, but it was less lively and vigorous than ordinary.

By covering one handle of the divining rod, and that the right, with a layer of thin silk, a very singular and satisfactory result was obtained. The motion of the instrument was now reversed. It commenced by descending.

After covering the point of the divining rod with a thick layer of silk stuff, the motion was sensibly more brisk than it had been before.

When the Count held in his hands a straight rod of the same substance conjointly with the ordinary divining rod, no movement of the latter whatsoever ensued.

Finally the Count discovered that he could cause the divining rod to move, when he walked over a non-exciting surface, as for instance in his own chamber, by various processes. Of these the most interesting consisted in touching the point of the instrument with either pole of a magnetic needle. The instrument shortly began to move, ascending or descending, according as the northward or southward pole of the needle had been applied to it.

It is unnecessary to add that these and all M. de Tristan's experiments were repeated by him many times. The results of those, which I have narrated, were constant.

Let me now attempt to realize something out of the preceding statements.

1. It appears to me impossible to doubt, upon the testimony adduced, that whereas in the hands of most persons the divining rod remains motionless, in the hands of some it moves promptly and briskly, when the requisite conditions are observed.

2. It appears to me no less certain, that the motion of the divining rod has appeared to various intelligent and honest persons, who have succeeded in producing it, to be entirely spontaneous; or that the said persons were not conscious of having excited or promoted the motion by the slightest help of their own.

3. It appears certain that in the ordinary use of the divining rod by competent persons, its motion only manifests itself in certain localities.

4. It being assumed that the operator does not, however unconsciously, by the muscular action of his hands and wrists produce the motion of the divining rod, the likeliest way of accounting for the phenomenon is to suppose that the divining rod may become made the

conductor of some fluid or force, emanating from, or disturbed in the body by, terrestrial agency.

But here a difficulty arises. How can it happen, that the hypothetical force makes so long and round about a course? Why, communicated to the body through the legs, does not the supposed fluid complete a circuit at once in the lower part of the trunk?

Such at all events would be the course an electric current so situated would take.

The difficulty raised admits of being removed by aid derived from a novel and unexpected source. I allude to von Reichenbach's newly discovered principle, which whether or not it be identical with that which gives motion to the divining rod, exhibits at all events the very property, which the hypothetical principle should possess to explain the phenomena, which we have been considering.

No attempts have indeed been made to identify the two as one; and the conjecture that they may prove so, tho' plausible is at the same time so vague that I should have contented myself with referring to von Reichenbach's new principle as to an established truth, and have introduced no account of it into this letter, had I not a second motive for ensuring your cognizance of the curious facts, which the Viennese philosopher has brought to light. It is less with the view of furnishing a leg to the theory of the divining rod, than in order to provide the means of elucidating more interesting problems, that I now proceed briefly to sketch the leading experiments made by von Reichenbach, and their results.

Objections have been taken against these experiments on the ground that they are, with one exception, purely physiological, that the results must be received on the testimony of the subject employed, and that the best subjects for the purpose, are persons whose natural sensibility is exalted by disorder of the nerves. — A class of persons always suspected of exaggeration, and even, and in part with justice, of a tendency to trickery and deception. But this was well known to von Reichenbach, who appears to have taken every precaution necessary to secure his observations against error. And when I add, that many of the results, which he obtained upon the most sensitive and the highly nervous were likewise manifested in persons of established character and in good health; and that the fidelity of the author and of his researches is authenticated by the publication of the latter in Woehler and Liebig's chemical annals (supplement to volume 53, Heidelberg 1845), I think you will not withhold from them complete reliance.

In general persons in health and of a strong constitution are totally insensible to the influence of von Reichenbach's new force. But all persons, the tone of whose health has been lowered by their mode of life, men of sedentary habits, clerks and the like, and women who employ their whole time in needle work, whose pale complexions shew the relaxed and therefore irritable state of their frames, — all such or nearly all — evince more or less susceptibility to the influence I am about to describe.

von Reichenbach found that persons of the classes referred to, when slow passes are made with the poles of a strong magnet moved slowly parallel to the surface, — down the back for instance or down the limbs, — and only distant enough just not to touch the clothes, — feel sensations rather unpleasant than otherwise, as of a light draft of air blown upon them in the path of the magnet.



In the progress of his researches von Reichenbach found that his subjects could detect the presence of his new agent by another sense. In the dark they saw dim flames of light issuing and waving from the poles of the magnet. The experiments suggested by this discovery afford the most satisfactory proofs of the reality of the phenomena. — They were the following. A horse-shoe magnet having been adjusted upon a table with the poles directed upwards, the sensitive subject saw, at the distance of ten feet, the appearance of flames issuing from it. The armature of the magnet, — a bar of soft iron — was then applied. Upon this the flames disappeared. They reappeared, she said, as often as the armature was removed from the magnet.

A similar experiment was made with a yet more sensitive subject. This person saw in the first instance flames as the first had done. But when the armature of the magnet was applied, the flames did not disappear; she saw flames still; only they were fainter and their disposition was different. They seemed now to issue from every part of the surface of the magnet equally.

It is hardly necessary to add that these experiments were made in a well darkened room, and that none of the bystanders could discern what the sensitive subjects saw.

Then the following experiment was made. A powerful lens was so placed, as that it should concentrate the light of the flames, (if real light they were) upon a point of the wall of the room. The patient at once saw the light upon the wall at the right place. And when the inclination of the lens was shifted so as to throw the focus in succession on different points, the sensitive observer never failed in pointing out the right spot.

Next with the assistance of Herr Schuh, an optician in Vienna, a physical experiment was made, which seems to remove all doubt of the identity of these to-common eyes-invisible flames with common light. A prepared daguerrotype plate was kept in due opposition to the poles of a strong magnet for sixty four hours in perfect darkness. At the expiration of that time the plate was found to exhibit the fullest influence of light upon its whole surface.

To his new force, which von Reichenbach had now found to emanate likewise from the poles of crystals and the wires of the Voltaic pile, he gave the name of *Od*, or the *Od* force.

His next step was to ascertain the existence of a difference among the sensations produced by *Od*. Sometimes the current of air was described as warm, sometimes as cool. He found this difference to depend upon the following cause. Whenever the northward pole of a magnet, or one definite pole of a large crystal, or the negative wire of a voltaic battery, is employed in the experiment, the sensation produced is that of a draft of cool air. On the contrary the southward pole of the magnet, the opposite pole of the crystal, the positive voltaic wire, excite the sensation of a draft of warm air.

So the new force appeared to be a polar force, and von Reichenbach called the first series of the above described manifestations *Od-negative* effects, the second *Od-positive* effects.

From among his numerous experiments towards establishing the polarity of *Od* I select the following. One of the most sensitive of his subjects held, at his desire, a piece of copper wire, by the middle with the right hand, by one end with the left. Then von Reichen-

bach touched the free end of the wire with one pole of a large crystal in order to charge it with *Od*. The patient immediately felt a sensation in the right hand; which disappeared as quickly, to be felt by the left hand instead, at the further end of the piece of wire. She then was bidden to take hold of the wire with both her hands at the middle, and then to slide them away from each other to the opposite ends; she observed on doing so that sensations were produced, which were strong and decided, when her hands held the two ends of the wire, and diminished in intensity in proportion as the hands were nearer its middle.

von Reichenbach next came upon the observation that the human hand gives out the *Od* force; and that the right hand displays the characters of negative *Od*, the left those of positive *Od*. The more sensitive subjects recognized, in the dark, the appearance of dim flames proceeding from the tips of his fingers: and all felt the corresponding sensations of drafts of cool or of warm air. Subsequently the whole body was found to share the properties of the hands; the entire right side to manifest negative *Od*, the entire left side positive *Od*.

So in reference to this new force the human body exhibits a transverse polarity; the condition is thus realized, which is required to belong to the hypothetical force, through which the divining rod might be supposed to move. If any terrestrial influence were capable of disturbing the *Od* force in the body, however it might affect its intensity, a current or circuit could only be established through the arms and hands; unless indeed some extraordinary means were taken, such as employing an artificial conductor, arched half round the body, to connect the two sides.

The sensations, which attend the establishment of a current of *Od* and interferences with it, in sensitive subjects, are exemplified in the following observations.

A bar-magnet was laid on the palm of the left hand of one of the most sensitive subjects, with its southward pole resting on the end of her middle finger; the northward pole on the fore-arm above the wrist. It thus corresponded with the natural polar arrangement of the *Od* force in the patients hand and arm. Accordingly no sensation was excited. But when the position of the magnet was reversed, and the northward-pole lay on the end of the middle finger of the left hand, an uneasy sense of an inward conflict arose in the hand and wrist, which disappeared, when the magnet was removed or its original direction restored. On laying the magnet reversed on the fore-arm the sense of an inward struggle returned; which was heightened on joining the hands and establishing a circuit.

When the patient completed the circuit in another way, namely by holding a bar-magnet by the ends, — if the latter were disposed normally, that is, if the northward pole was held in the left hand, the southward pole in the right, a lively consciousness of some inward action ensued. A normal circulation of *Od* was in progress. When the direction of the magnet was reversed, the phenomenon mentioned in the last paragraph recurred. The patient experienced a high degree of uneasiness, a feeling as of an inward struggle extending itself to the chest, with a sense of whirling round and confusion in the head. These symptoms disappeared immediately upon her leaving go of the magnet.

Similar results ensued, when von Reichenbach substituted himself for the magnet. When he took Miss Maix's hands in his, normally, that is to say, her left in



his right, her right in his left, she felt a circulation moving up the right arm through the chest down the left arm, attended with a sense of giddiness. When he changed hands, the disagreeableness of the sensation was suddenly heightened, the sense of inward conflict arose, attended with a sort of undulation up and down the arms and through the chest, which quickly became intolerable.

A singular but consistent difference in the result ensued, when von Reichenbach repeated the two last experiments upon Herr Schuh. Herr Schuh was a strong man, thirty years of age, in full health, but highly impressionable by Od. When von Reichenbach took his two hands in his own normally, Herr Schuh felt the normal establishment of the Od current in his arms and chest. In a few seconds headache and vertigo ensued, and the experiment was too disagreeable to be prolonged. But when von Reichenbach took his hands abnormally, no sensible effect ensued. Being equally strong with von Reichenbach, Herr Schuh's frame repelled the counter-current, which the latter arrangement tended to throw into him. In the first or normal arrangement the od current had met with no resistance, but had simply gone its natural course. The distress occurred *from its being felt*, through Herr Schuh's accidental sensitiveness to Od; of the freaks of which in their systems people in general are unconscious.

I have concluded my case in favor of the pretensions of the divining rod. It seems to me at all events strong enough to justify any one who has leisure, in cutting a hazel-fork and walking about with it in suitable places, holding it in the manner described. I doubt, however, whether I should recommend a friend to make the experiment. If by good luck the divining rod should refuse to move in his hands, he might accuse himself of credulity, and feel silly, and hope nobody had seen him for the rest of the day. If unfortunately the first trial should succeed and he should be led to pursue the inquiry, the consequences would be more serious; his probable fate would be to fall at once several degrees in the estimation of his friends, and to pass with the world, all the rest of his life, for a crotchety person of weak intellects.

As for the divining rod itself, if my argument prove sound, it will be a credit to the family of superstitions. For without any reduction, or clipping, or trimming, it may at once assume the rank of a new truth. But alas, the trials, which await it in that character! — what an ordeal is before it. A new truth has to encounter three normal stages of opposition. In the first, it is denounced as an imposture. In the second, that is, when it is beginning to force itself into notice, it is cursorily examined and plausibly explained away. In the third, or "cui bono" stage, it is decried as useless, and hostile to religion. And when it is finally admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages — a proceeding intended to make the new truth ashamed of itself, and wish it had never been born.

I congratulate the sea-serpent on having arrived at the second stage of belief. Since Professor Owen (no disrespect to his genuine ability and eminent knowledge) has explained it into a sea — elephant, its chance of being itself is much improved; and as it will skip the third stage, for who will venture to question the good of a sea-serpent, it is liable now any morning "to wake and find itself famous;" and to be received even at Lincoln's Inn fields, where its remains may commemoratively be ticketed the Ex-Great-Seal.

## Letter II

### VAMPIRISM

In acknowledging my former letter you express an eager desire to learn, as you phrase it "all about vampyrs if there ever were such things," I will not delay satisfying your curiosity, altho' by so doing I interrupt the logical order of my communications. It is perhaps all the better. The proper place of this subject falls in the midst of a philosophical disquisition; and it would have been a pity not to present it to you in its pristine coloring. But how came your late tutor, Mr. H., to leave you in ignorance upon a point, on which in my time schoolboys much your juniors entertained decided opinions.

Were there ever such things as Vampyrs? *tantumne rem tam negligenter!* I turn to the learned pages of Horst for a luminous and precise definition of the destructive and mysterious beings, whose existence you have ventured to consider problematical.

"A Vampyr is a dead body, which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves however by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished, and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other dead bodies."

Upon my word you really deserve, since Mr. George Combe has clearly shewn in his admirable work on the constitution of man and its adaptation to the surrounding world, that ignorance is a statutable crime before nature and punished by the laws of Providence — you deserve I say, unless you contrive to make Mr. H. your substitute, which I think would be just, yourself to be the subject of the nocturnal visit of a Vampyr. Your scepticism will abate pretty considerably, when you see him stealthily entering your room, yet are powerless under the fascination of his fixed and leaden eye — when you are conscious, as you lie motionless with terror, of his nearer and nearer approach, — when you feel his face, fresh with the smell of the grave, bent over your throat, while his keen teeth make a fine incision in your jugular, preparatorily to his commencing his plain but nutritive repast.

You would look a little paler the next morning, but that would be all for the moment: for Fischer informs us, that the bite of a Vampyr leaves in general no mark upon the person. But he fearfully adds, "it (the bite) is nevertheless speedily fatal," unless the bitten person protect himself by eating some of the earth from the grave of the Vampyr, and smearing himself with his blood. Unfortunately indeed these measures are only of temporary use. Fischer adds, "if through these precautions the life of the victim be prolonged for a period, sooner or later he ends with becoming a Vampyr himself; that is to say, he dies and is buried, but continues to lead a Vampyr life in the grave, nourishing himself by infecting others and promiscuously propagating Vampirism."

This is no romancer's dream. It is a succinct account of a superstition, which to this day survives in the east of Europe where little more than a century ago it was frightfully prevalent. At that period Vampirism spread like a pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing



numerous deaths, and disturbing all the land with fear of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt himself secure.

Here is something like a good solid practical popular delusion. Do I believe it? to be sure I do; the facts are matter of history; the people died like sheep, and the cause and method of their dying was in their belief, what has just been stated. You suppose, then, they died frightened out of their lives; as men have died, whose pardon has been proclaimed when their necks were already on the block, of the belief they were going to die? well if that were all, the subject would be worth examining: but there is more in it than that; as the following o'er true tale will convince you, the essential points of which are authenticated by documentary evidence.

In the spring of 1727 there returned from the Levant to the village of Meduegna near Belgrade, one Arnod Paole, who in a few years of military service and varied adventure, had amassed enough to purchase a cottage and an acre or two of land in his native place, where he gave out that he meant to pass the remainder of his days. He kept his word. Arnod had yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and though he must have encountered the rough as well as the smooth of life, and have mingled with many a wild and reckless companion, yet his naturally good disposition and honest principles had preserved him unscathed in the scenes he had passed through. At all events such were the thoughts expressed by his neighbours, as they discussed his return and settlement among them in the Stube of the village Hof. Nor did the frank and open countenance of Arnod, his obliging habits, and steady conduct, argue their judgment incorrect. Nevertheless, there was something occasionally noticeable in his ways, a look and tone, that betrayed inward disquiet. Often would he refuse to join his friends, or on some sudden plea abruptly quit their society. And he still more unaccountably, and as it seemed systematically, avoided meeting his pretty neighbour, Nina, whose father occupied the next tenement to his own. At the age of seventeen Nina was as charming a picture as you could have seen, of youth, cheerfulness, innocence, and confidence in all the world. You could not look into her limpid eyes, which steadily returned your gaze, without seeing to the bottom of the pure and transparent spring of her thoughts. Why then did Arnod shrink from meeting her? He was young, had a little property, had health and industry, and he had told his friends he had formed no ties in other lands. Why, then, did he avoid the fascination of the pretty Nina, who seemed a being made to chase from any brow the clouds of gathering care? But he did so. Yet less and less resolutely; for he felt the charm of her presence; who could have done otherwise? and how could he long resist — he did not — the impulse of his fondness for the innocent girl, who often sought to cheer his fits of depression.

And they were to be united; were betrothed; yet still an anxious gloom would fitfully overcast his countenance even in the sun-shine of those hours.

"What is it, dear Arnod, that makes you sad? it cannot be on my account, I know; for you were sad before you ever noticed me; and that I think," and you should have seen the deepening rose upon her cheeks, "surely first made me notice you."

"Nina," he answered, "I have done, I fear, a great wrong, in trying to gain your affections — Nina, I have a fixed impression that I shall not live; — yet knowing this, I have selfishly made my existence necessary to your happiness"

"How strangely you talk, dear Arnod; who in the village is stronger and healthier than you? You feared no danger when you were a soldier? what danger do you fear as a villager of Meduegna?"

"It haunts me, Nina."

"But Arnod you were sad before you thought of me; did you then fear to die?"

"Ah, Nina, it is something worse than death." And his vigorous frame shook with agony.

"Arnod, I conjure you, tell me."

"It was in Cossova this fate befell me, — here you have hitherto escaped the terrible scourge. But there they died, and the dead visited the living. I experienced the first frightful visitation, and I fled; but not till I had sought his grave and exacted the dread expiation from the Vampyr."

Nina's blood ran cold. She stood horrorstricken. But her young heart soon mastered her first despair. With a touching voice she spoke: —

"Fear not, dear Arnod, fear not now. I will be your shield, — or I will die with you."

And she encircled his neck with her gentle arms; and returning hope shone, Iris-like, amid her falling tears. Afterwards they found a reasonable ground for banishing or allaying their apprehensions, in the length of time, which had elapsed since Arnod left Cossova, during which no fearful visitant had again approached him; and they fondly trusted *that* gave them security.

It is a strange world. The ills we fear are commonly not those which overwhelm us. The blows that reach us are for the most part unforeseen. One day about a week after this conversation, Arnod missed his footing, when on the top of a loaded hay-waggon, and fell from it to the ground. He was picked up insensible, and carried home, where after lingering a short time he died; his interment as usual followed immediately: — his fate was sad and premature; but what pencil could paint Nina's grief?

Twenty or thirty days after his decease, says the perfectly authenticated report of these transactions, several of the neighbourhood complained that they were haunted by the deceased Arnod; and what was more to the purpose, four of them died. The evil looked at sceptically was bad enough; but aggravated by the suggestions of superstition, it spread a panic through the whole district. To allay the popular terror, and if possible to get at the root of the evil, a determination was come to publicly to disinter the body of Arnod with the view of ascertaining whether he really was a Vampyr; and in that event of treating him conformably. The day fixed for this proceeding was the fortieth after his burial.

It was on a grey morning in early August that the commission visited the quiet cemetery of Meduegna, which surrounded with a wall of unhewn stone, lies sheltered by the mountain that rising in undulating green slopes irregularly planted with fruit trees, ends in an abrupt craggy ridge feathered with under-wood. The graves were for the most part neatly kept, with borders of box or something like it, and flowers between; and at the head of most, a small wooden cross painted black bearing the name of the tenant. Here and there a stone had been raised; one of considerable height, a single narrow slab, ornamented with grotesque gothic carvings dominated over the rest. Near this lay the grave of Arnod Paole, towards which the party moved. The work of throwing out the earth was begun by the grey



crooked old sexton, who lived in the Leichenhouse beyond the great crucifix; he seemed unconcerned enough; no Vampyr would think of extracting a supper out of him. Nearest the grave stood two military surgeons or feldscheerers, from Belgrade, and a drummer-boy, who held their case of instruments. The boy looked on with keen interest; and when the coffin was exposed, and rather roughly drawn out of the grave, his pale face and bright intent eye shewed how the scene moved him. The sexton lifted the lid of the coffin; the body had become inclined to one side; when turning it straight "ha" "ha" said he pointing to fresh blood upon the lips, "ha" "ha" what, your mouth not wiped since last night's work?" the spectators shuddered: the drummer-boy sank forward fainting and upset the instrument case scattering its contents; the senior surgeon infected with the horror of the scene repressed a hasty exclamation and simply crossed himself. They threw water on the drummer-boy and he recovered but would not leave the spot. Then they inspected the body of Arnod. It looked as if it had not been dead a day. On handling it the scarfskin came off, but below were *new skin and new nails!* How could *they* have come there, but from its foul feeding? The case was clear enough; there lay before them the thing they dreaded — the Vampyr. So without more ado they simply drove a stake through poor Arnod's chest; whereupon a quantity of blood gushed forth and the corpse uttered an audible groan. — "Murder, Oh Murder," — shrieked the drummer-boy, as he rushed wildly with convulsed gestures from the cemetery.

The drummer-boy was not far from the mark. — But quitting the romancing vein which had led me to try and restore the original colours of the picture, let me confine myself in describing the rest of the scene and what followed, to the words of my authority.

The body of Arnod was then burnt to ashes, which were returned to the grave. The authorities farther had staked and burnt the bodies of the four others, which were supposed to have been infected by Arnod; no mention is made of the state in which they were found. The adoption of these decisive measures failed however of entirely extinguishing the evil, which continued still to hang about the village. About five years afterwards it had again become very rife and many died through it. Whereupon the authorities determined to make another and a complete clearance of the Vampyrs in the cemetery; and with that object they had again all the graves to which present suspicion attached, opened and their contents officially anatomized, of which procedure the following is the medical report, here and there *abridged* only; —

1. a woman of the name of Stana, twenty years of age who had died three months before of a three days illness following her confinement. She had before her death avowed that she had *anointed* herself with the blood of a vampyr, to liberate herself from his persecution. Nevertheless, she as well as her infant, whose body through careless interment had been half eaten by the dogs, both had died. Her body was entirely free from decomposition. On opening it the chest was found full of recently effused blood, and the bowels had exactly the appearances of sound health. The skin and nails of her hands and feet were loose and came off, but underneath lay new skin and nails.

2. A woman of the name of Miliza, who had died at the end of a three months illness. The body had been buried ninety and odd days. In the chest was liquid blood. The viscera were as in the former instance.

The body was declared by a heyduk who recognized it, to be in better condition and fatter than it had been in the woman's legitimate life-time.

3. The body of a child eight years old, that had likewise been buried ninety days; it was in the Vampyr condition.

4. The son of a heyduk named Milloc, sixteen years old. The body had lain in the grave nine weeks. He had died after three days indisposition and was in the condition of a Vampyr.

5. Joachim, likewise son of a heyduk, seventeen years old. He had died after three days illness; had been buried eight weeks and some days; was found in the Vampyr state.

6. A woman of the name of Rusha, who had died of an illness of ten days duration, and had been six weeks buried, in whom likewise fresh blood was found in the chest.

(The reader will understand, that to *see* blood in the chest, it is first necessary to *cut* the chest open.)

7. The body of a girl of ten years of age, who had died two months before. It was likewise in the vampyr state, perfectly undecomposed, with blood in the chest.

8. The body of the wife of one Hadnuck, buried seven weeks before; and that of her infant eight weeks old, buried only twenty one days. They were both in a state of decomposition, tho' buried in the same ground and closely adjoining the others.

9. A servant by name Rhade, twenty three years of age; he had died after an illness of three months duration, and the body had been buried five weeks. It was in a state of decomposition.

10. The body of the heyduk, Stanco, sixty years of age, who had died six weeks previously. There was much blood and other fluid in the chest and abdomen, and the body was in the Vampyr condition.

11. Millac, a heyduk, twenty five years old. The body had been in the earth six weeks. It was perfectly in the vampyr condition.

12. Stanjoika, the wife of a heyduk, twenty years old; had died after an illness of three days, and had been buried eighteen. The countenance was florid. There was blood in the chest and in the heart. The viscera were perfectly sound: the skin remarkably fresh.

The document, which gives the above particulars, is signed by three regimental Surgeons and formally countersigned by a lieutenant-colonel and sub-lieutenant; it bears the date of June 7. 1732, Meduegna near Belgrade. No doubt can be entertained of its authenticity or of its *general* fidelity; the less that it does not stand alone, but is supported by a mass of evidence to the same effect. It appears to establish beyond question, that where the fear of vampyrism prevails and there occur several deaths, in the popular belief connected with it, the bodies, when disinterred weeks after burial, present the appearance of corpses from which life has only recently departed.

What inference shall we draw from this fact? — that vampyrism is true in the popular sense; and that these fresh-looking and well-conditioned corpses had some mysterious source of praeternatural nurrishment? That would be to adopt, not to solve the superstition. Let us content ourselves with a notion not so monstrous, but still startling enough. — That the bodies, which were found in the so-called vampyr-state, instead of



being in a new or mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way, or had been so for sometime subsequently to their interment; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive, and whose life, where it yet lingered, was finally extinguished through the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them. In the following sketch of a similar scene to that above described, the correctness of this inference comes out with terrific force.

Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Dukedom of Krain by Valvasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a Vampyr, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a colour, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, "See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you." After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when after a short prayer for his poor soul they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

We have thus succeeded in interpreting one of the unknown terms in the vampyr-theorem. The suspicious character, who had some dark way of nourishing himself in the grave, turns out to be an unfortunate gentleman (or lady) whom his friends had in ignorance buried, while he was still alive; and who, if they afterwards mercifully let him alone, died sooner or later either naturally or of the primature interment, — in either case it is to be hoped with no interval of restored consciousness. The state, which thus passed for death and led to such fatal consequences, apart from superstition deserves our serious consideration. For altho' of very rare it is of continual occurrence, and society is not sufficiently on its guard against a contingency so dreadful when overlooked. When the nurse or the doctor has announced that all is over, — that the valued friend or relative has breathed his last — no doubt crosses any one's mind of the reality of the sad event. Disease is now so well understood, every step in its march laid down and foreseen, the approach of danger accurately estimated, the liability of the patient according to his powers of resisting it, to succumb earlier or to hold out longer; all is theoretically so clear, that a wholesome suspicion of error in the verdict of the attendants seldom suggests itself. The evil I am considering ought not however to be attributed to redundancy of knowledge; it arises from its partial lack, from a too general neglect of one very important section in pathological science. The laity, if not the doctors too, constantly lose sight of the fact, that there exists an alternative to the fatal event of ordinary disease; that a patient is liable at any period of illness to deviate, or as it were to slide off, from the customary line of disease into another and a deceptive route, — *instead of death, to encounter apparent death.*

The Germans have an excellent term for this condition of the living body; they call it "Scheintod,"

which signifies simply apparent death. The english language is not malleable enough to admit of the invention of a similar term. But the term death-trance is a very tolerable equivalent.

Death-trance is a form of suspended animation. There are several others. After incomplete poisoning, after suffocation in either of its various ways, after exposure to cold, in infants newly born, a state is occasionally met with, of which (however each may still differ from the rest) the common feature is an apparent suspension of the vital actions. But all of these so-cited instances agree in another important respect; which second inter-agreement separates them as a class from death-trance. They represent, each and all, a period of conflict between the effects of certain deleterious impressions and the vital principle, the latter struggling against the weight and force of the former. Such is not the case in death-trance.

Death-trance is a positive status; a period of repose; the duration of which is sometimes definite and predetermined, tho' unknown. Thus the patient, the term of the death-trance having expired, occasionally suddenly wakes, entirely and at once restored. Oftener, however, the machinery which has been stopped seems to require to be jogged; then it goes on again.

The basis of death-trance is suspension of the action of the heart, and of the breathing, and of voluntary motion: generally likewise feeling and intelligence, and the vegetative changes in the body, are suspended. With these phenomena is joined loss of external warmth; so that the usual evidence of life is gone. But there has occurred every shade of this condition that can be imagined between occasional slight manifestations of one or other of the vital actions, and their entire disparition.

Death-trance may occur as a primary affection suddenly or gradually. The diseases the course of which it is liable, as it were, to bifurcate, or to graft itself upon are first and principally all disorders of the nervous system. But in any form of disease, when the body is brought to a certain degree of debility, death-trance may supervene. Age and sex have to do with its occurrence; which is more frequent in the young than in the old, in men than in women; — differences evidently connected with greater irritability of nervous system. Accordingly women in labor are among the most liable to death-trance, and it is from such a case that I will give a first instance of the affection as portrayed by a medical witness. (Journal des Savans 1749.)

M. Rigaudeau, surgeon to the military hospital and licensed accoucheur at Douai, was sent for on the 8<sup>th</sup> of september 1745, to attend the wife of Francis Dumont residing two leagues from the town. He was late in getting there, it was half past 8 a. m., too late it seemed; the patient was declared to have died at 6 o'clock, after eighteen hours of ineffectual labor-pains. M. Rigaudeau inspected the body; there was no pulse or breath; the mouth was full of froth; the abdomen tumid. He brought away the infant, which he committed to the care of the nurses; who after trying to reanimate it for three hours gave up the attempt, and prepared to lay it out; when it opened its mouth. They then gave it wine and it was speedily recovered. M. Rigaudeau, who returned to the house as this occurred, inspected again the body of the mother. (It had been already nailed down in a coffin.) He examined it with the utmost care; but he came to the conclusion that it was certainly dead. Nevertheless as the joints of the limbs were still flexible, altho' seven



hours had elapsed since its apparent death, he left the strictest injunctions, to watch the body carefully, to apply stimulants to the nostrils from time to time, to slap the palms of the hands, and the like. At half past three o'clock symptoms of returning animation shewed themselves, and the patient recovered.

The period during which every ordinary sign of life may be absent, without the prevention of their return, is unknown, but in well authenticated cases it has much exceeded the period observed in the above instance. Here is an example, borrowed from the "journal des Savans" 1741.

There was a Colonel Russel, whose wife, to whom he was affectionately attached, died, or appeared to do so. But he would not allow the body to be buried; and threatened to shoot any one who should interfere to remove it for that purpose. His conduct was guided by reason as well as affection and instinct. He said he would not part from the body till its decomposition had begun. Eight days had passed during which the body of his wife gave no sign of life; — when, as he sat bedewing her hand with his tears, the churchbell tolled, and to his unspeakable amazement, his wife sat up, and said "that is the last bell, we shall be too late." She recovered.

There are cases on record of persons, who could spontaneously fall into death-trance. — Monti in a letter to Haller adverts to several; and mentions in particular, a peasant upon whom, when he assumed this state, the flies would settle; breathing, the pulse, and all ordinary signs of life disappeared.

A priest of the name of Caelius Rhodaginus had the same faculty; but the most celebrated instance is that of Colonel Townshend, mentioned in the surgical works of Gooch; by whom and by Doctor Cheyne and Doctor Baynard, and by Mr. Shrine, an apothecary, the performance of Colonel Townshend was seen and attested. They had long attended him, for he was an habitual invalid; and he had often invited them to witness the phenomenon of his dying and coming to life again, but they had hitherto refused from fear of the consequences to himself. But at last they assented. Accordingly in their presence Colonel Townshend laid himself down on his back, and Doctor Cheyne undertook to observe his pulse; Doctor Baynard laid his hand on his heart; and Mr. Shrine had a looking glass to hold to his mouth. After a few seconds, pulse, breathing and the action of the heart, were no longer to be observed. Each of the witnesses satisfied himself of the entire cessation of these phenomena. When the death-trance had lasted half an hour, the Doctors began to fear that their patient had pushed the experiment too far and was dead in earnest. And they were preparing to leave the house, when a slight movement of the body attracted their attention. They renewed their routine of observation; when the pulse and sensible motion of the heart gradually returned, and breathing, and consciousness. The sequel of the tale is strange. Colonel Townshend on recovering sent for his attorney, made his will, and died, for good and all, six hours afterwards.

Although many have recovered from death-trance, and there seems to be in each case a definite period to its duration, yet its event is not always as fortunate. The patient sometimes really dies during its continuance, whether unavoidably, or in consequence of adequate measures not being taken to stimulate him to waken, or to support life. The following very good instance rests on the authority of Doctor Schmidt, a physician of the hospital of Paderborn, where it occurred. Rheinisch-

Westphälischer Anzeiger 1835. N° 57 und 58.

A young man of the name of Caspar Kreite from Berne died in the hospital of Paderborn, but his body could not be interred for three weeks for the following reasons. During the first twenty four hours after drawing its last breath the corpse opened its eyes, and the pulse could be felt for a few minutes beating feebly and irregularly. On the third and fourth day points of the skin, which had been burned, to test the reality of his death, suppurated. On the fifth day the corpse changed the position of one hand; on the ninth day a vesicular eruption appeared on the back. For nine days there was a vertical fold of the skin of the forehead, a sort of frown; and the features had not the character of death. The lips remained red till the eighteenth day; and the joints preserved their flexibility from first to last. He lay in this state in a warm room for nineteen days without any farther alteration than a sensible wasting in flesh. Till after the nineteenth day no discolorations of the body or odor of putrefaction were observed. He had been cured of ague; and laboured under a slight chest affection, but there had been no adequate cause for his death. It is evident, that this person was much more alive than many are in the death-trance; and one half suspects that stimulants and nourishment properly introduced might have entirely reanimated him.

I might exemplify death-trance by many a well authenticated romantic story; — a noise heard in a vault; the people instead of breaking open the door go for the keys and for authority to act, and return too late; the unfortunate person is found dead, having previously gnawn her hand and arm in agony. — A lady is buried with a jewel of value on her finger; thieves open the vault to possess themselves of the treasure; the ring can not be drawn from the finger and the thieves proceed to cut the finger off; the lady wakening from her trance scares the thieves away and recovers. A young married lady dies and is buried; a former admirer, to whom her parents had refused her hand, bribes the sexton to let him see once more the form he loved. The body opportunely comes to life at this moment, and flies from Paris with its first lover to England, where they are married. Venturing to return to France, the lady is recognized, and is reclaimed by her previous husband through a suit at law; her counsel demurs on the ground of the desertion and burial; but the law not admitting this plea, she flies again to England with her preserver, to avoid the judgment of the parliament of Paris, in the acts of which the case stands recorded. There are one or two other cases that I dare not cite, the particulars of which transcend the wildest flights of imagination.

It may be thought that these are all tales of the olden time; and that the very case I have given from the hospital at Paderborn shews that now medical men are sufficiently circumspect, and the public really on its guard to prevent a living person being interred as one dead. And I grant that in England among all but the poorest class the danger is practically inconsiderable of being buried alive. But that it still exists for every class, and that for the poor the danger is great and serious, I am afraid there is too much reason for believing. It is stated in Froriep's Notizen 1829, Nro. 522, that agreeably to a then recent ordinance in New York, coffins presented for burial were kept above ground eight days, open at the head, and so arranged, that the least movement of the body would ring a bell, through strings attached to the hands and feet. It will hardly be credited that *out of twelve hundred* whose interment had



been then postponed, *six returned to life*, one in every two hundred! The arrangement thus beneficently adopted at New York is, however, imperfect, as it makes time the criterion for interment. The time is *not* known, during which a body in death-trance may remain alive. Nothing but one positive condition of the body, which I will presently mention, authenticates death. It is frightful to think how in the south of Europe, within twenty four hours after the last breath, bodies are shovelled into pits among heaped corpses; and to imagine what fearful agonies of despair must sometimes be encountered by unhappy beings, who wake amid the unutterable horrors of such a grave. But it is enough to look at home and to make no delay in providing there for the careful watching of the bodies of the poor, till life has certainly departed. Many do not dream how barbarous and backward the vaunted nineteenth century will appear to posterity!

But there is another danger, to which society is obnoxious through not making sufficient account of the contingency of death-trance, that appears to me more urgent and menacing, than even the risk of being buried alive.

The danger I advert to is not *this*; but this is something; —

The cardinal Espinosa, prime minister under Philip the second of Spain, died as it was supposed, after a short illness. His rank entitled him to be embalmed. Accordingly the body was opened for that purpose. The lungs and heart had just been brought into view, when the latter was seen to beat. The cardinal awakening at the fatal moment had still strength enough left to seize with his hand the knife of the anatomist!

But it is *this*; —

On the 23 of september 1763, the abbé Prevost, the french novelist and compiler of travels was seized with a fit in the wood of Chantilly. The body was found and conveyed to the residence of the nearest clergyman. It was supposed that death had taken place through apoplexy. But the local authorities, desiring to be satisfied of the fact, ordered the body to be examined. During the process the poor abbé uttered a cry of agony; — it was too late.

It is to be observed that cases of sudden and unexplained death are on the one hand the cases most likely to furnish a large per-centage of death-trance; and on the other are just those, in which the anxiety of friends or the overzealousness of a coroner is liable to lead to premature anatomization. Nor does it even follow that because the body happily did not wake while being dissected, the spark of life was therefore extinct. But this view is too painful to be followed out in reference to the past. But it imperatively suggests the necessity of forbidding necroscopic examinations, before there is perfect evidence that life has departed; — that is, of extending to this practice the rule, which ought to be made absolute in reference to interment.

Thus comes out the practical importance of the question, how is it to be known that the body is no longer alive?

The entire absence of the ordinary signs of life is insufficient to prove the absence of life. The body may be externally cold; the pulse not to be felt; breathing may have ceased; no bodily motion may occur; the limbs may be stiff (through spasm); the sphincter muscles relaxed; no blood may flow from an opened vein; the eyes may have become glassy; there may be partial *mortification* to offend the sense with the smell of death;

— and yet the body may be alive.

The only security we *at present* know of that life has left the body, is the supervention of chemical decomposition, shewn in commencing change of colour of the integuments of the abdomen and throat to blue and green, and an attendant cadaverous foetor.

To return from this important digression to the feebler subject of the Vampyr-superstition. The second element which we have yet to explain in the letter is the Vampyr-visit, and its consequence, — the lapse of the party visited into death-trance. There are two ways of dealing with this knot; one is to cut it, the other to untie it.

It may be cut, by denying the supposed connexion between the vampyr-visit and the supervention of death-trance in the second party. Nor is the explanation thus obtained devoid of plausibility. There is no reason why death-trance should not in certain seasons and places be *epidemic*. Then the persons most liable to it would be those of weak and irritable nervous systems. Again a first effect of the epidemic might be further to shake the nerves of weaker subjects. These are exactly the persons, who are likely to be infected with imaginary terrors, and to dream, or even to fancy they have seen, Mr. or Mrs. such a one, the last victims of the epidemic. The dream or impression upon the senses might again recur, and the sickening patient have already talked of it to his neighbours, before he himself was seized with death-trance. On this supposition the vampyr-visit would sink into the subordinate rank of a mere premonitory symptom.

To myself, I must confess, this explanation, the best I am yet in a position to offer, appears barren and jejune; and not at all to do justice to the force and frequency, or, as tradition represents the matter, the universality of the vampyr-visit as a precursor of the victim's fate. Imagine how strong must have been the conviction of the reality of the apparition, how common a feature it must have been, to have led to the laying down of the unnatural and repulsive process customarily followed at the Vampyr's grave, as the regular and proper and only preventive of ulterior consequences.

I am disposed therefore rather to try and untie this knot, and with that object to wait, — hoping that something may turn up in the progress of these inquiries to assist me in its solution. In the mean time I would beg leave to consider this second half of the problem a compound phenomenon, the solutions of the two parts of which may not emerge simultaneously. The vampyr-visit is one thing; its presumed contagious effect another.

The vampyr-visit! well, it is clear the vampyr could not have left his grave bodily, or at all events if he could, he never could have buried himself again. Yet there they always found him. So the body could not have been the visitant. Then in popular language it was the ghost of the vampyr that haunted its future victim. The ghostly nature of the visitant could not have been identified at a luckier moment. The very subject, which I next propose to undertake is the analysis of ghosts. I have therefore only to throw the vampyr-ghost into the crucible with the rest; and tomorrow I may perhaps be able to report the rational composition of the whole batch.





## Letter III

## UNREAL GHOSTS

The projected analysis has been crowned with success. The fumes of superstition have been driven off; and the ghosts have been reduced to rational elements. All trace of supernatural agency has vanished; and in its place are found three principles, one physical, two psychical, by the help of which every conceivable ghost may in future be alternately decomposed and recomposed by the merest tyro.

The first, of which I shall describe the nature and operation, is a psychical truth already known to most persons of education. It is of very general use in ghost-building. It forms the immediate personnel of every ghost; and is of so active a nature, that alone, or assisted by a little credulity, it is enough to constitute the simplest kind of ghost, a common fetch. Mixed with a dose of mental anxiety, or as much remorse as will lie on the point of a dagger, it will form a troublesome retrospective ghost. The second principle, a physical one, less generally known, is the basis of that sturdy apparition the church-yard ghost; — which it will turn out in very fair style aided by fancy alone, but to perfect the illusive result the cooperation of the first principle is necessary. The third, an entirely new one, is the foundation of real ghosts, that is of ghosts which announce unexpected events, distant in space or time: the same principle is concerned in true dreams and in second sight.

The first of the three principles adverted to is the physiological fact, that, when the blood is heated, the nervous system overstrained, or digestion out of sorts, the thereby directly or sympathetically disordered brain projects before us illusory forms, coloured and moving like life, and so far undistinguishable from reality. Sometimes a second sense is drawn into the phantasmagoria, and the fictitious beings speak as you do. Almost always the illusion stops there. But in one or two marvellous cases the touch has been involved in the hallucination, and the ghost has been tangible. The phenomena are termed sensorial illusions. The visual part of them, the first and commonest has been the most attended to. The cause immediately producing it appears to be an affection, not of the organ of vision, but of that part of the brain in which the nerves of seeing take their origin. This organ it is which in health realizes our sensations of colour, and converts them into visual perceptions. Like other parts of the brain it is stored with memories of its past impressions, ready to be called up, either pure and true by conception, or any how combined by fancy. In perfect health a chance moment of warm recollection will bring from this source the once familiar face transiently, but how distinctly, before the heart.

In its morbid state the beings it projects before us are for the most part strangers; just as the personages we meet in our dreams are exceptionally only our living and present acquaintance.

The most instructive case of sensorial illusions on record, as containing the largest illustration of their phenomena, is that of Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin. The narrative was read before the academy of sciences at Berlin in 1799. Its substance runs thus; — Nicolai

had met with some family troubles, which much disturbed him. Then on the first of January 1791, there stood before him at the distance of ten paces the ghost of his eldest son. He pointed at it directing his wife to look. She saw it not, and tried to convince Nicolai that it was an illusion. In a quarter of an hour it vanished. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, it came again. Nicolai was alone. He went to his wife's room, the ghost followed him. About six other apparitions joined the first, and they walked about among each other. After some days the apparition of his son stayed away. But its place was filled with the figures of a number of persons, some known, some unknown to Nicolai — some of dead, others of living persons. The known ones represented distant acquaintances only. The figures of none of Nicolai's habitual friends were there. The appearances were almost always human; occasionally a man on horseback, and birds, and dogs, would present themselves. The apparitions came mostly after dinner, at the commencement of digestion. They were just like real persons; the colouring a thought fainter. The apparitions were equally distinct whether Nicolai was alone or in society, in the dark as by day, in his own house or in those of others; but in the latter case they were less frequent, and they very seldom made their appearance in the streets. During the first eight days they seemed to take very little notice of one another, but walked about like people at a fair, only here and there communing with each other. They took no notice of Nicolai, or of the remarks he addressed regarding them to his wife and physician. No effort of his would dismiss them or bring an absent one back. When he shut his eyes, they sometimes disappeared, sometimes remained; when he opened his eyes, they were there as before. After a week they became more numerous and began to converse. They conversed with one another first, and then addressed him. Their remarks were short and unconnected, but sensible and civil. His acquaintances inquired after his health and expressed sympathy with him, and spoke in terms comforting him. The apparitions were most conversible when he was alone; nevertheless they mingled in the conversation when others were by, and their voices had the same sound as those of real persons. The illusion went on thus from the 24<sup>th</sup> of February to the 20<sup>th</sup> of April, so that Nicolai, who was in good bodily health, had time to become tranquillized about them, and to observe them at his ease. At last they rather amused him. Then the Doctors thought of an efficient plan of treatment. They prescribed leeches; and then followed the "denouement" of this interesting representation. The apparitions became pale and vanished. On the 20<sup>th</sup> of April at the time of applying the leeches, Nicolai's room was full of figures moving about among each other. They first began to have a less lively motion; shortly afterwards their colours became paler, in another half hour paler still, though the forms still remained. About seven o'clock in the evening the figures had become colourless, and they moved scarcely at all, but their outline was still tolerably perfect. Gradually that became less and less defined; at last they disappeared, breaking into air, fragments only remaining, which at last all vanished. By eight o'clock all were gone, and Nicolai subsequently saw no more of them.

In general, as in Nicolai's case, the sight is the sense at first and alone affected. Illusions of the hearing, if they occur, follow later. In some most extraordinary cases I have observed that the touch has likewise parti-



cipated on the affection. The following is an instance.

Herr von Baczko, already subject to visual hallucinations, of a diseased nervous system, his right side weak with palsy, his right eye blind and the vision of the left imperfect, was engaged one evening shortly after the battle of Jena, as he tells in his autobiography, in translating a pamphlet into Polish, when he felt a poke in his loins.

He looked round, and found that it proceeded from a negro or Aegyptian boy, seemingly about twelve years of age. Altho' he was persuaded the whole was an illusion, he thought it best to knock the apparition down, when he felt that it offered a sensible resistance. The negro then attacked him on the other side and gave his left arm a particularly disagreeable twist, when Baczko again pushed him off. The negro continued to visit him constantly during four months, preserving the same appearance, and remaining tangible, then he came seldomer; and finally appearing as a brown coloured apparition with an owl's head, he took his leave.

Sensorial illusions technically speaking are not mental delusions; or they become so only when they are believed to be realities. So sensorial illusions are not insanity; neither do they menace that disorder; they are not its customary precursors. Nevertheless they may accompany the first outbreak of madness; and they occur much more frequently in lunatics than in persons of sound mind. In insanity they are firmly believed in by the patient, whose delusions they may either suggest or be shaped by. In insanity illusions of the hearing often occur alone, which is extremely rare in sane people.

The objects of visual illusions are commonly men and women; but animals and even inanimate objects sometimes constitute them. A lady whose sight was failing her had long visions every day of rows of buildings, houses and parks, and such like. The subjects of visual illusions are generally perfectly trivial; like the events of a common dream. But, tho' susceptible of change, their custom is to recur with much the same character daily. One patient could at will summon the apparition of an acquaintance to join the rest; but once there he could not get rid of him.

Sometimes it happens that sensorial illusions are in accordance with a congenial train of thought; — for instance with peculiar impressions referring to religion. They are then very liable to be construed by the patient into realities, and to materially influence his conversation and conduct. He remains no doubt strictly sane in the midst of these delusions. But he is apt not to be thought so. Or to use a figure, the world's opinion of such a person becomes a polar force; and society is divided into his admiring followers, and those who think him a lunatic. Such was and remains the fate of Swedenborg.

Schwedenborg, the son of a Swedish clergyman of the name of Schwedberg, ennobled as Schwedenborg, was up to the year 1743, which was the fifty-fourth of his age, an ordinary man of the world, distinguished only in literature, having written many volumes on Philosophy and science, and being professor in the mineralogical school, where he was much respected. On a sudden, in the year 1743, he believed himself to have got into a commerce with the world of spirits; which so fully took possession of his thoughts, that he not only published their revelations, but was in the habit of detailing their daily chat with him. Thus he says, "I had a conversation the other day on that very point with the apostle Paul;" or with Luther, or some other dead person. Schwedenborg continued to be in what he believed to be constant communion with spirits till his death, in

1772. He was without doubt in the fullest degree convinced of the reality of his spiritual commerce. So in a letter to the Wurtemberg Prelate, Oetinger, dated November 11, 1766, he uses the following words; — "If I have spoken with the apostles? To this I answer, I conversed with St. Paul during a whole year, particularly with reference to the text, Romans III. 28. I have three times conversed with St. John, once with Moses, and a hundred times with Luther, who allowed that it was against the warning of an angel that he professed "*fidem solam*" and that he stood alone upon the separation from the Pope. With angels, finally, have I these twenty years conversed, and converse daily."

Of the angels he says "they have human forms, the appearance of men, as I have a thousand times seen; for I have spoken with them as a man with other men, often with several together, and I have seen nothing in the least to distinguish them from other men." They had in fact exactly the same appearance as Nicolai's visitors. "Lest any one should call this an illusion or imaginary perception, it is to be understood that I am accustomed to see them, when myself perfectly wide awake, and in full exercise of my observation. The speech of an angel or of a spirit sounds like, and as loud as that of a man; but it is not heard by the bystanders. The reason is that *the speech of an angel or a spirit finds entrance first into a man's thoughts, and reaches his organs of hearing from within.*" A wonderful instance this last reason, how it is possible *cum ratione insanire*; he analyzes the illusion perfectly, even when he is most deceived by it.

"The angels who converse with men speak not in their own language, but in the language of the country; and likewise in other languages which are known to a man, not in languages which he does not understand." Swedenborg here interrupted the angels, and to explain the matter, observed, that they most likely appeared to speak his mother-tongue, *because, in fact*, it was not they who spoke, but himself after their suggestions. The angels would not allow this, and went away at the close of the conversation unpersuaded.

The following fiction is very fine. "When approaching, the angels often appear like a ball of light; and they travel in companies so grouped together — they are allowed so to unite by the Lord — that they may act as one being, and share each other's ideas and knowledge; and in this form they bound through the universe, from planet to planet."

A still more interesting example of the influence of sensorial illusions on human conduct is furnished by the touching history of Joan of Arc.

"It is now seven years ago," so spoke before her judges the simple but high minded maiden, — "It was a summer day, towards the middle hour; I was about thirteen years old, and was in my father's garden, — that I heard for the first time on my right hand, towards the church, a voice, and there stood a figure in a bright radiance before my eyes. It had the appearance and look of a right good and virtuous man, bore wings, was surrounded with light on all sides and by the angels of Heaven. It was the archangel Michael. The voice seemed to me to command respect; but I was yet a child, and was frightened at the figure, and doubted very much whether it were the archangel. I saw him and the angels as distinctly before my eyes as I now see you, my judges." With words of encouragement the archangel announced to her, that God had taken pity upon France, and that she must hasten to the assistance of the King.



At the same time he promised her that St. Catherine and St. Margaret would shortly visit her: he told her that she should do what they commanded her; because they were sent by God to guide and conduct her. "Upon this," continued Joan, "St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to me, as the archangel had foretold. They ordered me to get ready to go to Robert de Beaudricourt, the king's captain. He would several times refuse me, but at last would consent, and give me people, who would conduct me to the king. Then should I raise the siege of Orleans. I replied to them, that I was a poor child, who understood nothing about riding on horseback and making war. They said I should carry my banner with courage; God would help me, and win back for my king his entire kingdom. As soon as I knew," continued Joan, "that I was to proceed on this errand, I avoided as much as I could, taking part in the sports and amusements of my young companions." — "So have the saints conducted me during seven years, and have given me support and assistance in all my need and labours; and now at present" said she to her judges, "no day goes by, but they come to see me." — "I seldom see the saints that they are not surrounded with a halo of light; they wear rich and precious crowns, as it is reasonable they should. I see them always under the same forms, and have never found in their discourse any discrepancies. I know how to distinguish one from the other, and distinguish them as well by the sound of their voices as by their salutation. They come often without my calling upon them. But when they do not come, I pray to the Lord that he will send them to me; and never have I needed them but they have visited me."

Such is part of the defence of the heroic Joan of Arc, who was taken prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy on the 23 of May 1430 — sold by him for a large sum to the English, and by them put on her trial as a heretic, idolatress, and magician — condemned and finally burned alive the 30<sup>th</sup> of May 1431!

Her innocence, simplicity and courage incense one sadly against her judges; but it is likely there were at the time many good and sensible persons who approved of her sentence and never suspected its cruelty and injustice. Making allowance for the ignorance and barbarity of the age her treatment was perhaps not worse than that of Abdel Kader now. Her visions; — they were palpably the productions of her own fancy, the figures of saints and angels which she had seen in missals projected before her mental sight; and their cause; — the instinctive workings, unknown to herself, of her young high-couraged and enthusiastic heart, shaping its suggestions into holy prophecyings; the leading facts of which her resolute will realized while their actual discrepancies with subsequent events, she pardonably forgot.

I will present yet another and less pleasing picture, where the subject of sensorial illusions was of infirm mind, and they struck upon the insane cord, and reason jangled harshly out of tune. It would be a curious question whether such a sensorial illusion, as overthrew the young seer's judgment in the following case, could have occurred to a mind previously sane; — whether for instance it could have occurred to Schwedenborg, and in that event how he would have dealt with it.

Arnold (a German writer) relates in his history of the church and of heresy, how there was a young man in Königsberg, well educated, the natural son of a priest, who had the impression that he was met near a crucifix on the wayside by seven angels, who revealed to him

that he was to represent God the Father on earth, to drive all evil out of the world, etc. The poor fellow after pondering upon this illusion a long time issued a circular beginning thus; —

"We, John Albrecht, Adelgreif, Syrdos, Amata, Kanemata, Kilkis, Mataldis, Schmalkilimundis, Sabrandis, Elioris, Hyperarch-High-priest and Emperor, Prince of peace of the whole world, Hyperarch-King of the holy kingdom of Heaven, judge of the living and of the dead, God and Father, in whose divinity Christ will come on the last day to judge the world, Lord of all Lords, King of all Kings, etc. —

He was thereupon thrown into prison at Königsberg; where every means were used by the clergy to reclaim him from these blasphemous and heretical notions. To all their entreaties, however, he listened only with a smile of pity, "— that they should think of reclaiming God the Father." He was then put to the torture, and as what he endured made no alteration in his convictions, he was condemned to have his tongue torn out with red-hot-tongs, to be cut in four quarters, and then burned under the gallows. He wept bitterly, not at his own fate, but that they should pronounce such a sentence on the Deity. The executioner was touched with pity, and implored him to make a final recantation. But he persisted that he was God the Father, whether they pulled his tongue out by the roots or not; and so he was executed!

From the preceding forcible illustrations of the working of sensorial illusions on individual minds, it is to descend a little in interest to trace their ministry in giving rise to the ricketty forms of popular superstition. However, the material may be the same, whether it be cast for the commemoration of a striking event, or coined for vulgar currency. And here is a piece of the latter description, with the recommendation of being at least fresh from the mint and spic and span, — an instance of superstition, surviving in England in the middle of the nineteenth century.

A young gentleman, who has recently left Oxford, told me that he was one evening at a supper-party in college, when they were joined by a common friend on his return from hunting. They expected him, but were struck with his appearance. He was pale and agitated. On questioning him they learned the cause. During the latter part of his ride home he had been accompanied by a horseman, who kept exact pace with him; the rider and horse being close fac-similes of himself and the steed he rode, even to the copy of a new-fangled bit which he sported that day for the first time. He had in fact seen his "double" or "Fetch;" and it had shaken his nerves pretty considerably. His friends advised him to consult the college-tutor, who failed not to give him some good advice and hoped the warning would not be thrown away. My informant, who thought the whole matter very serious and was inclined to believe the unearthly visit to have been no idle one, added that it had made the ghost-seer for the time at least a wiser and better man.

Such a visionary duplicate of oneself, one's fetch, is a not unfrequent form of sensorial illusion. In more ignorant days the appearance of a fetch excited much apprehension. It was supposed to menace death or serious calamity to its original. Properly viewed, unless it proceed from hard work and overstrained thought (from which you can desist) it indicates something wrong in your physical health, and its warning goes no further



than to consult a doctor, to learn "what rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, will drive the spectre hence." The efficiency of such means was shewn in the case of Nicolai. Yet in his case, I may remark, the originating cause of the attack had been anxiety about the very son, whose apparition was the first of the throng to visit him. Had the illusion continued limited to the figure of the son, it would have been more questionable what art could do towards dismissing it. At all events in such a case the first thing is to remove the perilous stuff that weighs upon the mind. So the personage whose words I have been using was doubtless right in his own case to "throw physic to the dogs."

In the tragedy of Macbeth sensorial illusions are made to play their part with curious physiological correctness. The mind of Macbeth is worn by the conflict between ambition and duty; at last his better resolves give way; and his excited fancy projects before him the fetch of his own dagger, which marshals him the way that he shall go. The spectator is thus artistically prepared for the further working of the same infirmity in the apparition of Banquo, which unseen by his guests is visible only to the conscience-stricken murderer. With a scientific precision, no less admirable, the partner of his guilt, *a woman*, is made to have attacks of trance, (*to which women are more liable than men*) caused by her disturbed mind; and in her trance the exact physiological character of one form of that disorder is portrayed, — *she enacts a dream*, which is the essence of somnambulism.

One almost doubts whether Shakespeare was aware of the philosophic truth displayed in these masterstrokes of his own art. The apparitions conjured up in the witch-scenes of the same play, and the ghost in Hamlet, are moulded on the pattern of vulgar superstition. He employs indifferently the baser metal and the truthful inspirations of his own genius, — realizing Shelley's strange figure of

"a poet hidden  
"In the light of thought."

As they say the sun is himself dark as a planet, and his atmosphere alone the source of light, through the gaps in which his common earth is seen. I am tempted, but it would be idle and I refrain, to quote an expression or two, or a passage, from Shakespeare, exemplifying his wonderful turn for approximating to truths of which he must have been ignorant; — where lines of admired and unaccountable beauty have unexpectedly acquired lucidity and appositeness through modern science. While, to make a quaint comparison, his great contemporary Bacon employed the lamp of his imagination to illuminate the paths to the discovery of truth, Shakespeare would with random intuition seize on the undiscovered truths themselves and use them to vivify the conceptions of his fancy.

Let me now turn to explain a ghost of a more positive description, the church-yard ghost. The ghost will perhaps exclaim against so trivial a title, and one unjust in reference to old superstition; but it will be seen he deserves no better. In popular story he had a higher office; his duty was to watch the body, over which church-rites had not been performed, that had been rudely inearthed after violent death. As thus.

There was a cottage in a village I could name, to which a bad report attached; more than one who had slept in it had seen at midnight the radiant apparition of

a little child, standing on the hearth-stone. At length suspicion was awakened. The hearth-stone was raised, and there were found buried beneath it the remains of an infant. A story was now divulged how the last tenant and a female of the village had abruptly quitted the neighbourhood. The ghost was real and significant enough.

But here is a still better instance from a trustworthy german work P. Kieffer's Archives. The narrative was communicated by Herr Ehrman of Strasburg, son in law of the well known writer Pfeffel, from whom he received it.

The ghost-seer was a young candidate for orders, eighteen years of age, of the name of Billing. He was known to have very excitable nerves, had already experienced sensorial illusions, and was particularly sensitive to the presence of human remains, which made him tremble and shudder in all his limbs. Pfeffel, being blind, was accustomed to take the arm of this young man, and they walked thus together in Pfeffel's garden, near Colmar. At one spot in the garden Pfeffel remarked that his companion's arm gave a sudden start, as if he had received an electric shock. Being asked what was the matter, Belling replied, "nothing." But on their going over the same spot again, the same effect recurred. The young man being pressed to explain the cause of his disturbance, avowed that it arose from a peculiar sensation, which he always experienced when in the vicinity of human remains; that it was his impression a human body must be interred there; but that if Pfeffel would return with him at night, he should be able to speak with greater confidence. Accordingly they went together to the garden when it was dark, and as they approached the spot Billing observed a faint light over it. At ten paces from it he stopped, and would go no farther; for he saw hovering over it, or self supported in the air, its feet only a few inches from the ground, a luminous female figure, nearly five feet high, with the right arm folded on her breast, the left hanging by her side. When Pfeffel himself stepped forward and placed himself about where the figure appeared to be, Billing said it was now on his right hand, now on his left, now behind, now before him. When Pfeffel cut the air with his stick, it seemed as if it went through and divided a light flame, which then united again. The visit, repeated the next night, in company with some of Pfeffel's relatives, gave the same result. They did not see any thing. Pfeffel then unknown to the ghost-seer, had the ground dug up, when there was found at some depth, beneath a layer of quicklime, a human body in progress of decomposition. The remains were removed and the earth carefully replaced. Three days afterwards Billing, from whom this whole proceeding had been kept concealed, was again led to the spot by Pfeffel. He walked over it now without experiencing any unusual impression whatever.

The explanation of this mysterious phenomenon has been, but recently, arrived at. The discoveries of von Reichenbach, of which I gave a sketch in the first letter, announce the principle on which it depends. Among these discoveries is the fact that the od force makes itself visible as a dim light or waving flame to highly sensitive subjects. Such persons in the dark see flames issuing from the poles of magnets and crystals. von Reichenbach eventually discovered that the od force is distributed universally altho' in varying quantities. But among the causes, which excite its evolution one of the



most active is chemical decomposition. Then happening to remember Pfeffel's ghost-story it occurred to von Reichenbach, that what Billing had seen, was possibly of light. To test the soundness of this conjecture, Miss Reichel, a very sensitive subject, was taken at night to an extensive burying ground near Vienna, where interments take place daily, and there are many thousand graves. The result did not disappoint von Reichenbach's expectations. Whither-so-ever Miss Reichel turned her eyes, she saw masses of flame. This appearance manifested itself most about recent graves. About very old ones it was not visible. She described the appearance as resembling less bright flame than fiery vapour, something between fog and flame. In several instances the light extended four feet in height above the ground. When Miss Reichel placed her hand on it, it seemed to her involved in a cloud of fire. When she stood in it, it came up to her throat. She expressed no alarm being accustomed to the appearance.

The mystery has thus been entirely solved. For it is evident that the spectral character of the luminous apparition in the two instances which I have narrated had been supplied by the seers themselves. So the superstition has vanished; but as usual it veiled a truth.

## Letter IV

### REAL GHOSTS

The worst of a true ghost, is that to be sure of his genuineness, that is, of his veracity, one must wait the event. He is distinguished by no sensible and positive characteristics from the commoner herd. There is nothing in his outward appearance to raise him in your opinion above a fetch. But even this fact is not barren. His dress, — it is in the ordinary mode of the time, in nothing overdone; — to be dressed thus does credit to his taste, as to be dressed at all evinces his sense of propriety; — but alas, the same elements convict him of unreality. Whence come that aerial coat and waistcoat, whence those visionary trowsers? alas, they can only have issued from the wardrobe in the seer's fancy. And like his dress, the wearer is imaginary, a mere sensorial illusion, without a shadow of externality; he is not more substantial than a dream.

But dreams have differences of quality no less than ghosts. All do not come through the ivory gate. Some are real, true, and significant enough. See, there glides one skulking assassinlike into the shade, he not long since killed his man; "Hilloa, ill-favoured dream, come hither and give an account of yourself." (enter dream.)

A scottish gentleman and his wife were travelling four or five years ago in Switzerland. There travelled with them a third party, an intimate friend, a lady, who some time before had been the object of a deep attachment on the part of a foreigner, a Frenchman. Well, she would have nothing to say to him on the topic uppermost in his mind, but she gave him a good deal of serious advice, which she probably thought he wanted; and she ultimately promoted, or was a cognizant party to his union with a lady, whom she likewise knew. The so-married couple were now in America. And the lady, occasionally heard from them, and had every reason to

believe they were both in perfect health. One morning on their meeting at breakfast, she told her companions, that she had had a very impressive dream the night before, which had recurred twice. The scene was a room in which lay a coffin; near to it stood her ex-lover in a luminous transfigured, resplendent state; his wife was by looking much as usual. The dream had caused the lady some misgivings; but her companions exhorted her to view it as a trick of her fancy, and she was half-persuaded so to do. The dream, however, was right notwithstanding. In process of time letters arrived announcing the death after a short illness of the french gentleman, within the twenty fours in which the vision appeared. (sensation; applause, followed by cries of shame; the dream hurrying away is hurt by the horn of the gate.)

It would be difficult to persuade the lady who dreamed this dream, that there was no connexion between it and the event it fore-shadowed in her mind beyond the accidental coincidence of time. Nevertheless to this conclusion an indifferent auditor would probably come; and upon the following reasoning. We sometimes dream of the death of an absent friend, when he is alive and in health, just as we sometimes dream that long lost friends are alive. And it is quite possible, — nay likely to occur in the chapter of accidents, — nay certain to turn up now and then among the dreams of millions during centuries, — that a fortuitous dream seemingly referring to the fact should be coincident in point of time with the death of a distant friend. To explain one such case we need look no further than to the operation of chance. Why then ever seek another principle?

Let us examine a parallel ghost-story. A gentleman has a relative in India, of good constitution, in the civil service, prosperous. He has no cause for anxiety and entertains none, respecting his relative. But one day he sees his ghost. In due course letters arrive mentioning the occurrence of his relative's death on that day. The case is more remarkable than the last. For the ghostseer never in his life *but that once* experienced a sensorial illusion. Still it is evidently possible that the two events were through chance alone coincident in time. And if in this case, why not in another?

Then let me adduce a stranger instance. A late general Wynyard, and the late general Sir John Sherbroke, when young men, were serving in Canada. One day, — it was daylight — Mr. Wynyard and Mr. Sherbroke both saw pass through the room where they sat a figure, which Mr. Wynyard recognized as a brother then far away. One of the two walked to the door, and looked out upon the landing place; but the stranger was not there, and a servant who was in the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time news arrived that Mr. Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition.

I have had opportunities of inquiring of two near relations of this general Wynyard upon what evidence the above story rests. They told me that they had each heard it from his own mouth. More recently, a gentleman, whose accuracy of recollection exceeds that of most people, has told me, that he had heard the late Sir John Sherbroke, the other party in the ghost story, tell it much in the same way at a dinner-table.

One does not feel as comfortably satisfied that the complicated coincidences in this tale admit of being referred to chance. The odds are enormous against two persons, young men in perfect health, neither of whom before or after this event experienced a sensorial illusion,



being the subjects at the same moment of one, their common and only one, which concurred in point of time with an event that it foreshadowed, — unless there were some real connexion between the event and the double apparition. And we feel a nascent inclination to inquire, whether — in case such instances as the present occasionally turn up, and instances like the two before narrated become, when looked for, startlingly multiplied, — there exist any known mental or physical principle, by the help of which they may be explained into natural phenomena.

The more we look after facts of the above nature, the more urgent becomes the want of such an explanation. In every family circle, in every party of men accidentally brought together, you will be sure to hear, if the conversation fall on ghosts and dreams, one or more instances, which the narrators represent as well authenticated, of intimations of the deaths of absent persons conveyed to friends either through an apparition, or a dream, or an equivalent unaccountable presentiment. A gentleman, himself of distinguished ability, told me that when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was secretary to a ghost-society formed in sportive earnest by some of the cleverest young men of one of the best modern periods of the university. The result of their labours was the collection of about a dozen stories of the above description resting upon good evidence.

Then there transpire occasionally cases with more curious features still. Not only is the general intimation of an event given, but minute particulars attending it, are figured in the dream or communicated by the ghost. Such tales have sometimes figured in courts of justice. Here is one out of last week's newspaper.

"In a Durham paper of last week, there was an account of the disappearance of Mr. Smith, gardener to Sir Clifford Constable, who it was supposed had fallen into the river Tees, his hat and stick having been found near the water-side. From that time up to Friday last the river had been dragged every day; but every effort so made to find the body proved ineffectual. On the night of Thursday, however, a person named Awde, residing at little Newsham, a small village about four miles from Wycliffe, dreamt that Smith was laid under the ledge of a certain rock, about three hundred yards below Whorlton-bridge, and *that his right arm was broken*. Awde got up early on Friday, and his dream had such an effect upon him that he determined to go and search the river. He accordingly started off for that purpose, without mentioning the matter, being afraid that he would be laughed at by his neighbours. Nevertheless, on his arriving at the boat-house he disclosed his object on the man asking him for what purpose he required the boat. He rowed to the spot he had seen in his dream; and there, strange to say, upon the very first trial that he made with his boat-hook, he pulled up the body of the unfortunate man, with his right arm actually broken." (Herald, December 1848.)

Reviewing all that I have advanced it appears to me that there are two desiderata which pressingly require to be now supplied. First, some one should take the pains of authenticating at the time and putting on permanent record stories like the above to be at the service of future speculators. But secondly so numerous and well attested are those already current, that the production into light of some principle, by which they may be shewn to be natural events, is now peremptorily called for.

To lead to the supply of the second desideratum, I

proceed to mention a psychical phenomenon, which from time to time occurred to the late historian and novelist, Heinrich Zschokke. It is described by him in a sort of autobiography, entitled "Selbstschau," which he published a few years ago. It is only last year that Zschokke died having attained a good old age. Early brought into public life in the troubles of Switzerland, and afterwards maintaining his place in public consideration by his numerous writings, he was personally widely known; he was universally esteemed a man of strict veracity and integrity. He writes thus of himself.

"If the reception of so many visitors was sometimes troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject, not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgment, which we form of strangers on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that, which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression, which through an instinct of the soul attracts one towards, or repels one from another, becomes after a time more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak too in reference to such cases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others again are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life, up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances belonging to one or other particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture and other accidents of the scene. Till on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a sempstress, who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, in as much as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those, whose lives had so past before me, the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.



"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer, it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me, when the listener replied, "it happened as you say," or when before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one, which at the time made a strong impression upon me. —

"On a fair-day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and tired with our walk we went into an inn called the Vine. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connexion with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candour, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and finally of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black moneychest, etc. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance, — even which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness I reached my hand to him across the table and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it on each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shewn me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, — which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any volition, and often in relation to persons, in whose history I took not the slightest

interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolese, who travelled about selling lemons and oranges, at the Inn at Unterhauerstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds to the no little amusement of the peasants and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

In the newness of such knowledge it is worth-while to note separately each of the particulars, which attended the manifestation of this strange mental faculty, with his account of which Zschokke has enriched psychology.

1. Then, after the power of looking through the entire recollections of another, through some other channel than ordinary inquiry and observation, — and as it seemed *directly*, — we may note.

2. The rapidity, minuteness, and precision, which characterized the act of inspection.

3. The feeling attending it of becoming absent or lost to what was going on around.

4. Its involuntariness and unexpectedness.

5. Its being practicable on some only; and

6. those, strangers and at their first interview with the seer.

At present I shall avail myself of the first broad fact alone, — remarking however of the conditions observed in it, that they clearly indicate the existence of a law on which the phenomenon depended. And I shall assume it to be proved by the above crucial instance, that the mind, or soul, of one human being can be brought in the natural course of things, and under physiological laws hereafter to be determined, into immediate relation with the mind of another living person.

If this principle be admitted, it is adequate to explain all the puzzling phenomena of real ghosts and of true dreams. For example the ghostly and intersomnial communications, with which we have as yet dealt, have been announcements of the deaths of absent parties. Suppose our new principle brought into play; — the soul of the dying person is to be supposed to have come into direct communication with the mind of his friend, with the effect of suggesting his present condition. If the seer be dreaming, the suggestion shapes a corresponding dream; if he be awake it originates a sensorial illusion. To speak figuratively, *merely figuratively*, in reference to the circulation of this partial mental obituary, I will suppose that the death of a human being throws a sort of gleam through the spiritual world, which may now and then touch with light some fittingly disposed object; or even two simultaneously, if chance have placed them in the right relation; — as the twin-spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far-off flash, which does not break the gloom upon the roofs below.

The same principle is applicable to the explanation of the vampyr-visit. The soul of the buried man is to be supposed to be brought into communication with his friend's mind. Thence follows, as a sensorial illusion, the apparition of the buried man. Perhaps the visit may have been an instinctive effort to draw the attention of his friend to his living grave. I beg to suggest that it



would not be an act of superstition *now*, but of ordinary humane precaution, if one dreamed pertinaciously of a recently buried acquaintance, or saw his ghost, to take immediate steps to have the state of the body ascertained.

It is not my intention in the present letter to push the application of this principle further. With slight modifications it might be brought to explain several other wonderful stories, which one usually neglects just from not seeing how to explain them. The faculty of second-sight is dropping fast out of recollection. If it ever existed, it seems to be disappearing now. But it is difficult, one has heard so many instances of the correctness of its warnings and anticipations, not to believe that it once really manifested itself.

A much respected scottish lady, not unknown in literature, told me very recently, how a friend of her mother, whom she perfectly remembered, had been compelled to believe in second-sight through its occurrence in one of her servants. She had a cook, who was a continual annoyance to her through her possession of this gift. On one occasion when the lady expected some friends, she learned a short time before they were to arrive, that the culinary preparations she had ordered to honor them had not been made. Upon her remonstrating with the offending cook, the latter simply but doggedly assured her, that come they would not; that she knew it of a certainty; and true enough they did not come. Some accident had occurred to prevent their visit. The same person frequently knew beforehand what her mistress's plans were, and was as inconvenient in her kitchen as a calculating prodigy in a counting-house. Things went perfectly right, but the manner was irregular and provoking; so her mistress turned her away. Supposing this story true, the phenomena look just a modification of Zschokke's seer-gift.

A number of incidents there are turning up for the most part on trivial occasions, which we put aside for fear of being thought superstitious, because as yet a natural solution is not at hand for them. Sympathy in general, the spread of panic fears, the simultaneous occurrence of the same thoughts to two persons, the intuitive knowledge of mankind possessed by some, the magnetic fascination of others, may eventually be found to have to do with a special and unsuspected cause. Among anecdotes of no great conclusiveness that I have heard narrated of this sort, I will cite two, of Lord Nelson, told by the late Sir J. Hardy to the late Admiral the hon<sup>ble</sup> G. Dundas, from whom I heard them. The first was mentioned to exemplify Nelson's quick insight into character. Captain Hardy was present as Nelson gave directions to the commander of a frigate, to make sail with all speed — to proceed to certain points, where he was likely to fall in with the french fleet, — having seen the french to go to a certain harbour and there await Lord Nelson's coming. After the commander had left the cabin, Nelson said to Hardy, "He will go to the west Indies, he will see the French; he will go to the harbour I have directed him to; but he will not wait for me; he will sail for England." The commander did so. Shortly before the battle of Trafalgar an English frigate was in advance looking out for the enemy; her place in the offing was hardly discernible. Of a sudden Nelson said to Hardy, with whom he was pacing the deck of the Victory; — "The celeste," (or whatever the frigate's name was) "the celeste sees the French." Hardy had nothing to say on the matter. "She sees the French; she'll fire a gun." Within a little the boom of the signal-gun was heard.

I am not sure that my new principle will be a general favorite. It will be said that the cases, in which I suppose it manifested, are of too trivial a nature to justify so novel an hypothesis. My answer is, the cases are few and trivial only because the subject has not been attended to. For how many centuries were the laws of electricity preindicated by the single fact, that a piece of amber when rubbed would attract light bodies? The school of physiological materialists will of course be opposed to it. They hold that the mind is but a function or product of the brain, and cannot therefore consistently admit its separate action. But their fundamental tenet is unsound, even upon considering the analogies of matter alone.

What is meant by a product? in what does production consist? Let us look for instances; a metal is produced from an ore; — alkohol is produced from saccharine matter; — the bones and sinews of an animal are produced from its food. Production in the strict sense of the word means the conversion of one substance into another weight for weight, agreeably with, or under, mechanical, chemical, and vital laws. If mind be the product of the brain it must be the conversion of so much brain weight for weight into thought and feeling, which is an absurdity.

It is indeed true that with the manifestation of each thought or feeling a corresponding decomposition of the brain takes place. But it is equally true that in a Voltaic battery in action, each movement of electric force developed there is attended with a waste of the metal-plates which help to form it. But that waste is not converted into electric fluid. The exact quantity of pure copper which disappears may be detected in the form of sulphate of copper. The electricity was *not produced*; it was *only set in motion* by the chemical decomposition. Here is the true material analogy of the relation of the brain to the mind. Mind, like electricity, is an imponderable force pervading the universe: and there happen to be known to us certain material arrangements, through which each may be influenced. We cannot indeed pursue the analogy beyond this step. Consciousness and electricity have nothing further in common. Their further relations to the dissimilar material arrangements, through which they may be excited or disturbed, are subjects of totally distinct studies, and resolvable into laws which have no affinity and admit of no comparison.

It is singular how early in the history of mankind the belief in the separate existence of the soul developed itself as an instinct of our nature.

Timarchus, who was curious on the subject of the demon of Socrates, went to the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracle about it. There, having for a short time inhaled the mephitic vapor, he felt as if he had received a sudden blow in the head, and sank down insensible. Then his head appeared to him to open and to give issue to his soul into the other world; and an imaginary being seemed to inform him, that "the part of the soul engaged in the body, entrammelled in its organization, is the soul as ordinarily understood; but that there is another part or province of the soul which is the daimon. This has a certain control over the bodily soul, and among other offices constitutes conscience:" — "In three months," the vision added, "you will no more of this." At the end of three months Timarchus died.





## Letter V

### TRANCE

The time has now arrived for expounding the phenomena of trance; an acquaintance with which is necessary to enable you to understand the source and nature of the delusions with which I have yet to deal.

You have already had glimpses of this condition. Arnod Paole was in a trance in the cemetery of Meduegna. Timarchus was in a trance in the cave of Trophonius.

Let me begin by developing certain preliminary conceptions relating to the subject.

I. The human mind is not a function of the brain, but a distinct and independent principle. It has already been shewn that the analogies of matter point to this conclusion. But there are further grounds of a merely philosophical character for its adoption. The world, as Socrates taught and Paley argued, must have been framed by a supreme intelligence; in contemplating which our reason finds no resting place short of the belief that it is eternal and self-existent. But if the divine and infinite mind be thus essentially independent of matter, it is possible, nay analogically probable, that the human and finite mind is not less so. While many physiological phenomena favor this view, none are known which contravene it.

II. The mind through its union with the brain may be supposed to acquire a new field of experience in the suggestions of its material organs. On the other hand in this state of thralldom the mind is probably curtailed in some of the faculties of free spirit. Accordingly what we call perception is no immediate and direct apprehension of objects, but an interpretation merely, which we are instinctively led to put on our outward sensations.

III. Under ordinary circumstances the union of the mind and body is strict and absolute. Every mental faculty has its definite seat, or organ, in the nervous system; and every operation of consciousness is attended with a physical change in the organ corresponding to it. As long as these conditions hold, the relation of the mind and body is "normal."

IV. But their "abnormal" relation is conceivable; that is to say, a state, in which a part or the whole of the mental faculties may occupy unaccustomed organs; or a part even be set entirely free. The latter event seems to have been realized in the exercise of Zschokke's seer-gift; during which his apprehension took no cognisance of things around him, being lost in penetrating the inmost folds of his visitor's recollections.

V. With the exception of Zschokke's seer-gift and incidents in superstition explained through it, the phenomena which we have hitherto contemplated belong to the state of normal relation. In the production of sensorial illusions, for instance, there is no reason to suppose the normal relation of the mind and brain to be subverted.

VI. In mental delusions again there is no reason for surmising the intervention of the abnormal relation. But what are mental delusions? They are a part of insanity. And what is insanity? I will summarily state its features; for some of the instances, which remain for expla-

nation, are referable to it; and because I delight to crush a volume into a paragraph.

The phenomena of insanity may be arranged under five heads; — the first, the insane temperament; — the three next, the fundamental forms of mental derangement; the fifth, the paroxysmal state. The features of the insane temperament are various; some of them are incompatible with the simultaneous presence of others. When a group of them is present, as a change in natural character, without insanity, insanity is threatened: no form of insanity manifests itself without the presence of some of them. The features of the insane temperament are these; the patient withdraws his sympathies from those around him, is shy, reserved, cunning, suspicious, with a troubled air as if he felt something to be wrong, and wonders if you see it; he is capricious and has flaws of temper; being talkative, he is flighty and extravagant; he is hurried in his thoughts, and mode of speaking, and gestures; he is restless and anxious for change of place. Of the elementary forms of insanity, one consists in the entertainment of mental delusions; the patient imagines himself the Deity, or a prophet, or a monarch, or that he has become enormously wealthy; or that he is possessed by the devil, or is persecuted by invisible beings, or is dead, or very poor; or that he is the victim of public or private injustice. The second form is moral perversion; the patient is depressed in spirits without a cause, perhaps to the extent of meditating suicide; or he feels an unaccountable desire to take the lives of others; or he is impelled to steal, or to do gratuitous mischief; or he is a sot; or he has fits of ungovernable and dangerous rage. The third form exhibits itself in loss of connexion of ideas, loss of memory, loss of common intelligence, disregard of the common decencies of life. Each of these three elementary forms is sometimes met with alone; generally two are combined. Sensorial illusions are common in insanity; auditory, unaccompanied by visual illusions are, almost peculiar to it, and to the cognate affection of delirium from fever or inflammation of the brain. In the paroxysmal state, which is popularly termed frenzy, the patient from a more subdued condition rises into one of energetic fury or fear, wildness, agitation, attended with physical excitement; the duration of which is uncertain.

VII. In congenital idiotcy and imbecility the relation of the mind and brain is normal. Often the defective organization is apparent, through which the intelligence is repressed. In many countries a popular belief prevails that the imbecile have occasional glimpses of higher knowledge. There is no reason evident, why their minds should not be susceptible of the abnormal relation.

VIII. In sleep the mind and brain are in the normal relation. But what is sleep, psychically considered?

It is best to begin by looking into the mental constituents of waking. There is then passing before us an endless current of images and reflexions, furnished from our recollections, and suggested by our hopes and our fears, by pursuits that interest us, or by their own inter-associations. This current of thought is continually being changed or modified through impressions made upon our senses. It is further liable to be still more importantly and systematically modified by the exercise of the faculty of attention. The attention operates in a twofold manner. It enables us to detain at pleasure any subject of thought before the mind; and when not on such urgent duty, it vigilantly inspects every idea which presents itself and reports if it be palpably unsound or of questionable tendency. To speak with more precision, it is a power we have of controlling our thoughts, which we drill to warn



us whenever the suggested ideas conflict with our experience or our principles.

Then of sleep. We catch glimpses of its nature at the moments of falling asleep and of waking. When it is the usual time for sleep, if our attention happen to be lively excited, it is in vain we court sleep. When we are striving to contend against the sense of overwhelming fatigue, what we feel is that we can no longer command our attention. Then we are lost, or are asleep. Then the head and body drop forwards; we have ceased to attend to the maintenance of our equilibrium. Any iteration of gentle impressions, enough to divert attention from other objects, without arousing it, promotes sleep.

Thus we recognize as the psychical basis of sleep the suspension of the attention.

Are any other mental faculties suspended in sleep? Sensation and the influence of the will over the muscular system are not. For our dreams are liable to be shaped by what we hear. The sleeper without waking will turn his head away from a bright light; will withdraw his arm if you pinch it; will utter aloud words which he dreams he is employing. The seeming insensibility in sleep, the apparent suspension of the influence of the will, are simply consequences of the suspension of attention.

I have on another occasion shewn that the organs, in which sensations are realized and volition energizes, are the segments of the cranio-spinal cord in which the sentient and voluntary nerves are rooted. I think I see now that the seat of the attention is the "medulla oblongata." Magendie observed, that when that organ is compressed, an immediate stupor supervenes. It seems to me probable that attention has its organ in that part of the medulla, which I have argued to be the dynamic centre of the nervous system.

Are the sentiments and faculties suspended during sleep?

Certainly not; if dreaming be a part of natural sleep as I hold it to be. For there are some, who dream always; others who say they seldom dream; others who disavow dreaming at all. But the simplest view of these three cases is to suppose that in sleep all persons always dream, but that all do not remember their dreams. This imputed forgetfulness is not surprising, considering the importance of the attention to memory, and that in sleep the attention is suspended. Ordinary dreams present one remarkable feature; nothing in them appears wonderful. We meet and converse with friends long dead; the improbability of the event never crosses our minds. One sees a horse galloping by, and calls after it as one's friend Mr. so and so. We fly with agreeable facility, and explain to an admiring circle how we manage it. Every absurdity passes unchallenged. The attention is off duty. It is important to remark that there is nothing in common dreams to interfere with the purpose of sleep, which is repose. The cares and interests of our waking life never recur to us; or, if they do, are not recognized as our own. The faculties are not really energizing; their seeming exercise is sport; they are unharnessed; and are gambolling and rolling in idle relaxation. That is their refreshment.

The attention alone slumbers. Or through some slight organic change it is unlinked from the other faculties, and they are put out of gear. This is the basis of sleep. The faculties are all in their places; but the attention is off duty; itself asleep, or indolently keeping watch of time alone.

In contrast with this picture of the sleeping and

waking states, of the alternation of which our mental life consists, I have now to hold up to view another conception, resembling it but different, vague, imposing, of gigantic proportions, the monstrous double of the first, — like the mocking spectre of the Hartz, which yet is but your own image cast by the level sunbeams on the morning mist.

To answer to this conception there is more than the ideal entity made up of the different forms of trance. For although trance may occur as a single sleep-like fit of moderate duration; yet it more frequently recurs; often periodically, dividing the night or day with common sleep or common waking; or it may be persistent for days and weeks; in which case, if it generally maintain one character, it is yet liable to have wakings of its own.

Then the first division of trance is into trance-sleep and trance-waking. In extreme cases it is easy to tell trance-sleep from common sleep, trance-waking from common waking; but there are varieties with less prominent features, in which it is difficult at first to say whether the patient be entranced at all.

There is upon the whole more alliance between sleep and trance, than between waking and trance. Or in a large class of cases the patient falls into trance when asleep. It is a cognate phenomenon to this that the common initiatory stage of trance is a trance-sleep.

Trance is of more frequent occurrence among the young than among the middle-aged or old people. It occurs more frequently among young women than among young men. In other words the liability to trance is in proportion to delicacy of organization and higher nervous susceptibility.

But what is trance?

The question will be best answered by exhibiting its several phases. In the meantime it may be laid down that the basis of trance is the supervention of the abnormal relation of the mind and nervous system. In almost all its forms it is easy to shew that some of the mental functions are no longer located in their pristine organs. The most ordinary change is the departure of common sensation from the organ of touch. Next, sight leaves the organs of vision. To make up for these desertions, if the patient wake in trance, either the same senses reappear elsewhere, or some unaccountable mode of general perception manifests itself.

A strict alliance exists between trance and the whole family of spasms. Most of them are exclusively developed in connexion with it; all are liable to be combined with it. One kind is catalepsy; the body motionless, statuelike, but the tone of spasm maintained low, so that you may arrange the statue in what attitude you will, and it preserves it. A second is catochus; like the preceding, but with a higher power of spasm, so that the joints are rigidly fixed; and if you overcome one for a moment with superior strength, being let go it flies back to where it was. A third; partial spasm of equal rigidity, arching the body forwards or backwards or laterally, or fixing one limb or more. The fourth, clonic spasm; for instance, the contortions and convulsive struggles of epilepsy. The fifth, an impulse to rapid and varied muscular actions, nearly equalling convulsions in violence but combined so as to travesty ordinary voluntary motion; this is the dance of St. Veitz, which took its name from an epidemic outbreak in Germany in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, that was supposed to be cured by the interposition of the saint; then, persons of all classes were seized in groups in public with a fury of kicking, shuffling, dancing together, till they dropt. Now the same agency is mani-



fested either in a violent rush and disposition to climb with inconceivable agility and precision; or alternatively, to twist the features, roll the neck, and jerk and swing the limbs even to the extent of dislocating them.

The causes of trance are mostly mental. Trance appears to be contagious. Viewed medically, it is seldom directly dangerous. It is a product of overexcitability, which time blunts. The disposition to trance (unless epilepsy, instead of being allied to, is a form of trance) is seldom manifested for more than three or four months; or in extreme cases during more than two to three years.

Of trance-sleep.

As there are three grades of ordinary sleep the heavy stupor of intense fatigue, common deep sleep, and the lightest sleep; so are there three degrees of trance-sleep. The differences of these three degrees in trance-sleep are indeed so great as to constitute them distinct conditions; but they glide into each other. The deepest trance-sleep has been already described under the title of death-trance in connexion with the subject of vampyrism. The middle grade deserves to be called trance-coma. The lightest form of trance-sleep is the common initiatory stage of trance; than which the patient may indeed advance no further. But this state is liable either to darken into the deeper forms of trance-sleep; or on the other hand to brighten into half-waking, or into whole-waking in trance; the latter mutations being the most frequent.

Two features manifest themselves in all the forms of trance-sleep. One is the apparent absence of sensation; the other the occurrence of vivid and coherent dreams. The suspension of sensation is so complete, that a limb may be amputated, even in the lightest form of trance-sleep, without the patient feeling it. The loudest sounds are unheard. Light has no effect upon the eyes. The dreams of trance-sleep, to which the term visions might be appropriately made over, are distinguished from those of common sleep not only by their vividness and coherence, but likewise by their bearing a direct relation to, and realizing as it were, the train of thought before uppermost in the patient's mind. Thus in trance-sleep attention reappears and plays a part. Consistently with which in the lightest form of the seizure, the patient may remain either sitting, or standing, and not lose his equilibrium.

The deepest trance-sleep.

I have taken a freedom in calling the state of apparent death, in which people are liable to be buried alive, death-trance. But I am persuaded the distribution of that phenomenon under this head will prove the just one. The only feature left to be exemplified in it is the occurrence of visions. Here is an instance.

Henry Engelbrecht, as we learn in a pamphlet published by him in 1639, after an ascetic life, during which he had experienced sensorial illusions, fell into the deepest form of trance, which he thus describes; —

In the year 1623, exhausted by intense mental excitement of a religious kind and by abstinence from food, after hearing a sermon which strongly affected him, he felt as if he could combat no longer; so he gave in and took to his bed. There he lay a week without tasting any thing but the bread and wine of the sacrament. On the eighth day he thought he fell into the death-struggle. Death seemed to invade him from below upwards. His body became to his feelings rigid; his hands and feet insensible; his tongue and lips incapable of motion; gradually his sight failed him. But he still heard the laments

and consultations of those around him. This gradual demise lasted from midday till eleven at night, when he heard the watchmen. Then he wholly lost sensibility to outward impressions. But an elaborate vision of immense detail began; the theme of which was, that he was first carried down to hell, and looked into the place of torment. From whence after a time, quicker than an arrow he was borne to paradise. In these abodes of suffering and happiness, he saw and heard and smelt things unspeakable. These scenes though long in apprehension were short in time; for he came enough to himself by twelve o'clock again to hear the watchmen. It took him another twelve hours to come round entirely. His hearing was first restored; then his sight; feeling and power of motion followed; as soon as he could move his limbs he rose. He felt himself stronger than before the trance.

In the middle form of trance-sleep, or trance-coma, the body lies motionless and insensible; but it is flexible. The pupils of the eyes are fixed, but not contracted as in common sleep. The circulation is regular and distinct; the breathing extremely gentle. In this state, when produced by religious excitement, dreams of a religious character occur. Trance-coma not unfrequently supervenes in hysteria, after great hysteric excitement. It may persist for days. Hysteria, it deserves to be remarked, is an irritable state of the nerves directly leading to trance, — it is, as it were, one of the vestibules to trance, figured with its own characteristic devices.

The lightest form of trance-sleep is the common initiatory stage of trance; that which forms perhaps the popular notion of trance. The patient is not necessarily recumbent. If he be sitting or standing, when taken, he may continue sitting or standing. The attention is part vigilant. The patient occasionally slightly moves in order to adjust his posture; the limbs feel to you, like those of a person awake; they make a slight resistance if you try to alter their disposition, being neither relaxed, nor yet in a state of spasm; after you have moved them they are generally replaced to where they were; they are less flexible than in common sleep. Feeling, sight, and hearing are suspended; but the patient generally appears uneasy at the near approach of any one. Later I shall have occasion further to describe the capabilities of this state. For the present I take my leave of it, with quoting a classic instance of its manifestation in the words of a writer in the *Edin. Review*, April, 1848.

"There is a wonderful story told of Socrates. Being in military service in the expedition to Potidea, he is reported to have stood for twenty four hours before the camp, rooted to the same spot and absorbed in deep thought, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon one object, as if his soul were absent from his body."

## Letter VI

### SOMNAMBULISM

A curious fate somnambulism has had. While other forms of trance have been either rejected as fictions, or converted to the use of superstition, somnambulism with all its wonders, being at once undeniable and familiar, has been simply taken for granted. While her sisters have been exalted into mystical phenomena, and



play parts in history, somnambulism has had no temple raised to her, has had no fear-worship, at the highest has been promoted to figure in an opera. Of a quiet and homely nature she has moved about the house, not like a visiting demon, but as a maid of all work. To the public the phenomenon has presented no more interest than a soap-bubble or the fall of an apple.

Somnambulism, as the term is used in England, exactly comprehends all the phenomena of half-waking trance. The seizure mostly comes on during common sleep. But it may supervene in the day-time; in which case the patient first falls into the lightest form of trance-sleep. After a little, still lost to things around him, he manifests three impulses; one, to speak, but coherently and to a purpose; a second, to dress, rise, and leave his room with an evident intention of going somewhither; a third, to practise some habitual mechanical employment. In each case he appears to be pursuing the thread of a dream. If he speaks, it is a connected discourse to some end. If he goes out to walk, it is to a spot he contemplates visiting; his general turn is to climb ascents, hills or the roofs of houses; in the latter case he sometimes examines if the tiles are secure before he steps on them. If he pursues a customary occupation, whether it be cleaning harness or writing music, he finishes his work before he leaves it. He is acting a dream, which is connected and sustained. The attention is keenly awake in this dream, and favors its accomplishment to the utmost. In the mean time the somnambulist appears to be insensible to ordinary impressions, and to take no cognizance of what is going on around him; a light may be held so close to his eyes as to singe his eyebrows without his noticing it; he seems neither to hear nor to taste; the eyelids are generally closed; otherwise the eyes are fixed and vacant. Nevertheless he possesses some means of recognizing the objects, which are implicated in his dream; he perceives their place, and walks among them with perfect precision. Let me narrate some instances. The first, one of day-somnambulism, exemplifies at the same time the transitions to whole-waking, which manifest themselves occasionally in the talking form of the trance. The case is from the *acta Vratis v. ann. 1722*.

A girl seventeen years of age was used to fall into a kind of sleep in the afternoon, in which it was supposed from her expression of countenance and her gestures, that she was engaged in dreams that interested her. (She was then in light trance-sleep, initiatory trance.) After some days she began to speak when in this state. Then if those present addressed remarks to her she replied very sensibly; but then fell back into her dream-discourse; which turned principally upon religious and moral topics, and was directed to warn her friends how a female should live, christianly, well-governed, and so as to incur no reproach. When she sang, which often happened, she heard herself accompanied by an imaginary violin or piano, and would take up and continue the accompaniment upon an instrument herself. She sewed, did knitting, and the like. She imagined on one occasion that she wrote a letter upon a napkin, which she folded for the post. Upon waking she had not the slightest recollection of any thing that had passed. After a few months she recovered.

The following case is from the *Hamburg Zeitschrift für die gesammte Medicin. 1848*.

A lad of eleven years of age, at school at Tarbes, was surprized several mornings running at finding him-

self dressed in bed, tho' he had undrest himself overnight. Then on the 3<sup>d</sup> of May he was seen by a neighbour, soon after three in the morning, to go out dressed with his cloak and hat on. She called to him, but he did not answer; and she concluded that he was going to Bagnères with his father. In fact that was the road he took; and he was afterwards seen by several persons near Bagnères trudging after a carriage. It rained hard; and they were surprized to see so young a lad travelling at so early an hour; but they thought he probably belonged to the people in the carriage. He reached Bagnères at half past five, having done the distance of five post leagues in two hours and a quarter. He went to the hotel of M. Lafargue, which he had on a former occasion visited with his father, and entered the eatingroom. The people of the hotel addressed him. He told them that he had come with his father in a postchaise, and that they would find his father in the yard busied with the carriage. M. Lafargue went out to look for him. In the mean time the people of the house observed that the boy's remarks were incoherent; so they took off his cloak and cap; when they found that his eyelids were closed and that he was fast asleep. They led him towards the stove, took off his wet things and his boots without awakening him; but before they had completely undressed him to put him to bed, he woke.

The impressions of his dream did not desert him. He complained of having had a bad night; and asked for his father. They told him his father had been obliged to set off again immediately. They put him to bed and he slept. They sent intelligence to his father, who came to Bagnères. The boy believed and believes still, that he came to Bagnères with his father in a chaise that was driven very slowly. Being asked what he had seen on the road he described having passed a number of monks and priests in procession. He said there was one good-looking young man, who did not leave him, but was always saying, "Good day, Joseph; Adieu, Joseph." He said that what had most annoyed him was the burning heat of the sun, which was so intense that he had been obliged to wrap himself up in his cloak; that he could not bear its bright light. —

The following case of somnambulism allied with St. Veitz's dance is given by Lord Monboddo.

The patient, about sixteen years of age, used to be commonly taken in the morning a few hours after rising. The approach of the seizure was announced by a sense of weight in the head and drowsiness, which quickly terminated in sleep (trance-sleep), in which her eyes were fast shut. She described a feeling beginning in the feet, creeping like a gradual chill higher and higher, till it reached the heart, when consciousness left her. Being in this state she sprang from her seat about the room, over tables and chairs with astonishing agility. Then if she succeeded in getting out of the house, she ran at a pace with which her elder brother could hardly keep up to a particular spot in the neighbourhood, taking the directest but the roughest path. If she could not manage otherwise, she got over the garden-wall, with astonishing rapidity and precision of movement. Her eyelids were all the time fast closed. The impulse to visit this spot she was often conscious of during the approach of the paroxysm, and afterwards she sometimes thought that she had dreamed of going thither. Towards the termination of her indisposition, she dreamed that the water of a neighbouring spring would do her good, and she drank much of it. One time they tried to cheat her by giving her



water from another spring; but she immediately detected the difference. Near the end, she foretold that she would have three paroxysms more, and then be well; — and so it proved.

The next case is from a communication by M. Pigatti, published in the July number of the journal encyclopédique of the year 1662. The subject was a servant of the name of Negretti, in the household of the Marquis Sale.

In the evening Negretti would seat himself in a chair in the ante-room, when he commonly fell asleep, and would sleep quietly for a quarter of an hour. He then righted himself in his chair so as to sit up. Then he sat sometime without motion looking as if he saw something. Then he rose and walked about the room. On one occasion he drew out his snuff-box and would have taken a pinch but there was little in it; whereupon he walked up to an empty chair, and addressing by name a cavalier, whom he supposed to be sitting in it, asked him for a pinch. One of those, who were watching the scene, here held towards him an open box, from which he took snuff. Afterwards he fell into the posture of a person who listens; he seemed to think that he heard an order, and thereupon hastened with a wax-candle in his hand to a spot where a light usually stood. As soon as he imagined that he had lit the candle, he walked with it in the proper manner, through the salle, down the steps turning and waiting from time to time, as if he were lighting some one down. Arrived at the door he placed himself sideways, in order to let the imaginary persons pass, and he bowed as he let them out. He then extinguished the light, returned up the stairs, and sat himself down again in his place, to play the same farce once or twice over again the same evening. When in this condition he would lay the table-cloth, place the chairs, which he sometimes brought from a distant room, opening and shutting the doors as he went with exactness; would take decanters from the buffet, fill them with water at the spring, put them down on a waiter and so on. All the objects that were concerned in these operations he distinguished when they were before him with the same precision and certainty as if he had been in the full use of his senses. Otherwise he seemed to observe nothing; so on one occasion in passing a table, he threw down a waiter with two decanters upon it, which fell and broke without attracting his attention. The dominant idea had entire possession of him. He would prepare a salad with correctness, and sit down and eat it. If they changed it, the trick escaped his notice. In this manner he would go on eating cabbage or even pieces of cake without observing the difference. The taste he enjoyed was imaginary, the sense was shut. On another occasion when he asked for wine, they gave him water which he drank for wine, and remarked that his stomach felt the better for it. On a fellow-servant touching his legs with a stick, the idea arose in his mind, that it was a dog; and he scolded to drive it away. But the servant continuing his game, Negretti took a whip to beat the dog. The servant drew back, when Negretti began whistling and coaxing to get the dog near him; so they threw a muff against his legs, which he belabored soundly.

M. Pigatti watched these proceedings with great attention, and convinced himself by many experiments that Negretti did not use his ordinary senses. He did not hear the loudest sound when it lay out of the circle of his dream ideas. If a light was held close to his eyes near enough to singe his eyebrows, he did not appear

to be aware of it. He seemed to feel nothing when they inserted a feather into his nostrils.

Perhaps the most interesting case of somnambulism on record is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which from the immediate communication of the Archbishop of Bordeaux is given under the head of somnambulism in the french encyclopedia.

This young ecclesiastic, when the archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights consecutively to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations.

The young man used to rise, take paper, and begin to write. Before writing music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes together with the words corresponding to them with perfect correctness, or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black, he filled in after he had written the whole. After completing a sermon, he would read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had substituted the word "adorable" for "divin;" but he did not omit to alter the preceding "ce" into "cet," by adding the letter "t" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. The somnabulist took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake, that he had sought for, he eat approvingly; but when on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put into his mouth; he spat it out without observation. The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers when he was writing he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper, as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; nay more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce an amended passage writing it upon exactly the place in the blank sheet corresponding with that, which it would have occupied in the written page. — Such are the feats of somnabulists.

At first sight the phenomena thus exemplified appear strange and unintelligible enough. But upon a careful consideration of them much of the marvellous disappears. The most curious features seem in the end to be really the least deserving of wonder. The simplest of the phenomena are alone the inexplicable ones.

I have however advanced this group of cases as instances of trance, in which therefore I pretend that an abnormal relation exists between the mind and body, in which the organs of sensation are partially or entirely deserted by their functions, and in which new perceptive powers manifest themselves. Then an opponent might argue; —

"I know nothing about your trance. What I see is first a person asleep, then the same person half or partially awake, occupied with a dream or vivid conception



of an action; which, being partially awake, and therefore having partially resumed his power of attention, he is capable of realizing. He appears to be insensible; but this may be deceptive; for he is still asleep and therefore notices not things around him; and his attention is partly still suspended as in sleep, partly more useless still for general purposes through intent preoccupation."

"He goes about the house in his rapt state and finds his way perfectly; but the house is familiar to him; every thing in it is distinctly before his conception; he has too the advantage of perfect confidence; and besides, being partially awake, he partially, vaguely perhaps, uses customary sensations in reference to the objects, which his dream contemplates his meeting."

"The ecclesiastic indeed seems at first to see through a sheet of pasteboard. But the concluding interesting fact in his case shews that he really used his perception only to identify the size and place of the sheet of paper. His writing upon it was the mechanical transcript of an act of mental penmanship. The corrections fell into the right places upon the paper owing to the fidelity with which he retained the mental picture. The clearness and vividness of the picture again is not so very surprizing, when it is considered that the attention was wholly and exclusively concentrated on that one operation."

The observations of my imaginary opponent might sufficiently account for the more striking phenomena in the preceding cases, and are doubtless near the truth as regards the principal parts of the young ecclesiastic's performance. Still there remains the commoner instance of the lad going about with precision with his eyes shut. I see no mode of accounting for that on common principles.

And besides, it may be presumed that if more decisive experiments as to their sensibility had been made upon all these subjects, they would have been found really without sight and feeling. For in general character persons in somnambulism exactly resemble other entranced persons, who certainly feel nothing; for they have borne the most painful surgical operations without the smallest indication of suffering. So I have little doubt that the insensibility, which the observers imputed to the somnambulists, really existed, altho' they may have failed to establish the fact by positive evidence.

The question as to the development of a new power of perception, such as I conjecture the lad used in his walk from Tarbes to Barèges, will be found to be resolved, or at any rate to be attended with no theoretical difficulties, when the performances of full-waking in trance, which I propose to describe in the next letter, shall have laid before the reader.

## Letter VII

### CATALEPSY

Under this head are contained the most marvellous phenomena which ever came as a group of facts in natural philosophy before the world. And they are reaching that stage towards general reception, when their effect is most vivid and striking. Five and twenty years ago no one in England dreamed of believing them, altho' the same positive evidence of their genuineness then existed as now. Five and twenty years hence the same facts will be matters of familiar knowledge. It is just at the

present moment (or am I anticipating the march of opinion by half a century?) that their difference, and distinctness, and abhorrence even, from our previous conceptions are most intensely felt; and that the powers which they promise eventually to place within human control excite our irrepressible wonder.

I shall narrate the facts, which loom so large in the dawning light, very simply and briefly. They are manifested in catalepsy.

An uninformed person being in the room with a cataleptic patient, would at first suppose her, putting aside the spasmodic affection of the body, to be simply awake in the ordinary way. By and bye her new powers might or might not catch his observation. But a third point would certainly escape his notice. I refer to her mental state of waking trance, which gives as it were the local coloring to the whole performance.

To elucidate this element, I may avail myself of a sketch ready prepared by nature, tinted with the local colour alone, the case of simple trance-waking, unattended by fits or by any marvellous powers as far as it has been yet observed, which is known to physicians under the name of double consciousness.

A single fit of the disorder presents the following features. The young person (for the patient is most frequently a girl) seems to lose herself for a moment or longer, then she recovers, and seems to be herself again. The intervening short period, longer at first, and by use rendered briefer and briefer, is a period of common initiatory trance. When, having lost, the patient thus finds herself again, there is nothing in her behaviour, which would lead a stranger to suppose her other than naturally awake. But her friends observe that she now does every thing with more spirit and better than before, sings better, plays better, has more readiness, moves even more gracefully, than in her usual state. She manifests an innocent boldness and disregard of little conventionalisms, which impart a peculiar charm to her behaviour. Her mode of speaking is perhaps something altered; a supernumerary consonant making its undue appearance, but upon a regular law, in certain syllables. But the most striking thing is that she has totally forgotten all that has passed during the morning. Inquire what her last recollections are, they leave off with the termination of her last fit of this kind; the intervening period is for the present lost to her. — She was in her natural state of waking, when I introduced her to your notice; she lost herself for a few seconds; found herself again, but found herself not in her natural train of recollections, but in those of the last fit.

These fits occur sometimes at irregular intervals, sometimes periodically and daily. In her ordinary waking state, she has her chain of waking recollections. In her trance-waking state, she has her chain of trance-waking recollections. The two are kept strictly apart. Hence the ill-chosen term, double-consciousness. So at the occurrence of her first fit her mental existence may be said to have bifurcated into two separate routes, in either of which her being is alternately passed. It is curious to study at the commencement of such a case with how much knowledge derived from her past life the patient embarks on her trance-existence. The number of previously realized ideas retained by different patients at the first fit is very various. It has happened that the memory of facts and persons has been so defective, that the patient has had to learn even to know and to love her parents. To most of her acquaintances she is observed



to give new names, which she uses to them in the trance-state alone. But her habits remain; her usual propriety of conduct; the mind is singularly pure in trance. And she very quickly picks up former ideas, and restores former intimacies but on a supposed new footing. To complete this curious history, if the fits of trance recur frequently, and through some accidental circumstance are more and more prolonged in duration, so that most of her waking existence is passed in trance, it will follow that the trance-development of her intellect and character may get ahead of their development in her natural waking. Being told this she may become anxious to continue always in her entranced state, and to drop the other; and I knew a case, in which circumstances favoured this final arrangement; and the patient at last retained her trance-recollections alone, from long continuances in that state having made it as it were her natural one. Her only fear was, for she had gradually learned her own mental history, as she expressed it to me, that some day she should of a sudden find herself a child again, thrown back to the point at which she ceased her first order of recollections. This is indeed a very extreme and monstrous case. Ordinarily the recurrence of fits of simple trance-waking does not extend over a longer period than three or four months or half a year; after which they never reappear; and her trance-acquirements and feelings are lost to the patient's recollection for good. I will cite a case, as it was communicated to me by Dr. G. Barlow exemplifying some of the points of the preceding statement.

"This young lady has two states of existence. During the time that the fit is on her, which varies from a few hours to three days, she is occasionally merry and in spirits; occasionally she appears in pain and rolls about in uneasiness; but in general she seems so much herself, that a stranger entering the room would not remark any thing extraordinary; she amuses herself with reading or working, sometimes plays on the piano and better than at other times, knows every body, and converses rationally, and makes very accurate observations on what she has seen and read. The fit leaves her suddenly, and she then forgets every thing that has passed during it, and imagines that she has been asleep, and sometimes that she has dreamed of any circumstance that has made a vivid impression upon her. During one of these fits she was reading Miss Edgeworth's tales, and had in the morning been reading a part of one of them to her mother, when she went for a few minutes to the window, and suddenly exclaimed, 'Mamma, I am quite well, my headach is gone.' Returning to the table, she took up the open volume, which she had been reading five minutes before, and said, 'What book is this?' she turned over the leaves, looked at the frontispiece, and replaced it on the table. Seven or eight hours afterwards, when the fit returned, she asked for the book, went on at the very paragraph where she had left off, and remembered every circumstance of the narrative. And so it always is; as she reads one set of books during one state, and another during the other. She seems to be conscious of her state; for she said one day, 'Mamma, this is a novel, but I may safely read it; it will not hurt my morals, for, when I am well, I shall not remember a word of it.'"

To form a just idea of a case of catalepsy, the reader has to imagine such a case as I have just instanced with the physical feature added that the patient when entranced is motionless and fixed as a statue; the spasmodic state however not confining itself closely to one type, but

running into catochus, or into partial rigid spasm, (see letter V) capriciously.

The psychical phenomena exhibited by her when thus entranced are the following.

1. The organs of sensation are deserted by their natural sensibility. The patient neither feels with the skin, nor sees with the eyes, nor hears with the ears, nor tastes with the mouth.

2. All these senses, however, are not lost. Sight and hearing, if not smell and taste, reappear in some other part; at the pit of the stomach for instance, or the tips of the fingers,

3. The patient manifests new perceptive powers. She discerns objects all around her and through any obstructions, partitions, walls or houses, and at an indefinite distance. She sees her own inside as it were illuminated, and can tell what is wrong in the health of others. She reads the thoughts of others whether present or at indefinite distances. The ordinary obstacles of space and matter vanish to her. So likewise that of time; she foresees future events.

Such and more are the capabilities of cataleptic patients, most of whom exhibit them all; — but there is some caprice in their manifestation.

I first resigned myself to the belief that such statements as the above might be true, upon being shewn by the late Mr. Bulteel letters from an eminent provincial physician in the year 1838, describing phenomena of this description in a patient the latter was attending. In the spring of 1839 Mr. Bulteel told me that he had himself in the interim often seen the patient, who had allowed him to test in any way he pleased the reality of the faculties she possessed when entranced. As usual in the hours which she passed daily in her natural state she had no recollection of her extraordinary trance performances. The following are some of the facts, which Mr. Bulteel told me he had himself verified.

When entranced the patient's expression of countenance was slightly altered, and there was some peculiarity in her mode of speaking. To each of her friends she had given a new name, which she used only when in the state of trance. She could read with her skin. If she pressed the palm of her hand against the whole surface of a printed page deliberately, as it were to take off an impression, she became acquainted verbally with its contents, even to the extent of criticising the type or the handwriting. One day after a remark made to put her off her guard, a line of a folded note was pressed against the back of her neck; she had read it. She called this sense feeling; contact was necessary for its manifestation. But she had a general perceptive power besides. She used to tell that persons, whom she knew, were coming to the house, when they were yet at some distance. Persons sitting in the room with her playing chess, to whom her back was turned, if they made intentionally false moves, she would smile and ask them what they possibly could do that for.

The three next cases, which I shall describe are from a memoir on catalepsy (1787) by Dr. Petetin, an eminent civil and military physician at Lyons.

M. Petetin attended a young married lady in a sort of fit. She lay seemingly unconscious; when he raised her arm, it remained in the air where he placed it. Being put to bed, she commenced singing. To stop her, the doctor placed her limbs each in a different position. This embarrassed her considerably, but she went on singing. She seemed perfectly insensible. Pinching the



skin, shouting in her ear, nothing aroused her attention. Then it happened that, in arranging her, the doctor's foot slipped; and, as he recovered himself, half leaning over her, he said, "how provoking we can't make her leave off singing!" "Ah, doctor," she cried, "don't be angry! I won't sing any more," and she stopped. But shortly she began again; and in vain did the doctor implore her, by the loudest entreaties, addressed to her ear, to keep her promise and desist. It then occurred to him to place himself in the same position as when she heard him before. He raised the bed-clothes, bent his head towards her stomach, and said, in a loud voice, "Do you, then, mean to sing for ever?" "Oh, what pain you have given me!" she exclaimed — "I implore you speak lower;" at the same time she passed her hand over the pit of her stomach. "In what way, then, do you hear?" said Dr. Petetin. "Like any one else," was the answer. "But I am speaking to your stomach." "Is it possible!" she said. He then tried again whether she could hear with her ears, speaking even through a tube to aggravate his voice; — she heard nothing. On his asking her, at the pit of her stomach, if she had not heard him, — "No," said she, "I am indeed unfortunate."

A cognate phenomenon to the above is *the conversion of the patient's new sense of vision in a direction inwards*. He looks into himself, and sees his own inside as it were illuminated or transfigured. That is to say, his visual power is turned inwards; and he sees his organs by the Od-light they give out.

A few days after the scene just described, Dr. Petetin's patient had another attack of catalepsy. She still heard at the pit of her stomach, but the manner of hearing was modified. In the mean time her countenance expressed astonishment. Dr. Petetin inquired the cause. "It is not difficult," she answered, "to explain to you why I look astonished. I am singing, doctor, to divert my attention from a sight which appals me. I see my inside, and the strange forms of the organs, surrounded with a network of light. My countenance must express what I feel, — astonishment and fear. A physician who should have my complaint for a quarter of an hour would think himself fortunate, as nature would reveal all her secrets to him. If he was devoted to his profession, he would not, as I do, desire to be quickly well." "Do you see your heart?" asked Dr. Petetin. "Yes, there it is; it beats at twice; the two sides in agreement; when the upper part contracts, the lower part swells, and immediately after that contracts. The blood rushes out all luminous, and issues by two great vessels which are but a little apart."

One morning (to quote from the latter part of this case), the access of the fit took place, according to custom, at eight o'clock. Petetin arrived later than usual; he announced himself by speaking to the fingers of the patient (by which he was heard). "You are a very lazy person this morning, doctor," said she. "It is true, madam; but if you knew the reason, you would not reproach me." "Ah," said she, "I perceive, you have had a headach for the last four hours; it will not leave you till six in the evening. You are right to take nothing; no human means can prevent its running its course." "Can you tell me on which side is the pain?" said Petetin. "On the right side; it occupies the temple, the eye, the teeth: I warn you that it will invade the left eye, and that you will suffer considerably between three and four o'clock; at six you will be free from pain." The prediction came out literally true. "If you wish

me to believe you, you must tell me what I hold in my hand?" "I see through your hand an antique medal."

Petetin inquired of his patient at what hour her own fit would cease: "at eleven." "And the evening accession, when will it come on?" "At seven o'clock." "In that case it will be later than usual." "It is true; the periods of its recurrence are going to change to so and so." During this conversation, the patient's countenance expressed annoyance. She then said to M. Petetin, "My uncle has just entered; he is conversing with my husband, behind the screen; his visit will fatigue me, beg him to go away." The uncle, leaving, took with him by mistake her husband's cloak, which she perceived, and sent her sister-in-law to reclaim it.

In the evening, there were assembled, in the lady's apartment, a good number of her relations and friends. Petetin had, intentionally, placed a letter within his waistcoat, on his heart. He begged permission, on arriving, to wear his cloak. Scarcely had the lady, the access having come on, fallen into trance, when she said, — "And how long, doctor, has it come into fashion to wear letters next the heart?" Petetin pretended to deny the fact; she insisted on her correctness; and, raising her hands, designated the size, and indicated exactly the place of the letter. Petetin drew forth the letter, and held it, closed, to the fingers of the patient. "If I were not a discreet person," she said, "I should tell the contents; but to show you that I know them, they form exactly two lines and a half of writing;" which, on opening the letter, was shown to be the fact.

A friend of the family, who was present, took out his purse and put it in Dr. Petetin's bosom, and folded his cloak over his chest. As soon as Petetin approached his patient, she told him that he had the purse, and named its exact contents. She then gave an inventory of the contents of the pockets of all present; adding some pointed remark when the opportunity offered. She said to her sister-in-law that the most interesting thing in *her* possession was a letter; — much to her surprise, for she had received the letter the same evening, and had mentioned it to no one.

The patient, in the mean time, lost strength daily, and could take no food. The means employed failed of giving her relief, and it never occurred to M. Petetin to inquire of her how he should treat her. At length, with some vague idea that she suffered from too great electric tension of the brain, he tried, fantastically enough, the effect of making deep inspirations, standing close in front of the patient. No effect followed from this absurd proceeding. Then he placed one hand on the forehead, the other on the pit of the stomach of the patient, and continued his inspirations. The patient now opened her eyes; her features lost their fixed look; she rallied rapidly from the fit, which lasted but a few minutes instead of the usual period of two hours more. In eight days, under a pursuance of this treatment, she entirely recovered from her fits, and with them ceased her extraordinary powers. But, during these eight days, her powers manifested a still greater extension; she foretold what was going to happen to her; she discussed, with astonishing subtlety, questions of mental philosophy and physiology; she caught what those around her meant to say, before they expressed their wishes, and either did what they desired, or begged that they would not ask her to do what was beyond her strength.

A young lady, after much alarm during a revolutionary riot, fell into catalepsy. In her fits she appeared



to hear with the pit of the stomach; and most of the phenomena described in the preceding case were again manifested. She improved in health under the care of Dr. Petetin up to the 29<sup>th</sup> of May 1790, the memorable day when the inhabitants of Lyons expelled the wretches who were making sport of their fortunes, their liberties, and their lives. At the report of the first cannon fired, M<sup>lle</sup> — fell into violent convulsions followed by catalepsy and tetanus. When in this state, she discerned Petetin distinguishing himself under the fire of a battery; and she blamed him the following day for having so rashly exposed his life. In the progress of the complaint, during the attacks of catalepsy, the recurrences of which she exactly foresaw, she likewise predicted the bloody day of the 29<sup>th</sup> of September, the surrender of the city on the 7<sup>th</sup> of October, the entrance of the republican troops on the 8<sup>th</sup>, and the cruel proscriptions issued by the committee of public safety.

The third case given by Petetin is that of Madame de Saint-Paul who was attacked with catalepsy a few days after her marriage in consequence of seeing her father fall down in a fit of apoplexy at table. The general features of her lucidity are the same as in the former cases. I shall therefore, content myself with quoting some observations made by Dr. Prost, author of "*la medecine eclairee par l'observation et l'anatomie pathologique*," on the authority of Dr. Foissac, to whom he communicated them. Dr. Prost had studied this case assiduously during nine months. "Her intellectual faculties," observed Dr. Prost, "acquired a great activity, and the richness of her fancy made itself remarked in the picturesque images which she threw into her descriptions. As she was telling her friends of an approaching attack of catalepsy, suddenly she exclaimed, 'I no longer see or hear objects in the same manner, every thing is transparent round me and my observation extends to incalculable distances.' She designated without an error the people who were on the public promenade, whether near the house, or still a quarter of an hour's walk distant. She read the thoughts of every one who came near her; she marked those who were false and vicious; and repelled the approach of stupid people, who bored her with their questions and aggravated her malady. 'Just as much as their pates excite my pity,' said she, 'do the heads of men of information and intelligence, all whose thoughts I look into, fill me with delight.'

The following facts I cite corroboratively from one of several cases of hysteria communicated by Dr. Delpit, inspecting physician of the waters at Barèges. *Bibliothèque medicale*. T. LVI. p. 308.

M<sup>lle</sup> V., aged thirteen, after seeing the curé administer extreme unction fainted away. There followed extreme disgust towards food. During eighteen days she neither eat nor drank; there was no secretion; her breathing remained tranquil and regular; the patient preserved her embonpoint and complexion. During this complete suspension of the functions of digestion, the organs of sensation would be alternately paralysed. One day the patient became blind; on the next she could see but could not hear; another day she lost her speech. The mutations were noticed generally in the night upon her waking out of sleep. "Nevertheless," says M. Delpit, "her intellect preserved all its vivacity and force; and during the palsy of the organs of sensation nature supplied the loss in another way; when with her eyes M<sup>lle</sup> Caroline could not distinguish light, she yet read, and read distinctly, by carrying her fingers over the letters. I

have made her thus read in the day-time, and in the profoundest darkness, either printed pages out of the first book that came to hand, or written passages that I had previously prepared."

Sensorial illusions occasionally occur in catalepsy; but not frequently; they are commoner in the inferior grades of trance. The daimon of Socrates was no doubt an hallucination of this kind.

The trance-daimon, or sensorial illusion mixing itself with trance, is exemplified in the following case of catalepsy which occurred in the person of the adopted daughter of the Baron de Strombeck.

Besides the ordinary features, on which I will not again dwell, at one time it was her custom to apply to an imaginary being for directions as to the treatment of her own case. Subsequently she one day observed, "it is not a phantom; I was in error in thinking it so; it is a voice, which speaks within me, and which I think without me. This apparition comes because my sleep is less perfect. In that case I seem to see a white cloud rise out of the earth, from which a voice issues, the echo of which reverberates within me."

This patient had quintuple consciousness, or four morbid states, each of which kept its own recollections to itself.

A final case I will quote, the authority of which is the Baron de Fortis. It was treated by Dr. Despine of Aix-les-Bains.

The patient had had epilepsy, for the cure of which she went to Aix; there she had all sorts of fits; and day-somnambulism, during which she waited at table, with her eyes shut, perfectly. She likewise saw alternately with her fingers, the palm of her hand, and her elbow; and would write with precision with her right hand, superintending the process with her left elbow. These details are particularly gratifying to myself, for in the little I have seen, I yet have seen a patient walk about with her eyes shut and well blinded besides, holding the knuckles of one hand before her as a seeing lantern. However the special interest of this case is that the patient was differently affected by different kinds of matter; glass appeared to burn her; porcelaine was pleasantly warm; earthen-ware felt cold.

What comment can I make on the preceding wondrous details? Those, to whom they are new, must have time to become familiar with them; in order, reversing the process by which the eye gets to see in the dark, to learn to distinguish objects in this flood of excessive light. Those who are already acquainted with them, will I think agree with me, that the principle which I have assumed, — the possibility of an abnormal relation of the mind and body allowing the former, either to shift the place of its manifestations in the nervous system, or partially to energize as free spirit, — is the only one, which at present offers any solution of the new powers displayed in catalepsy. One regrets that more was not made of the opportunities of observation, which Petetin enjoyed. But there are means, which I shall by and by have occasion to specify, through which in the practice of medicine and in the proper treatment of various disorders, like instances may be artificially multiplied and modified so as to meet the exigencies of inductive science. In the mean time let me append one or two corollaries to the preceding demonstration.

I. It is evident that the performances of catalepsy reduce the oracles of antiquity to natural phenomena. Let us examine the tradition of that of Delphi.



Diodorus relates that goats feeding near an opening in the ground were observed to jump about in a singular manner, and that a goatherd approaching to examine the spot was taken with a fit and prophesied. Then the priests took possession of the spot and built a temple. Plutarch tells us that the priestess was an uneducated peasant-girl, of good character and conduct. Placed upon the tripod and affected by the exhalation, she struggled and became convulsed and foamed at the mouth; and in that state she delivered the oracular answer. The convulsions were sometimes so violent that the Pythia died. Plutarch adds that the answers were never in error; and that their established truth filled the temple with offerings from the whole of Greece and from barbarian nations. — Without supposing it to have been infallible we must I think infer that the oracle was too often right to have been wholly a trick. The state of the Pythia was probably trance with convulsions, the same with that in which cataleptic patients have foreseen future events. The priestess was of blameless life; which suits the production of trance; the fine susceptibility of which is spoilt by irregular living. Finally from what we know of the effects of the few gases and vapors, of which the inhalation has been tried, it is anything but improbable that one or other gaseous compound should directly induce trance in predisposed subjects.

III. The performances of Zschokke are poor by the side of those of a cataleptic. But he was not absolutely entranced. Nevertheless an approach to that state manifested itself in his losing himself when inspecting his visitor's brains. So again those who had the gift of second-sight are represented to have been subject to fits of abstraction, in which they stood rapt. The praeter-natural gifts of Socrates were probably those of a Highland seer. In which character he is reported to have foretold the death of an officer, if he pursued a route he contemplated: the officer would not change his plans, and was met by the enemy and slain accordingly. In all these cases the mind seems to have gone out to seek its knowledge. Two of Mr. Williamson's lucid patients, of whom more afterwards, told him that their minds went out at the backs of their heads in starting on these occasions. They pointed to the lower and back part of the head, opposite to the Medulla oblongata. In prophetic and in true retrospective dreams one may imagine the phenomena taking the same course; most likely the dreamers have slipped in their sleep into a brief lucid somnambulism. In the cases of ghosts and of dreams coincident with the period of the death of an absent person, it seems simpler to suppose the visit to have come from the other side. So the Vampyr-ghost was probably a visit made by the free part of the mind of the patient who lay buried in death-trance. The visit was fatal to the party visited, because trance is contagious.

III. The instinct of animals appears less incomprehensible when viewed in juxtaposition with some of the feats of lucid cataleptics. The term instinct is a very vague one. It is commonly used to denote the intelligence of animals as opposed to human reason. Instinct is therefore a compound phenomenon; and I must begin by resolving it into its elements; they are three in number; —

1. Observation and reasoning of the same kind with that of man, but incomparably more limited in their scope and reach. They are exercised only in immediate self-preservation and in the direct supply of the creatures bodily wants or simple impulses. A dog will whine to

get admission into the house; will open the latch of a gate; one rook will sit sentry for the rest; a plover will fly low and short distances, as if hurt, to wile a dog away from her nest. But in this vein of intelligence animals make no further advance. Reflexion with the higher faculties and sentiments, which minister to it, and with it constitute reason, is denied them. So they originate no objects of pursuit in the way that man does, and have no source of self-improvement. But in lack of human reflection some animals receive the help of —

2. special conceptions, which are developed in their minds at fitting seasons. Of this nature is the notion of nest-building in birds. It may be observed of these conceptions that they appear to us arbitrary, tho' perfectly suited to the being of each species; the material and shape of the nest for instance might be varied without its object being the less perfectly attained, at least as far as we can see.

The conception spontaneously developed in the mind of the bird is then carried out intelligently through the same quick and just observation in a little way, which ministers to its appetites, as I explained in a preceding paragraph. The special conception is sometimes characterized by the utmost perfectness of mechanical design. Here, however, is nothing to surprise us. The supreme wisdom which pre-ordained the development of an idea in an insect's mind might as easily as not have given it absolute perfectness. But —

3. some animals have the power of modifying the special conception, when circumstances arise which prevent its being carried out in the usual way; and of realizing it in a great many different ways on as many different occasions. And their work on each of these occasions is as perfect as in their carrying out the ordinary form of the conception. I beg leave to call the principle, by which they see thus how to shape their course so perfectly under new circumstances intuition. To instance it. There is a beetle called the rhynchites betula. Its habit is towards the end of May to cut the leaves of the betula alba or betula pubescens, into slips which it rolls up into funnel-shaped chambers which form singularly convenient cradles for its eggs. This is done after one pattern, — and one may suppose it the mechanical realization of an inborn idea — as long as the leaf is perfect in shape. But if the leaf is imperfect, intuition steps upon the scene, to aid the insect to cut its coat after its cloth. The sections made are then seen to vary with the varying shape of the leaf. Many different sections made by the insect were accurately drawn by a german naturalist, Dr. Debey. He submitted them for examination to Professor Heis of Aix-la-Chapelle. Upon carefully studying them Dr. Heis found these cuttings of the leaves, in suitableness to the end proposed even to the minutest technical detail, to be in accordance with calculations compassable only through the higher mathematics, which till modern times were unknown to human intelligence. Such is the marvellous power of "intuition," displayed by certain insects. I know not how to define it but as a power of immediate reference to absolute truth evinced by the insect in carrying out its little plans. It is evident that the insect uses the same power in realizing its ordinary special conception, when the result displays equal perfectness. And the question even crosses ones mind, are the seemingly arbitrary plans really arbitrary, may they not equally represent an highest type of design? But be that as it may, the intuition of insects as we now apprehend it, no longer



stands an isolated phenomenon. The lucid cataleptic can not less directly communicate with the source of truth, as she proves by foreseeing future events.

IV. The speculations of Berkeley and Boscovich on the non-existence of matter; and of Kant and others on the arbitrariness of all our notions; are interested in, for they appear to be refuted by, the intuitions of cataleptics. The cataleptic apprehends or perceives directly the objects around her; — but they are the same as when realized through her senses. She notices no difference; size, form, colour, distance, are elements as real to her now as before. In respect again to the future, she sees it, but not in the sense of the annihilation of time; she foresees it; it is the future present to her; time she measures, present and future, with strange precision; strange, yet an approximation instead of this certainty would have been yet more puzzling.

So it appears that our notions of matter, force and the like, and of the conditions of space and time apart from which we can conceive nothing, are not figments to suit our human and temporary being, but elements of eternal truth.

## Letter VIII

### RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS

There have been occasions when much excitement on the subject of religion has prevailed, and when strange disorders of the nervous system have developed themselves among the people, which have been interpreted as immediate visitings of the holy spirit. The interpretation was delusive; the belief in it, superstition. The effects displayed were neither more nor less than phenomena of trance, the physiological consequences of the prevailing excitement. The reader will have no difficulty in identifying forms of this affection in the varieties of religious seizures, which without further comment I proceed to exemplify.

Every one will have met with allusions to some extraordinary scenes which took place in the Cevennes at the close of the seventeenth century.

It was towards the end of the year 1688 a report was first heard, of a gift of prophecy which had shown itself among the persecuted followers of the Reformation, who, in the south of France, had betaken themselves to the mountains. The first instance was said to have occurred in the family of a glass-dealer, of the name of Du Serre, well known as the most zealous Calvinist of the neighbourhood, which was a solitary spot in Dauphiné, near Mount Peyra. In the enlarging circle of enthusiasts, Gabriel Astier and Isabella Vincent made themselves first conspicuous. Isabella, a girl of sixteen years of age, from Dauphiné, who was in the service of a peasant, and tended sheep, began in her sleep to preach and prophesy, and the Reformers came from far and near to hear her. An advocate, of the name of Gerlan, describes the following scene which he had witnessed. At his request she had admitted him, and a good many others, after nightfall, to a meeting at a chateau in the neighbourhood. She there disposed herself upon a bed, shut her eyes, and went to sleep; in her sleep she chanted in a low tone the Commandments and a psalm; after a short respite she began to preach; in a louder voice,

not in her own dialect, but in good French, which hitherto she had not used. The theme was an exhortation to obey God rather than man. Sometimes she spoke so quickly as to be hardly intelligible. At certain of her pauses, she stopped to collect herself. She accompanied her words with gesticulations. Gerlan found her pulse quiet, her arm not rigid, but relaxed, as natural. After an interval, her countenance put on a mocking expression, and she began anew her exhortation, which was now mixed with ironical reflections upon the Church of Rome. She then suddenly stopped, continuing asleep. It was in vain they stirred her. When her arms were lifted and let go, they dropped unconsciously. As several now went away, whom her silence rendered impatient, she said in a low tone, but just as if she was awake, "Why do you go away? Why do not you wait till I am ready?" And then she delivered another ironical discourse against the Catholic Church. She closed the scene with a prayer.

When Bouchier, the intendant of the district, heard of the performances of Isabella Vincent, he had her brought before him. She replied to his interrogatories, that people had often told her that she preached in her sleep, but that she did not herself believe a word of it. As the slightness of her person made her appear younger than she really was, the intendant merely sent her to an hospital at Grenoble; where, notwithstanding that she was visited by persons of the Reformed persuasion, there was an end of her preaching, — she became a Catholic!

Gabriel Astier, who had been a young labourer, likewise from Dauphiné, went in the capacity of a preacher and prophet into the valley of Bressac, in the Vivarais. He had infected his family: his father, mother, elder brother, and sweetheart, followed his example, and took to prophesying. Gabriel, before he preached, used to fall into a kind of stupor in which he lay rigid. After delivering his sermon, he would dismiss his auditors with a kiss, and the words: "My brother, or my sister, I impart to you the Holy Ghost." Many believed that they had thus received the Holy Ghost from Astier, being taken with the same seizure. During the period of the discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves afterwards as having felt first a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed — nor is it wonderful they did so — that they had received the Holy Ghost.

Not less curious were the seizures of the Convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbé Paris, in the year 1727. These Jansenist visionaries used to collect in the church-yard of St. Médard, round the grave of the deposed and deceased Deacon, and before long the reputation of the place for working miracles getting about, they fell in troops into convulsions. They required, to gratify an internal impulse or feeling, that the most violent blows should be inflicted upon them at the pit of the stomach. Carré de Montgeron mentions, that being himself an enthusiast in the matter, he had inflicted the blows required with an iron instrument, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, with a round head. And as a convulsionary lady complained that he struck too lightly to relieve the feeling of depression at her stomach, he gave her sixty blows with all his force. It would not



do, and she begged to have the instrument used by a tall, strong man, who stood by in the crowd. The spasmodic tension of her muscles must have been enormous; for she received one hundred blows, delivered with such force that the wall shook behind her. She thanked the man for his benevolent aid, and contemptuously censured De Montgeron for his weakness, or want of faith and timidity. It was, indeed, time for issuing the mandate, which, as wit read it, ran:

"De par le roi — Defense à Dieu,  
De faire miracle en ce lieu."

In the revivals of modern times, scenes parallel to the above have been renewed.

"I have seen," says Mr. Le Roi Sunderland, himself a preacher, (Zion's Watchman, New York, Oct. 2, 1842,) "persons often 'lose their strength,' as it is called, at camp-meetings, and other places of great religious excitement; and not pious people alone, but those also who were not professors of religion. In the spring of 1824, while performing pastoral labour in Dennis, Massachusetts, I saw more than twenty people affected in this way. Two young men, of the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely, but they showed no signs of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shop, (they were shoemakers,) to finish some work before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves they were both struck perfectly stiff. I was immediately sent for, and found them sitting paralysed (he means cataleptic) on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing round them. At the same time they say they are in a happy state of mind."

The following extract from the same journal portrays another kind of nervous seizure, as it was manifested at the great revival, some forty years ago, at Kentucky and Tennessee.

"The convulsions were commonly called 'the jerks.' A writer, (M'Neman,) quoted by Mr. Power, (Essay on the Influence of the Imagination over the Nervous System,) gives this account of their course and progress:—

"At first appearance these meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator but a scene of confusion, that could scarcely be put into language. They were generally opened with a sermon, near the close of which there would be an unusual outcry, some bursting out into loud ejaculations of prayer, etc.

"The rolling exercise consisted in being cast down in a violent manner, doubled with the head and feet together, or stretched in a prostrate manner, turning swiftly over like a dog. Nothing in nature could better represent the jerks, than for one to goad another alternately on every side with a piece of red-hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backwards and forwards, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labour to suppress, but in vain. He must necessarily go on as he was stimulated, whether with a violent dash on the ground, and bounce from place to place, like a foot-ball; or hopping round with head, limbs and trunk, twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably

fly asunder; etc."

The following sketch is from Dow's journal. In the year 1805 he preached at Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor, when some hundred and fifty persons among whom were a number of Quakers had the jerks. "I have seen," says the writer, "all denominations of religions exercised by the jerks, gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for camp-meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed, where they had held on they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies."

A widely different picture to the above is given in a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to A. M. Phillips Esq., published in 1841, and describing the state of two "religieuses," who were visited by members of their own communion in the belief that they lay in a sort of heavenly beatitude. To this idea their stillness, the devotional attitude of their hands and expression of their countenances, together with their manifestation of miraculous intuition contributed. But I am afraid that to the eye of a physician their condition would have been simple trance. However while one regrets the absence of reasonable enlightenment in the display, one agreeably recognizes the influence of the humanity of modern times. Had these young women lived two centuries ago, they would have been the subjects of other discipline, and their history had I possessed it to quote, must have been transferred to the darker section, which I have next to enter on.

The belief in possession by devils, which existed in the middle ages and subsequently, embraced several dissimilar cases. The first of them, which I will exemplify would have included individuals in the state of the "religieuses" described by Lord Shrewsbury. Behaviour and powers, which the people could not understand, even if exhibited by good and virtuous persons, and only expressive of or used for right purposes, were construed into the operation of unholy influences. The times were the reign of terror in religion. I give the following instance. Marie Bucaille, a native of normandy, became towards the year 1700, the subject of fits which ordinarily lasted three or four hours. It appears by the depositions of persons of character on her trial, that Marie had effected many cures seemingly by her prayers; that she comprehended and executed directions given to her mentally; that she read the thoughts of others. When in the fit the Curé of Golleville placed in the hands of Marie a folded note. Without opening the note she replied to the questions which it contained; and without knowing the writer she accurately described her person. Altho' Marie only employed her powers to cure the sick and in the service of religion, she was not the less condemned to death by the parliament of Valogne. The parliament of Rouen mitigated her punishment to whipping and public ignominy.

A second class who came nearer to the exact idea of being possessed by devils, were persons who were deranged, and entertained something of that impression themselves, and avowed it. I am not speaking of single instances; but of an extensive popular delusion, or frenzy rather, which prevailed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in parts of Europe as an epidemic seizure. It was called the wolf-sickness. Those affected betook themselves to the forests as wild-beasts. One of these,



who was brought before De Lancre at Bordeaux in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a young man of Besançon. He avowed himself to be huntsman of the forest lord, his invisible master. He believed that through the power of his master, he had been transformed into a wolf; that he hunted in the forest as such; and that he was often accompanied by a bigger wolf, whom he suspected to be the master he served; with more details of the same kind. The persons thus affected were called Wehrwolves. Their common fate was the alternative of recovering from their derangement, under the influence of exorcism and its accessories, or of being executed.

The third and proper type of possession by devils presented more complicated features. The patient's state was not uniform. Often or for the most part his appearance and behaviour were natural; — then paroxysms would supervene, in which he appeared fierce, malignant, demoniacal; in which he believed himself to be possessed and acted up to the character; or if it were a lady, there might be rather the expression of suffering, with a mysterious altered manner; in both cases manifestations of superhuman knowledge. The explanation of these features is happily given by Dr. Fischer of Basle, author of an excellent work on somnambulism. He resolves them with evident justice into recurrent fits of trance, the patient when entranced being at the same time deranged; and he exemplifies his hypothesis by the case of a German lady who had fits of trance, in which she fancied herself a French emigrée; it would have been as easy for her, had it been the mode, to have fancied herself, and to have played the part of being, possessed by the fiend. The case is this.

Gmelin, in the first volume of his Contributions to Anthropology, narrates, that in the year 1789, a German lady, under his observation, had daily paroxysms, in which she believed herself to be, and acted the part of a French emigrant. She had been in distress of mind through the absence of a person she was attached to, and he was somehow implicated in the scenes of the French revolution. After an attack of fever and delirium, the complaint regulated itself, and took the form of a daily fit of trance-waking. When the time for the fit approached, she stopped in her conversation, and ceased to answer when spoken to; she then remained a few minutes sitting perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the carpet before her. Then, in evident uneasiness, she began to move her head backwards and forwards, to sigh, and to pass her fingers across her eyebrows. This lasted a minute; then she raised her eyes, looked once or twice around with timidity and embarrassment, then began to talk in French; when she would describe all the particulars of her escape from France, and, assuming the manner of a French woman, talk purer and better accented French than she had been known to be capable of talking before, correct her friends when they spoke incorrectly, but delicately and with a comment on the German rudeness of laughing at the bad pronunciation of strangers; and if led herself to speak or read German, she used a French accent, and spoke it ill; and the like.

We have by this time had intercourse enough with spirits and demons to prepare us for the final subject of witchcraft.

The superstition of witchcraft stretches back into remote antiquity, and has many roots. In Europe it is partly of Druidical origin. The Druidesses were part priestesses, part shrewd old ladies, who dealt in magic and medicine. They were called allrune, all-knowing.

There was some touch of classical superstition mingled in the stream which was flowing down to us, — so an edict of a council of Trèves, in the year 1310, has this injunction: "Nulla mulierum se nocturnis horis equitare cum Dianâ profiteatur; hæc enim dæmoniaca est illusio." But the main source from which we derived this superstition, is the East, and traditions and facts incorporated in our religion. There were only wanted the ferment of thought of the fifteenth century, the energy, ignorance, enthusiasm, and faith of those days, and the papal denunciation of witchcraft by the Bull of Innocent the VIII. in 1459, to give fury to the delusion. And from this time for three centuries, the flames, at which more than 100,000 victims perished, cast a lurid light over Europe.

But the fires are out; the superstition is extinct; and its history is trite and has lost all interest; so I will hasten to the one point in it, which deserves, which indeed requires, explanation. I do not advert to the late duration of the belief in witchcraft; so late, that it is but a century this very month of January since the last witch, a lady and a subprioress, whose confession I will afterwards give, was executed in Germany; while at the same period a strong effort was made in Scotland by good and conscientious and otherwise sensible persons to reanimate the embers of the delusion, as is shewn by the following evidence. In February 1743 the associate presbytery meaning the presbytery of the secession or seceders (from the Scottish established church) passed and soon thereafter published an act for renewing the national covenant; in which there is a solemn acknowledgment of sins and vow to renounce them; among which sins is specified "the repeal of the penal statutes against witchcraft contrary to the express laws of God, and for which a holy God may be provoked, in a way of righteous judgement to leave those who are already ensnared to be hardened more and more and to permit Satan to tempt and seduce others to the same wicked and dangerous snare." (note Edin. Rev. Jan. 1847.) Nor is the marvel in the absolute belief of the people in witchcraft only two centuries ago; what could they do but believe, when the witches and sorcerers themselves before their execution often avowed their guilt; and told how they had laid themselves out to league with the evil spirit; how they had gone through a regular process of initiation in the black art; how they had been rebaptised with the support of regular witch-sponsors; how they had abjured Christ, and had entered to the best of their belief into a compact with the devil; and had commenced accordingly a suitable course of bad works, poisoning and bewitching men and cattle, and the like.

Nor is the marvel in the unfairness with which those accused of witchcraft were treated. So at Lindheim Horst reports on one occasion six women were implicated in a charge of having disinterred the body of a child to make a witchbroth. As they happened to be innocent of the deed, they underwent the most cruel tortures before they would confess it. At length they saw their cheapest bargain was to admit the crime, and be simply burned alive and have it over. They did so. But the husband of one of them procured an official examination of the grave; when the child's body was found in its coffin safe and sound. What said the Inquisitor? "This is indeed a proper piece of devil's work; no, no, I am not to be taken in by such a gross and obvious imposture. Luckily the women have already



confessed the crime, and burned they must and shall be in honour of the Holy Trinity, which has commanded the extirpation of sorcerers and witches." The six women were burned alive accordingly. For the people had fits of frenzied terror, which required to be allayed by the sacrifice of a victim or two. And justice became confused, to be sure in those days her head was never very clear, and threw by mistake the odium of the crime into the accusing scale; the other flew up significantly of the full extent to which mercy could interfere to temper the law. A curious instance of an epidemic attack of the belief in witchcraft occurred at Salzburg between the years 1627 and 1629, originating in a sickness among the cattle in the neighbourhood. The sickness was unluckily attributed to witchcraft, and an active inquiry was set on foot to detect the participators in the crime. It was very successful; for we find in the list of persons burned alive on this occasion, besides children of 14, 12, 11, 10, 9 years of age, fourteen canons, four gentlemen of the choir, two young men of rank, a fat old lady of rank, the wife of a burgomaster, a counsellor, the fattest burgess of Würzburg, together with his wife the handsomest woman in the city, and a midwife of the name of Shiekelte, with whom (according to a N. B. in the original report) the whole of the mischief originated.

The marvel in witchcraft is the belief entertained by the sorcerers and witches themselves of its reality. That many of these persons, shrewd and unprincipled, should have practised for gain on the credulity of others and pretended to rely on their art is conceivable, and only what is still occasionally done in modern times. But that they should, as it is proved by some of their confessions previously to execution, have themselves been convinced of the reality of their intercourse with the devil, is surprizing enough to deserve explanation. A single crucial instance will bring us upon the trail of the solution.

A little maid, twelve years of age used to fall into fits of sleep; and afterwards she told her parents and the judge, how an old woman and her daughter, riding on a broom-stick, had come and taken her out with them. The daughter sat foremost, the old woman behind, the little maid between. They went away through the roof of the house, over the adjoining houses and the towngate, to a village some way off. Upon arriving there the party went down the chimney of a cottage into a room, where sat a black man and twelve women. They eat and drank. The black man filled their glasses from a cann, and gave each of the women a handful of gold. She herself had received none, but she had eaten and drank with them.

See how much this example displays. I mean, not that the superstition was imbibed in childhood, tho' that would do much to establish the belief in it, — but that it had power to disturb the mind sufficiently to produce trance-sleep; for such were evidently the fits of sleep this child described; and trance-sleep with its special character of visions, of dreams vivid, coherent, continuous, realizing the ideas, which had driven the mind into trance. Elder persons, it is to be presumed, were occasionally similarly wrought upon. And the witches seemed to have known and availed themselves of the confidence in their art that could be thus promoted; and by witch-broths, of which narcotics formed an ingredient, they would induce in themselves and in their pupils a heavy stupor, which so far resembles trance, that vivid and

connected dreams occur in it. Here was the seeming reality necessary for absolute belief. It lay in not-understood trance-phenomena. Other evidence from the same source came in to support the first. Some of the witch-pupils in their trances would shew a strange knowledge; some of the victims, on whose fears or persons they had wrought, would become possessed; proving their art to be not less real, than they believed thus the elementary part to be of their personal communication with the fiend. These remarks explain collaterally why witches and sorceresses were more numerous than sorcerers and magicians. Insufficient occupation and other causes helped probably to dispose women to seek a resource in the intense excitement of this crime; but besides, trance stood at their service, which men seldom experience.

I will conclude with two pictures; one the confession, interesting however from its relation to the child's early vision, of vulgar and ordinary witches; — the other the substance of the confession of a lady-witch, which in itself tells the whole curious tale of this disease.

At Mora, in Sweden, in 1669, of many who were put to the torture and executed, seventy-two women agreed in the following avowal — That they were in the habit of meeting at a place called Blocula. That on their calling out "Come forth," the Devil used to appear to them in a gray coat, red breeches, gray stockings, with a red beard, and a peaked hat with party-coloured feathers on his head. He then enforced upon them, not without blows, that they must bring him, at nights, their own and other peoples' children, stolen for the purpose. They travel through the air to Blocula either on beasts or on spits, or broomsticks. When they have many children with them, they rig on an additional spar to lengthen the back of the goat or their broom-stick that the children may have room to sit. At Blocula they sign their name in blood and are baptized. The Devil is a humorous, pleasant gentleman; but his table is coarse enough, which makes the children often sick on their way home, the product being the so-called witch-butter found in the fields. When the Devil is larky, he solicits the witches to dance round him on their brooms, which he suddenly pulls from under them, and uses to beat them with till they are black and blue. He laughs at this joke till his sides shake again. Sometimes he is in a more gracious mood, and plays to them lovely airs upon the harp; and occasionally sons and daughters are born to the Devil, which take up their residence at Blocula.

The following is the history of the lady-witch. She was, at the time of her death, seventy years of age, and had been many years sub-prioress of the convent of Unterzell, near Würzburg.

Maria Renata took the veil at nineteen years of age, against her inclination, having previously been initiated in the mysteries of witchcraft, which she continued to practise for fifty years under the cloak of punctual attendance to discipline and pretended piety. She was long in the station of sub-prioress, and would, for her capacity, have been promoted to the rank of prioress, had she not betrayed a certain discontent with the ecclesiastic life, a certain contrariety to her superiors, something half expressed only of inward dissatisfaction. Renata had not ventured to let any one about the convent into her confidence, and she remained free from suspicion, notwithstanding that, from time to time, some of the nuns, either from the herbs she mixed with their food,



or through sympathy, had strange seizures, of which some died. Renata became at length extravagant and unguarded in her witch-propensities, partly from long security, partly from desire of stronger excitement; made noises in the dormitory, and uttered shrieks in the garden; went at nights into the cells of the nuns to pinch and torment them, to assist her in which she kept a considerable supply of cats. The removal of the keys of the cells counteracted this annoyance; but a still more efficient means was a determined blow on the part of a nun, struck at the aggressor with the penitential scourge one night, on the morning following which Renata was observed to have a black eye and cut face. This event awakened suspicion against Renata. Then, one of the nuns, who was much esteemed, declared, believing herself upon her death-bed, that, "as she shortly expected to stand before her Maker, Renata was uncanny, that she had often at nights been visibly tormented by her, and that she warned her to desist from this course." General alarm arose, and apprehension of Renata's arts; and one of the nuns, who previously had had fits, now became possessed, and in the paroxysms told the wildest tales against Renata. It is only wonderful how the subprioress contrived to keep her ground many years against these suspicions and incriminations. She adroitly put aside the insinuations of the nun as imaginary or of calumnious intention, and treated witchcraft and possession of the Devil as things which enlightened people no longer believed in. As, however, five more of the nuns, either taking the infection from the first, or influenced by the arts of Renata, became possessed of devils and unanimously attacked Renata, the superiors could no longer avoid making a serious investigation of the charges. Renata was confined in a cell alone, whereupon the six devils screeched in chorus at being deprived of their friend. She had begged to be allowed to take her papers with her; but this being refused, and thinking herself detected, she at once avowed to her confessor and the superiors, that she was a witch, had learned witchcraft out of the convent, and had bewitched the six nuns. They determined to keep the matter secret, and to attempt the conversion of Renata. And as the nuns still continued possessed, they despatched her to a remote convent. Here, under a show of outward piety, she still went on with her attempts to realise witchcraft, and the nuns remained possessed. It was decided at length to give Renata over to the civil power. She was accordingly condemned to be burned alive; but in mitigation of punishment her head was first struck off. Four of the possessed nuns gradually recovered, with clerical assistance; the other two remained deranged. Renata was executed on the 21<sup>st</sup> January 1749.

Renata stated, in her voluntary confession, that she had often at night been carried bodily to witch-Sabbaths; in one of which she was first presented to the Prince of Darkness, when she abjured God and the Virgin at the same time. Her name, with the alteration of Maria into Emma, was written in a black book, and she herself was stamped on the back as the Devil's property; in return for which she received the promise of seventy years of life and of all she might wish for. She stated that she had often, at night, gone into the cellar of the chateau and drank the best wine; in the shape of a swine had walked on the convent walls; on the bridge had milked the cows as they passed over; and several times had mingled with the actors in the theatre in London.

## Letter IX

### MESMERISM

The powers, which we have seen successfully employed to shake the nerves and unsettle the mind in the service of superstition, can they be turned to no useful purpose?

A satisfactory answer to the question may be found in the invention of ether-inhalation and in the history of mesmerism. The witch narcotized her pupils in order to produce in them delusive visions; the surgeon stupefies his patient to annul the pain of an operation. The fanatic preacher excites convulsions and trance in his auditory as evidence of the workings of the holy spirit; Mesmer produced the same effects in his patients as a means of curing disease.

It occurred to Mr. Jackson, a chemist of the united states, that it might be possible harmlessly to stupefy a patient through the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether, to such an extent that a surgical operation would be unfelt by him. He communicated the idea to Mr. Morton, a dentist, who carried it into execution with the happiest results. The patient became insensible; a tooth was extracted; no pain seemed felt at the time; no ill consequence followed. Led by the report of this success, in the course of the autumn of 1846, Messrs. Bigelow, Warren, and Heywood, ventured to employ the same means in surgical operations of a more serious description. The results obtained on these occasions were not less satisfactory than the first had been. Since then, in England, France, and Germany, the same interesting experiment has been repeated many hundred times, and the adoption of this or of a parallel method has become general in surgery.

I withdraw from the present letter a sketch which I had made from the "report" of Dr. Heyfelder, of the phenomena of etherisation. For, a year had barely elapsed, when the narcotizing agent recommended by Mr. Jackson was superseded by another, suggested and brought into use by Professor Simpson of Edinburgh. The inhalation of chloroform is found to be more rapid and uniform and certain in its effects, and compassable in a simpler manner, than the inhalation of ether. Its brief phenomena are wound up by the production of stupor; they are remotely comparable to those produced by alcohol. It is perhaps questionable whether the process is as safe as etherisation. But the time is passed when I enjoyed the means of looking through and forming a practical judgment upon discoveries like the present. Not the less however do I hail the advent of this as a boon to the art of surgery. The conception was original, bold, and reasonable; its execution neat and scientific; its success wonderful. It established in the year 1847 to the satisfaction of the public and of the medical profession, that the exclusion of pain from surgical operations is a practicable idea and the attempt to realize it a legitimate pursuit.

Then what is Mesmerism?

The object of the inventor of the art was to cure diseases through the influence of a new force brought by him to bear upon the human frame.

Talent, for philosophy or business, is the power of



seeing what is yet hidden from others. As the eyes of some animals are fitted to see best in the dark; so the mental vision of some original minds prefers exercising itself on obscure and occult subjects. Whoever indulges this turn will certainly pass for a charlatan; most likely he will prove one. Mesmer had it, and indulged it, in a high degree. The body of science which I have unfolded in the preceding letters was wholly unknown in his time (he was born in 1734); but he was led by his wayward instinct to grope after it in the dark, and he seized and brought to upper light fragmentary elements of strange capabilities, which he strove to interpret and to use. He had early displayed a bias towards the mystical. When a student at Vienna, (he was by birth a swiss) his principal study was astrology. He sought in the stars a force, which extending throughout space, might influence the beings living upon our planet. In the year 1766 he published his lucubrations. In attempting to identify his imaginary force Mesmer first supposed it to be electricity. Afterwards about the year 1773 he adopted the idea that it must be magnetism. So at Vienna, from 1773 to 1775 he employed the practice of stroking diseased parts of the body with magnets. But in 1776 happening to be upon a tour, he fell in with a mystical monk of the name of Gassner, who was then occupied in curing the prince-bishop of Ratisbon of blindness by exorcism. Then Mesmer observed that without using magnets Gassner produced much the same effects on the living body, which he had produced with them. The fact was not lost upon him; he threw aside his magnets, and operated mostly afterwards with the hand alone. It appears that he was often successful in curing disease; or that his patients not only experienced sensible effects from his proceedings, but frequently recovered from their complaints. But in 1777, his reputation, which must have always hung upon a very slender thread, broke down through a failure in the case of the musician Paradies. So Mesmer left Vienna, and in the following year betook himself to Paris. There he obtained a success, which quickly drew upon him the indignation, perhaps the jealousy of the faculty, who failed not to stigmatize him as a charlatan. They exclaimed against him for practising an art, which he would not divulge; and when he offered to display it, averred that he threw difficulties in the way of their investigations; perhaps he suspected them of want of fairness in their inquiries; perhaps he was really unwilling to part with his secret; he refused an offer from the government of 20,000 francs if he would disclose it; but he communicated freely to individuals under a pledge of secrecy all he knew for a hundred louis. His practice itself gave most support to the allegation against him. His patients were received with an air of mystery and studied effect. The apartment hung with mirrors was dimly lighted. A profound silence was observed, broken only by strains of music which occasionally floated through the rooms. The patients were seated round a sort of vat, which contained a heterogeneous mixture of chemical ingredients. With this and with each other they were placed in relation by means of cords or jointed rods, or by holding hands; and among them slowly and mysteriously moved Mesmer himself, affecting one by a touch, another by a look, a third by passes with his hand, a fourth by pointing with a rod.

What followed is easily conceivable from the scenes referred to in my last letter as witnessed at religious revivals. One person became hysterical, then another;

one was seized with catalepsy; others with convulsions; some with palpitations of the heart, perspirations, and other bodily disturbances. These effects, however various and different, went all by the name of "salutary crises." The method was supposed to provoke in the sick person exactly the kind of action propitious to his recovery. And it may easily be imagined that many a patient found himself the better after a course of this rude empiricism; and that the effect made by these events passing daily in Paris must have been very considerable. To the ignorant the scene was full of wonderment.

To ourselves, regarding it from our present vantage-ground, it presents no marvellous characters. The phenomena were the same which we have been recently contemplating, — a group of disorders of the nervous system. The causes which were present are not less familiar to us, nor their capability of producing such effects; they were — mental excitement, here consisting in raised expectation and fear; — the contagiousness of hysteria, convulsions, and trance, its force increased by the numbers and close packing of the patients; — the Od force, developed by the chemical action in the charged cauldron, developed by each of the excited bodies around, its action first favored by the absolute stillness observed, then by the increasing sensibility of the patients as their nerves became more and more shaken. It is remarkable that Jussieu, — the most competent judge in the commission of inquiry into the truth of mesmerism set on foot at Paris in 1784, of which Franklin was a member, and which condemned mesmerism as an imposture, — was so struck with what he saw that he strongly recommended the subject to the attention and study of physicians. His objections were against the theory alone. He laid it down in the separate report, which he gave in, that no physical cause had been proved to be in operation beyond animal heat! curiously overlooking the fact that common heat would not produce the effects observed; and therefore that the latter must have been owing to that something which animal heat, or the radiating warmth of a living body, contains, in addition to common heat. That something we now know, but only since 1845, to be the Od force.

The Od force is so new, so young in science, that Mesmer's reputation has not yet been credited with the honor thence reflected upon it. I will not say that Mesmer's astral force was a distinct anticipation of von Reichenbach's discovery, which was no ways suggested by the former, and was from first to last an effort of inductive observation. But the guess of the mystic had certainly a most happy parallelism to the truth, which a different sort of mind tracked in the same field. For the Od force reaches us even from the stars, and the sun and the fixed stars are Od-negative; and the planets and the moon, Od-positive. I read in the newspaper that Dr. Faraday has seen indications of a new polar force in certain crystals; it may possibly prove the same with von Reichenbach's Od. It is unnecessary to follow Mesmer through his minor performances. The relief sometimes obtained by stroking diseased parts with the hand — that is, the effects obtained through the local action of Od — had been before proclaimed by Dr. Greatrex, whose pretensions had had no less an advocate than the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Robert Boyle. The extraordinary tales of Mesmer's personal power over individuals are probably part exaggeration, part real results of his confidence and skill in the use of the means he wielded.



Mesmer died in 1815.

Among his pupils, when at the zenith of his fame, was the Marquis de Puységur. Returning from serving at the siege of Gibraltar, this young officer found mesmerism the mode at Paris; and appears to have become for no other reason one of the initiated. At the end of a course of instruction, he professed himself to be no wiser than when it began; and he ridiculed the credulity of his brothers, who were staunch adherents of the new doctrine. However he did not forget his lesson; and on going the same spring to his estate at Besancy, near Soissons, he took occasion to mesmerize the daughter of his agent and another young person, for the tooth-ache, and they declared themselves, in a few minutes, cured. This questionable success was sufficient to lead M. de Puységur, a few days after, to try his hand on a young peasant of the name of Victor, who was suffering with a severe fluxion on his chest. What was M. de Puységur's surprise, when, at the end of a few minutes, Victor went off into a kind of tranquil sleep, without crisis or convulsion, and in that sleep began to gesticulate, and talk, and enter into his private affairs. Then he became sad; and M. de Puységur tried mentally to inspire him with cheerful thoughts; he hummed a lively tune to himself, inaudibly, and immediately Victor began to sing the air. Victor remained asleep for an hour, and awoke composed, with his symptoms mitigated.

The case of Victor revolutionized the art of Mesmerism. The large part of his life, in which M. de Puységur had nothing to do but to follow this vein of inquiry, was occupied in practising and advocating a gentle manipulation to produce sleep, in preference to the more exciting means which led to the violent crises in Mesmer's art. I have no plea for telling how M. de Puységur served in the first French revolutionary armies; how he quitted the service in disgust; how narrowly he escaped the guillotine; how he lived in retirement afterwards; benevolently endeavouring to do good to his sick neighbours by means of mesmerism; how he survived the restoration; and how finally he died of a cold caught by serving in the encampment at Rheims at the coronation of Charles X.

For he had fulfilled his mission the day that he put Victor to sleep. He had made a vast stride in advance of his teacher. Not but that Mesmer must frequently have induced the same condition; but he had passed it by unheeded as one only of numerous equivalent forms of salutary crises: or that M. de Puységur himself estimated, or had the means of estimating, the real nature and value of the step which he had made. To himself he appeared to be winning a larger domain for mesmerism, when in fact he had emerged into an independent field, into which mesmerism happened to have a gate.

The state, which he had induced in Victor, was common trance, the initiatory sleep, followed by half-waking. He had obtained this result by using the Od force with quietness and gentleness; leaving out the exciting mental agencies, to which the mixture of violent seizures in Mesmer's practice is attributable. The gentler method has been adopted and practised by the successors of M. de Puységur, by Deleuze, Bertrand, Georget, Rostan, Foissac, Elliotson, and others. To Dr. Elliotson, the most successful probably, certainly the most scientific employer of the practice of Mesmerism, the credit is due of having introduced its use into England; the credit, — for it required no little moral courage to encounter the storm of opposition, with which his honest

zeal in the advocacy of an unpopular practical truth was met. It is but fair to add, that tho' his theory has been superseded, and his method changed, to Mesmer belongs the merit of having first tracked out and realized this path of discovery. The golden medal is his.

The modern practice of Mesmerism contemplates two objects; one, the application of the Od force to produce local effects; the other its employment to induce trance. In the present slight sketch I shall say nothing on the first subject; but let me describe how trance is induced. It is to be observed that attention to certain conditions favors very much the success of the experiment. The room should not be too light; very few persons should be present; the patient and the operator should be quiet, tranquil, composed; the patient should be fasting. The operator has then only to sit down before the patient; who is likewise sitting with his hands resting on his knees and gently closed, with the thumbs upwards. The operator then lays his hands half open upon the patient's, pressing the thumbs against those of the patient, as it were taking thumbs; this is a more convenient attitude than taking hands in the ordinary way. The operator and patient have then only to sit still. An Od-current is established; and if the patient is susceptible, he will soon become drowsy, and perhaps be entranced at the first sitting. Instead of this, the two hands of the operator may be held horizontally with the fingers pointed to the patient's forehead; and either maintained in this position, or brought downwards in frequent passes opposite to the patient's face, shoulders, arms; the points of the fingers being held as near the patient as possible without touching.

It is easy theoretically to explain the beneficial results, which follow from the daily induction of trance for an hour or so, in various forms of disorder of the nervous system, — in epilepsy, — in tic douloureux, — in nervous palsy and the like. As long as the state of trance is maintained, so long is the nervous system in a state of repose. It is more or less completely put out of gear. It experiences the same relief, which a sprained joint feels, when you dispose it in a relaxed position on a pillow. A chance is thus given to the strained nerves of recovering their tone of health. And it is wonderful how many cases of nervous disorder get well at once through these simple means. As it is certain that there is no disease, in which the nervous system is not primarily or secondarily implicated, it is impossible to foresee, what will prove the limit to the beneficial application of Mesmerism in medical practice.

In operative surgery the art is not less available. In trance the patient is insensible; and a limb may be removed without the operation exciting disturbance of any kind. And what is equally important, in all the after-treatment, at every dressing, the process of mesmerizing may be resorted to again; with no possible disadvantage, but being rather soothing and useful to the patient, independently of the extinction of the dread and suffering of pain. The first instance in which an operation was performed on a patient in this state, was the celebrated case of Madame Plantin. It occurred twenty years ago. The lady was sixty four years of age, and laboured under scirrhus of the breast. She was prepared for the operation by M. Chapélain, who on several successive days threw her into trance by the ordinary mesmeric manipulations. She was *then* like an ordinary sleep-walker, and would converse with indifference about the contemplated operation, the idea of



which, when she was in her natural state, filled her with terror. The operation of removing the diseased breast was performed at Paris on the 12<sup>th</sup> of April 1829, by M. Jules Cloquet: it lasted from ten to twelve minutes. During the whole of this time, the patient *in her trance* conversed calmly with M. Cloquet, and exhibited not the slightest sign of suffering. Her expression of countenance did not change, nor were the voice, the breathing, or the pulse, at all affected. After the wound was dressed, the patient was awakened from the trance, when, on learning that the operation was over, and seeing her children round her, Madame Plantin was affected with considerable emotion, whereupon M. Chapélain, to compose her, put her back into the state of trance.

I copy the above particulars from Dr. Foissac's "*Rapports et Discussions de l'Académie Royale de Médecine sur le Magnétisme animal.*" — Paris 1833. "My friend, Dr. Warren of Boston, informed me that, being at Paris, he had asked M. Jules Cloquet if the story were true. M. Cloquet answered, "Perfectly." "Then why," said Dr. Warren, "have you not repeated the practice?" M. Cloquet replied, "that he had not dared, that the prejudice against mesmerism was so strong at Paris, that he probably would have lost his reputation and his income by so doing."

It has been mentioned that in ordinary trance the mind appears to gain new powers. For a long time we had to trust to the chance-turning up of cases of spontaneous trance, in the experience of physicians of observation, for any light we could hope would be thrown on those extraordinary phenomena. Now we possess around us, on every side, adequate opportunities for completely elucidating these events, if we please to employ them. The philosopher, when his speculations suggest a new question to be put, can summon the attendance of a trance, as easily as the Jupiter of the Iliad summoned a dream. Or, looking out for two or three cases to which the induction of trance may be beneficial, the physician may have in his house subjects for perpetual reference and daily experiment.

A gentleman with whom I have long been well acquainted, for many years Chairman of the Quarter Sessions in a northern county, of which a late year he was High Sheriff, has, like M. de Puységur, amused some of his leisure hours, and benevolently done not a little good, by taking the trouble of mesmerising invalids, whom he has thus restored to health. In constant correspondence with, and occasionally having the pleasure of seeing this gentleman, I have learned from him the common course in which the new powers of the mind which belong to trance are developed under its artificial induction. The sketch which I propose to give of this subject will be taken from his descriptions, which, I should observe, tally in all essential points with what I meet with in French and German authors. The little that I have myself seen of the matter, I will mention preliminarily.

In some, instead of trance, a common fit of hysterics is produced. In others, slight headache, and a sense of weight on the eye-brows, and difficulty of raising the eyelids, supervene.

In one young woman, whom I saw mesmerized for the first time by Dupotet, nothing resulted but a sense of pricking and tingling wherever he pointed with his hand; and her arm on one or two occasions jumped in the most natural and conclusive manner, when her eyes

being covered, he directed his outstretched finger to it.

A gentleman, about thirty years of age, when the mesmerizer held his outstretched hands pointed to his head, experienced no disposition to sleep; but in two or three minutes, he began to shake his head and twist his features about; at last, his head was jerked from side to side, and forwards and backwards, with a violence that looked alarming. But he said, when it was over, that the motion had not been unpleasant; that he had moved in a sort voluntarily; although he could not refrain from it. If the hands of the operator were pointed to his arm instead of his head, the same violent jerks came in it, and gradually extended to the whole body. I asked him to try to resist the influence, by holding his arm out in strong muscular tension. This had the effect of retarding the attack of the jerks, but, when it came on, it was more violent than usual.

A servant of mine, aged about twentyfive, was mesmerized by Lafontaine, for a full half hour, and, no effect appearing to be produced, I told him he might rise from the chair, and leave us. On getting up, he looked uneasy and said his arms were numb. They were perfectly paralysed from the elbows downwards, and numb to the shoulders. This was the more satisfactory; that neither the man himself, nor Lafontaine, nor the four or five spectators, expected this result. The operator triumphantly drew a pin and stuck it into the man's hand, which bled but had no feeling. Then heedlessly, to show it gave pain, Lafontaine stuck the pin into the man's thigh, whose flashing eye, and half suppressed growl, denoted that the aggression would certainly have been returned by another, had the arm which should have done it not been really powerless. However, M. Lafontaine made peace with the man, by restoring him the use and feeling of his arms. This was done by dusting them, as it were, by quick transverse motions of his extended hands. In five minutes nothing remained of the palsy but a slight stiffness, which gradually wore off in the course of the evening.

Genuine and ordinary trance, I have seen produced by the same manipulations in from three minutes, to half an hour. The patient's eyelids have dropped, he has appeared on the point of sleeping, but he has not sunk back upon his chair; then he has continued to sit upright, — seemingly perfectly insensible to the loudest sounds, or the acutest and most startling impressions on the sense of touch. The pulse is commonly a little increased in frequency; the breathing is sometimes heavier than usual.

Occasionally, as in Victor's case, the patient quickly and spontaneously emerges from the state of trance-sleep into trance half-waking; a rapidity of development which I am persuaded occurs much more frequently among the French than with the English or Germans. English patients, especially, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have the same powers drawn out. And these are by far the most interesting cases. I will describe from Mr. Williamson's account, the course he has usually followed in developing his patient's powers, and the order in which they have manifested themselves.

On the first day, perhaps, nothing can be elicited. But after some minutes the stupor seems as it were less embarrassing to the patient, who appears less heavily slumbrous, and breathes lighter again; or it may be the reverse, particularly if the patient is epileptic; after a little, the breathing may be deeper, the state one of less



composure. Pointing with the hands to the pit of the stomach, laying the hands upon the shoulders, and slowly moving them along the arms down to the hands, the whole with the utmost quietude and composure on the part of the operator, will dispel this oppression.

And the interest of the first sitting is confined to the process of awakening the patient, which is one of the most marvellous phenomena of the whole. The operator lays his two thumbs on the space between the eyebrows, and as it were vigorously smoothes or irons the eyebrows, rubbing them from within outwards, seven or eight times. Upon this, the patient probably raises his head and his eyebrows, and draws a deeper breath as if he would yawn; he is half awake, and blowing upon the eyelids, or the repetition of the previous operation, or dusting the forehead by smart transverse wavings of the hand, or blowing upon it, causes the patient's countenance to become animated; the eyelids open, he looks about him, recognises you, and begins to speak. If any feeling of heaviness remains, any weight or pain of the forehead, another repetition of the same manipulations sets all right. And yet this patient would not have been awakened, if a gun had been fired at his ear, or his arm had been cut off.

At the next sitting, or the next to that, the living statue begins to wake in its tranced life. The operator holds one hand over the opposite hand of his patient, and makes as if he would draw the patient's hand upwards, raising his own with short successive jerks, yet not too abrupt. Then the patient's hand begins to follow his; and often having ascended some inches stops in the air catochally. This fixed state is always relieved by transverse brushings with the hand, or by breathing in addition, on the rigid limb. And it is most curious to see the whole bodily frame, over which spasmodic rigidity may have crept, thus thawed joint by joint. Then the first effect shown commonly is this motion, the patient's hand following the operator's. At the same sitting, he begins to hear, and there is intelligence in his countenance, when the operator pronounces his name; perhaps his lips move, and he begins to answer pertinently as in ordinary sleep-walking. But he hears the operator alone best, and him even in a whisper. *Your* voice, if you shout, he does not hear: unless you take the operator's hand, and then he hears *you* too. In general, however, now, the proximity of others seems in some way to be sensible to him; and he appears uneasy when they crowd close upon him. It seems that the force of the relation between the operator and his patient naturally goes on increasing, as the powers of the sleep-waker are developed; but that this is not necessarily the case, and depends upon its being encouraged by much commerce between them, and the exclusion of others from joining in this trance-communion.

And now the patient — beginning to wake in trance, hearing and answering the questions of the operator, moving each limb, or rising even, as the operator's hand is raised to draw him into obedient following — enters into a new relation with his mesmeriser. He *adopts sympathetically every voluntary movement of the other*. When the latter rises from his chair, *he* rises; when he sits down, *he* sits down; if he bows, *he* bows; if he make a grimace, *he* makes the same. Yet his eyes are closed. He certainly does not see. His mind has interpenetrated to a small extent the nervous system of the operator; and is in relation with his voluntary nerves and the anterior half of his cranio-spinal chord. (These are the

organs by which the impulse to voluntary motion is conveyed and originated.) Further into the other's being, he has not yet got. So he does not *what the other thinks of, or wishes him to do*; but only what the other either does, or goes through the mental part of doing. So Victor sang the air, which M. de Puységur only mentally hummed.

The next strange phenomenon marks that the mind of the entranced patient has interpenetrated the nervous system of the other *a step farther*, and is in relation besides with the posterior half of the cranio-spinal chord and its nerves. For now the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, *feels, tastes, and smells every thing that is made to tell on the senses of the operator*. If mustard or sugar be put in his own mouth, he seems not to know that they are there; if mustard is placed on the tongue of the operator, the entranced person expresses great disgust, and tries as if to spit it out. The same with bodily pain. If you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give *him*.

To state in the closest way what has happened — the phenomena of sympathetic motion and sympathetic sensation, thus displayed, are exactly such as might be expected to follow, if the mind or conscious principle of the entranced person were brought into relation with the cranio-spinal chord of the operator and its nerves, and with no farther portion of his nervous system. Later, it will be seen, the interpenetration can extend farther.

But before this happens, a new phenomenon manifests itself, not of a sympathetic character. The operator contrives to wake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new faculties. *He develops in him new organs of sensation*, or rather helps to hasten his recognition of their possession.

It is to be observed however, that several who can be entranced, cannot be brought as far as the present step. Others make a tantalizing half-advance towards reaching it *thus*, and then stop. They are asked "do you see any thing?" After some days at length they answer, "yes." — "What?" "A light." "Where is the light?" then they intimate its place to be either before them, or to one side, or above, or behind them. And they describe the colour of the light which is commonly yellowish. And each day it is pointed to in the same direction, and is seen equally whether the room be light or dark. Their eyes in the mean time are closed. And here with many the phenomenon stops. Others in this light now begin to discern objects held in the direction in which they see it. The range of this new visual organ and the conditions under which it acts are different in different instances. Sometimes the object must be close, sometimes it is best seen at a short distance. But seen it is. The following experiment which is decisive was made at my suggestion. A gentleman standing behind the entranced person held behind him a pack of cards, from which he drew several in succession, and without seeing them himself, presented them to the new visual organ of the patient. In each case she named the card right. The degree of light suited to this new mode of vision is variable; sometimes bright daylight is best; sometimes they prefer a moderate light. Some distinguish figure and colour when the room is so dark that the bystanders can distinguish neither.

These observations, which are, however, only in conformity with similar evidence from many other quar-



ters, I give on the authority of Mr. J. W. Williamson of Whickham, the gentleman, to whom I before alluded. The following accidental features attending the manifestation of transposed senses were further observed by Mr. Williamson.

In most of the persons, in whom Mr. Williamson has brought out transposed vision, the faculty has been located in a small surface of the scalp behind the left ear; and to see objects well the patient has held them at the distance of five or six inches from and opposite to this spot. One young woman, who had been temporarily set aside under affliction for the loss of a relative, on the experiments being resumed, saw from all parts of the head, but confusedly, a broken and incomplete picture. On a subsequent day she saw with the right side of her head. Afterwards the visual sense returned to its first place.

In one young person the new sentient organ was on the top of her head, and to see objects she required them to be brought into contact with it. Once that she had a rheumatic cold and tenderness of the scalp, she said, when entranced, putting her hand to the crown of her head, that the cold had made her eyes sore.

One person saw objects best when placed behind her at the distance of seven or eight feet.

The governess in a neighbouring family was mesmerized for *tic douloureux*. In seven sittings she was cured. At the second sitting in her trance she exhibited displaced sensation. She could read with her fingers ends; her way was to hold the book open against her chest, the back of the book towards her, with one hand; then she passed a finger of the other hand slowly over each word to read it.

The part-physical character of these phenomena is shewn by an observation of Dr. Petetin's on the first of his cataleptic patients. At the time that the patient heard with the pit of her stomach, he found that if with the fingers of one, say the left, hand he touched the pit of her stomach, and whispered to the fingers of his right hand, the patient heard him. But if the left hand was removed to the smallest possible distance from the patient, the contact being interrupted, she no longer heard him. Then he made a chain of seven persons, holding each others hands; the nearest to the patient was her sister, who touched the pit of her stomach; at the other end was Dr. Petetin, who whispered to his fingers, and was heard. A cane was then introduced as part of the circuit, the patient still heard. But if a stick of sealing wax or a glass rod was substituted for it, or if one of the party wore silk gloves, the patient could no longer hear Dr. Petetin. Without close observation, what is physical in the phenomena, which have thus engaged us, is liable to be overlooked; and the bystander may class them as examples of lucidity, which they are not. Organic cooperation may be traced in them all. Thus, among Mr. Williamson's earlier experiments, he tried, sitting before the entranced person, (who had shewn no lucidity) by imaging strongly to himself a white horse to force the image into her mind. When, being awakened, she had left the room, on her way she said to her fellow-servant; "what was it master said to me about a white horse? I am sure he said something." Mr. Williamson on learning the maid's remark supposed his mental operation had been successful. But the same experiment, when repeated, mostly failed. At last he found out why: It only succeeded, when in his mental urgency, he half made in his own throat the

motions of the sounds that expressed the mental image. Then and then only the patient caught it. For her mind could not read his thoughts, but yet had penetrated the inferior part of the nervous system only, — the cranio-spinal cord; and being there, had adopted sympathetically the voluntarily impulses that were there performed; so she half moved the muscles of her own vocal organs to express the idea, and from that, its imperfect expression, received it into her thoughts. No doubt the phenomenon of Victor's singing the words to M. de Puységur's mentally hummed air was the same with the above, and not one of mesmeric lucidity, the subject which we are now approaching.

But I pause; — and go no further.

For my object in these letters generally has been to establish principles. And the phenomena of lucidity developed in artificial trance have been only the same as, and have not been as yet made more of than, the lucidity of catalepsy. No further principle has yet emerged from their study. And my special object in this letter has been to persuade the opponents of Mesmerism to do it justice; and I think I am most likely to attain my end by not attempting to prove too much.

So that nothing remains for me to do, but to observe the form, in which these letters were originally shaped, in recollection of the pleasant hours which the residence of your family at Boppard during the winter of 1844 — 45, caused me, and to say finally,

Dear Archy, farewell.

## Postscript

A postscript is said generally to contain the pith of a letter. It is an old saw and therefore entitled to my respect; so on this occasion I will make it true.

There have been for many years persons in Paris, who gain a livelihood by their performances when entranced. The most celebrated among these persons at present is M. Alexis. A friend and patient of mine, a gentleman educated to the bar, who is passing the present winter at Paris, took occasion recently to consult M. Alexis about his health. The opinion, which M. Alexis delivered, when entranced, on the case, is more precise and minute than I had ventured to express; but it agrees with all that I had observed, and I see no reason why it should not be strictly exact. The treatment, which M. Alexis has recommended, does not differ at all from that which any medical man of experience might reasonably have ordered in such a case. I have known other instances in which the intuition of entranced persons has furnished them with a seemingly equally accurate knowledge of the complaints of persons either brought into their presence, or otherwise into relation with them. The prescriptions of persons in lucid trance seem to me mostly shrewd guesses founded upon the nature of the case and what is popularly known of the action of remedies. Sometimes, however, particularly when mesmerism or loss of blood are advised, the performers seem to have an extraordinary sagacity in measuring the dose of the remedy.

When the consultation was over, my friend asked M. Alexis a variety of questions from a list which I had sent to him. The following are the answers given to some of them.



God is every where. The human soul is a distinct principle; which when death occurs becomes separated from the body. During life the soul is imprisoned in the body. The moon is not inhabited. The planets, that are not too near to or too remote from the sun, have inhabitants; who are intelligent like man; but their degree of intelligence is much inferior to that of man.

A wild jumble this one would say of solemn truisms and of mere fudge! Certainly such a statement coming from a single entranced person is good for nothing. But suppose many persons in lucid trance of different ages, occupations, sexes, and living in different parts of the world, shall agree in the whole or in certain parts of such a story, what shall we say? the same persons proving at the same time capable of describing accurately what is taking place at two or three hundred miles distance?

My friend then put into the hand of M. Alexis my note, and asked him if he could tell him any thing about the writer. It was then half past eleven in the forenoon.

M. Alexis said "the writer is bald; short in stature, something above fifty years of age; has lost the use of his legs; he is in bed; he has a very active mind; he is a physician." Each shot hit the mark. "He lives on the sea-coast;" this my friend denied. "No" said M. Alexis on reflection, "it is not the sea but a river. He lives on the banks of the Rhine about twenty leagues from Frankfort." The bull's eye again.

My friend then asked as I had begged him to do how he got so see these things. M. Alexis said it was by an exercise of the will. That one day, however, he could see one class of things only; another day another class; and that his perception was clearer some days than others. By his will I conclude that M. Alexis meant an effort of attention. I suppose that when in this state, vistas as it were open to the seer into indefinite remoteness, and he just bends his observation to what is thus opened to him. M. Alexis said, that in conceiving a remote scene, he does not perceive what intervenes; but only the single group of things to which his

attention has been drawn. The entranced person is probably always liable to mislead you; either through his view being at that time accidentally obscured; or through the influence of preconceived notions on his mind; or through the thoughts of others who are present influencing him. And an observer must always be on his guard against these unintentional sources of error, as well as against premeditated deception.

There are four principal applications to be made of these extraordinary powers, if they really exist.

I. To medical diagnosis and the treatment of disease.

II. To the solution of the higher philosophical problems.

III. To check irregular practices and even vicious thoughts; for you have only to consult the next somnambulist as to your neighbour's intentions, and he will tell you what they are.

IV. To the guidance of conduct, through learning what is in the womb of time. For it is ascertained that the trance-prevision discloses no, so to speak, brute fate, or [unavoidable necessity, but only what will happen if things remain as they are; knowing which you may occasionally avert or avoid what is coming, by pursuing an altered course.

Now let us suppose the odds to be millions to one against all this being true, would it not still be worth while putting one'sself to considerable trouble for the merest chance of finding in the end such important results attainable? But the odds are less; for the genuineness of such details as I have given in the preceding pages is attested by a host of writers otherwise of unquestioned fidelity. And the trouble is little; for the outside of it is to go to Paris for a fortnight; or to pay M. Alexis for coming to London. The investigation itself would require some good sense, and much candor, and a full attention to all the reasonable precautions, which you would be told are necessary not to spoil at each sitting the state of trance.



# Keeping Score On Our Modern Prophets



## **KURT SAXON**

Psychic researcher and Bible expert levels on the people who give the occult world a bad name.



# **Keeping Score On Our Modern Prophets**

**KURT SAXON**



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Cover woman: Bonnie Benzonelli Gool

Cover photo by Peter Palmquist



## 1

## THE PROPHETS AMONG US

**I**T would be a comfort to know the future if good times are ahead. It would certainly be helpful to know the future if the future is to be rotten.

Political leaders and businessmen are keenly interested in social changes to come. Even a good guess could mean the difference between greatness and obscurity.

Lonely women with little to do yearn desperately to know if some member of cafe society will wed or bear young. They seem personally involved in the emotional and biological futures of such persons as Ethel Kennedy and Jackie Onassis.

And so from all walks of life comes the cry, "Tell us, then, of the economy. Will there be war? Is Jackie pregnant? Will a plague take us all? Will Princess Anne wed a commoner? Famine? Plane crashes?"

The answer to these questions and more lies in the future. And those who can see ahead will be great in the land.

So the prophets arise among us. One says, "Lo, I gaze into my orb of crystal and behold the orb of Jackie's belly." While this one heralds a wastrel born only to consume and pollute, another announces the coming of a great spiritual leader in the person of Elvis Presley. Not to be outdone, yet another



tells us that Ted Kennedy will win the 1972 presidential election.

Aside from a lot of wrong guesses, many of these prophets are actually psychic. They have extra sensory perception and some are telepathic. Their sensitivity does give them insights and flashes through which they can often tell what lies ahead.

They seem to be quite good with certain individuals and will occasionally see true about future events which affect the country. Their biggest drawback is that they seem just as confident when prophesying lies as when they hit on the truth.

For instance, proven psychic Shirley Harrison (in 1969) went on record with the joyous news that the marriage of Jackie and Ari will survive. She then prophesied that the Russians would be first to land a man on the moon.

Forgetting the errors and remembering only the hits, people tend to believe that these prophets are divinely favored. They are awed by any display of psychic power, even flashes of intuition.

People should realize that extra sensory perception, which includes intuition, telepathy, precognition, etc., is common to everyone at one time or another. It varies in clarity and in how often it occurs with individuals. One who realizes he has such abilities can develop them into talents. This is what makes the difference between your average "psychic" and the person who only claims to be good at getting hunches.

Some people seem to have no psychic ability and some have no ear for music while others are color blind. Rather than say that psychic ability is a gift, it would be more accurate to say that its lack is a defect. Also, rather than to hold it in awe, one should give it only the respect due any ability. For psychic abilities are not even an indication of simple goodness, much less of divine inspiration.

A continuing mixture of hits and misses from the same person is proof that the prophecies do not come from any



higher power. After all, if a person could tap the Main Source, he would be stupid to settle for anything less.

When considering the merits of our modern prophets we should first determine the source of their prophecies. The first claim made by and for most prophets is that their messages come from the Creator. We are expected to believe that the Creator of the Universe wants us to know certain coming events and is using as a messenger one of our own nation and tongue.

If the Creator actually wanted such messages delivered to us through a prophet, then that prophet would speak true 100% of the time. There would be no margin for error in the message and there would be no question of its source any more than one would question the source of a Western Union telegram.

In the greater order of things, as well as in the daily business of living, the inability to pin down sources would lead to chaos. Consider this purely hypothetical example with its absurd conclusion:

A Western Union messenger knocks on your door and hands you three telegrams, supposedly from an uncle. One tells you that you must make an immediate move to another state to manage family affairs. Another tells you that your favorite political candidate (of whom your uncle has inside information) is going to win the upcoming election. The last tells you that a socialite you have heard of, but never expect to meet, is pregnant.

Well, you immediately call home about the family business and it is confirmed that you are needed. That evening your candidate loses by a landslide so great that your uncle's prediction is made ridiculous.

While talking over the last telegram with a gossip-nut friend, you learn about the supposedly pregnant socialite. Her husband has been sterile for years and she practices birth



control because she doesn't dare get pregnant.

The first thing you do after this is to run to Western Union with the three telegrams. You explain that the one about family business is obviously from your uncle. The second, however, could not be from him because he is a pollster and would never be that far off. The third must be a joke as your uncle would not waste a telegram on such frivolous garbage as a socialite's pregnancy.

Western Union then tells you that their messenger has been dismissed. He had been so thrilled with handling an important message from your uncle that it had gone to his head. He went so far as to contrive messages of his own and run them through the machines. He justified this by saying that he got impressions and visions and his left ankle itched.

From there he went on to smaller message services, working cheap since he made up all the messages himself. At last report he is in the state hospital. He now scribbles messages from your uncle on tongue depressors and throws them through the bars of a window on the third floor.

Aside from those who claim divine inspiration, there are those who say they have extra sensory perception. They are the ones I like because they have usually developed an ability and made it a talent and use it as such.

When they are wrong they admit it; and why not? After all, they have not staked their reputations on anything in Heaven or Hell. There is no blasphemy involved in saying they goofed; and they gain more respect when they are right.

In the next category are those who get their messages from the lower powers. These include spiritualists, astrologers, card readers, operators of ouija boards (pronounced weegee), table tapping, automatic writing, etc.

Only the phoniest of these claim messages from the



Creator. Seldom do they claim it is their own psychic ability. Instead, they claim only that the power or influence is from outside themselves.

They claim contact with the souls of the dead as in spiritualism. Others claim influence from the stars, each interpreting the same pattern differently. Still others claim contact with non-human life forms as with the ouija board or through the practice of witchcraft.

All these are often wrong so they would not be classified as among the higher powers. Of course, "God", "the Lord", "Jesus", when applied as labels for entities giving wrong information would not come from the Creator and so would also be relegated to the lower powers.

One who claims divine guidance is Jeane Dixon. She is said to have accurately predicted that China would go communist, the death of Dag Hammarskjold, the suicide (or murder) of Marilyn Monroe and the Kennedy assassinations.

She is called the world's greatest seer, phenomenal, amazing, fantastic and a phoney. Aside from claiming divine inspiration and telepathic abilities she uses a crystal ball and cards.

Ruth Montgomery wrote a book about her titled "A Gift of Prophecy". According to the book, Jeane learned about her "powers" at the age of eight. A Gypsy fortune teller read her palm and told her she had the gift of prophecy.

Now a gift is not an ability one has and develops into a talent. A gift is from someone apart from the person receiving it.

So at the age of eight she was led to believe that the Creator had made her a special person. Reinforcing this blasphemy, the old Gypsy gave the child a crystal ball and a deck of cards.

If little Jeanie had been average she might have drifted to Hollywood and opened up a store front fortune telling parlor





*So I told Jeane Dixon, I says, "Jeane....."*

---

and joke shop. Or because of the cards, she might have gone to Las Vegas and become a faro dealer.

But when she got to Hollywood, instead of going into the fortune telling game right off, she married a Chevy dealer name of Jimmy Dixon. Shortly thereafter Jim took her off to Washington, D.C. where they got into real estate and met a lot of politicians.

Politicians also believe they are divinely ordained so she had found a home.

Her early grounding in the occult was really a necessity



here. Let's face it. If you are connected with fortune tellers, car dealers, politicians and real estate agents and can't boast some degree of divinity for yourself, you'll just never make it.

Jeane Dixon built up her reputation gradually by giving psychic readings for friends. I don't doubt that she has developed some of her natural ability as she has several good testimonials.

But accurate readings for friends is not proof of divine inspiration. A psychic relationship with a client is highly personal. Many impressions and actual thought transference can occur. It is when the psychic drops the person-to-person readings and talks about prominent persons and events which concern the rest of us that the fun begins. Then that psychic is obliged to be consistently accurate or get out of the limelight.

Jeane Dixon, however, goes on year after year, making predictions and implying they are from the Creator. It seems no one keeps a record nor analyzes her predictions for real psychic content.

So let us examine some of her predictions and see how they grew from hunches to hindsight. A good one to start with is President Kennedy's assassination.

According to Ruth Montgomery's book, "A Gift of Prophecy", Jeane had gotten an impression that Kennedy had just made a decision to go on a trip to the South. She saw a black cloud descending that told her the trip would be soon and fatal.

Now if she had been as sure of the truth of this vision as she said afterward, she might have gone to the Secret Service. With her reputation she could have gotten to one of the biggies there, given him a quick demonstration of her psychic powers and then told him her story.

Our Secret Service is not deaf to tips on dangers to the President. Nixon's mid-August motorcade through New



Orleans was cancelled on what turned out to be little more than a joke, although Nixon wasn't laughing.

Jeane's warning might at least have gotten them to put on the car's plastic top. It was not bulletproof but was somewhat deflective and would have made sighting in very difficult for an overhead shooter.

If she failed with the Secret Service she could have gone to the Washington Post. Both Jeane and the President were big enough, even then, to rate a front page story on the prediction. And even if it didn't come to pass it would still be terrific copy.

A prominent news story would have inspired every trigger happy nut around that maybe he was the one chosen to pull it off. Knowing this train of thought the Secret Service would have had to be more wary. A plastic canopy for the car would have been basic. Oswald might have stayed home that day.

But how did she really try to alert the President? In the book she goes to Kay Halle, a woman close to the Kennedy family. Now Kay only had a casual acquaintanceship with Jeane. She was hardly the one to confide in for such an important psychic impression.

Anyway, Jeane told Kay about her belief that Kennedy had just made a decision to go someplace in the South that would be fatal to him. From this, Kay was supposed to tell Kennedy not to make that trip.

Jeane continued that for a long time she had been seeing this black cloud over the White House which kept getting bigger and kept moving downward. That meant the time was near and Kennedy would be killed while away from the White House.

This was it! This was the extent of the warning that a logical, worldly woman was supposed to take to a logical, worldly President of the United States. This was supposed to get him to put off a trip important to his hoped for re-election.



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Later Kay said she turned the message over in her mind but, "I simply could not bring myself to deliver such a dreadful and nebulous warning".

The warning was less nebulous by Nov. 20 when Jeane told at least two people that the President was going to be shot. It was even less nebulous the day before the assassination. In the book Jeane implied that Kennedy would have been all right if he could keep himself safe from bullets for the next few days.

Next day, four hours before the shots were fired, Jeane announced that this would be the day of the assassination. So according to page 11 of "A Gift of Prophecy", four hours before the killing, Jeane knew what would happen and the day. Why bother with such a "nebulous" warning as she did a few weeks before?

Kennedy went to Texas despite her nebulous warning. Why, then, when the warning was no longer nebulous, didn't she repeat the clearer warning to someone who could act on it?

This reminds me of one of those dreams of danger where the one who can help is stuck in oozy mud and can hardly move.

Of course, it is quite possible that the Kennedy family was jinxed. This is dealt with extensively in Jess Stearn's book, "Adventures Into the Psychic." Here, even John Kennedy expressed this belief.

He expected death and like his brother, Bobby, he seemed to want to take every chance just to get the dirty business over with.

John Kennedy, like Abraham Lincoln, had many warnings but either ignored them or accepted them as Fate. Lincoln had letters from mediums all over the country warning him of



assassination.

Incidentally, on pages 38 and 39 of Stearn's "Adventures Into the Psychic" there is an amazing list of similarities between the assassins, Lee Harvy Oswald and John Wilkes Booth.

Many theories were put forth that these killings were in accordance with natural cycles. This might well be. And if so, the assassinations were not events to be prevented if possible but a matter of events pre-ordained.

They happened according to certain laws of cycles, overlapping destinies, like pebbles falling in the water and their circles converging on one another. These converging circles may send out signals apparent to psychics.

But to say the Creator is trying to give a warning is absurd. If the Creator wanted to prevent an assassination, that assassination simply would not occur.

Biblical warnings to individuals dealt with persons who were leading a whole people to ruin through the transgression of Jehovah's laws. The picture could have been changed by going back to the old ways. This concept did not apply to either Kennedy or Lincoln.

Some people lend themselves to these pre-ordained or cyclic calamities. If a ship is to go down with great loss of life, sure enough, its captain is the perfect patsy. He is a professional hero who dares Fate and sneers at caution.

In short, he's the last person who would heed a warning. He's a compulsive gambler, born to lose and looking forward to his own doom.

So when the Great Gremlin was engineering his cyclic zingers a few years ago he would naturally have considered the Kennedys. For high class goofing off they would be the jackpot. To the Great Gremlin, the Kennedys must have been as welcome as a bucket of monkeys on April Fool's Day, besides which, those clowns are as predictable as the Jukes and



the Kalikaks.

Getting back to nebulous warnings, we go to Carole Lombard's fatal plane crash.

Miss Lombard, the wife of Clark Gable, was on a war bond selling tour. It so happened that Jeane was also working on the bond drive. She told Miss Lombard that she should not go anywhere by plane for at least six weeks. She cautioned her, instead, to confine her travels to automobile or train.

Well, if you remember, there was strict gas rationing for cars then and the trains were crowded with all those rough soldiers. Carole flipped a coin, took a plane and died.

She would have boarded many planes in the next six weeks. There was nothing in the warning about which plane there would be danger from or even what kind of danger. It could have been air sickness or discomfort from stomach gas caused by the high altitude.

The war bond drive was very important to Carole who was very patriotic as well as being "a real good looking broad." Carole also might have suspected that since Jeane was also helping with the drive, maybe by grounding her Jeane would score more bond points by default.

At any rate, Jeane's influence carried less weight than the flip of a coin. That for your nebulous warnings!

Moving right along we come to Ted Kennedy's plane crash which resulted in a severe back injury.

In "A Gift of Prophecy" Jeane tells Mary Alice Stork, supposedly close to the Kennedys, that she must tell them that Teddy must stay out of private planes for the next two weeks. If he flew anyway, she warned, something very serious would happen to him.

Next morning Mrs. Stork read in the paper that Ted had gotten his back broken in a plane crash. We may never know



if Mary Alice told Ted or any of the Kennedys. But why was it left up to her?

This warning was nebulous. It also covered two weeks instead of the few hours Ted had before the crash. Moreover it was given, again, to someone who may not have passed it on, or if she did pass it on it was not specific enough to be taken seriously.

When the warning was described to Jeane as a premonition she said, "It was not a premonition. God showed it to me."

It follows, I suppose, that "God" also showed her the fates of Carole Lombard and President Kennedy. Which "God?"

The big question here is if the tragedies were known in advance and if "God" wanted them stopped, why was Jeane Dixon given the job?

I compare the cases of John Kennedy's assassination and Ted's plane crash to the Kitty Genovese murder in New York. You may remember that Kitty was being butchered by a disgruntled suitor while dozens of witnesses witnessed from an apartment house nearby.

No one made a move to help Kitty except for one person we might compare to Jeane. This person called a friend clear across town who, in turn, called the police. They arrived in time to cover the body and count the witnesses who didn't want to get involved.

Suppose you were "God" and wanted someone to be warned of a tragedy. Would you give the job to that old buck passer, Jeane, or would you give the job to someone who would go directly to the victim or to the authorities?

Had you been a friend of Kitty's would you want the only conscientious witness to be someone who would call across town to a friend? Wouldn't you, instead, want one who would call the police direct?

Well, I should reckon so!



An interesting sidelight to Jeane's approach to prophecy was given in *The National Enquirer* of Aug. 24, 1969. In a story titled "Jeane Dixon Predicts Ted Kennedy's Future" Jeane explained how a "prophecy" given by her went wrong.

Six weeks before Ted caused the drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne, Jeane said, "I feel the Kennedy mechinations stronger than ever. Sen. Edward Kennedy will get the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination; however there are potent, dangerous vibrations around him which could alter the course of his life."

Now, the last part simply echoed the apprehensions of everyone after Ted's two brothers had been shot. One didn't need to be a prophet to feel danger for the last of Joe Kennedy's sons.

But the cute part is the way Jeane tried to wiggle out of her mistake and even make capital of it. According to the *Enquirer* she explained, "When I predicted that Ted Kennedy would get the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination, I saw it through telepathy — by reading his mind. Those were man-made plans."

But were they? If so, Kennedy had been lying when he repeatedly said he didn't intend to run.

And how about telepathy? It's pretty commonly accepted as a fact. If we accept telepathy it would explain a lot. Wouldn't the minds of prominent people, driven by ambition, be like strong beacons? Wouldn't they send out impressions which could be picked up by a good telepath?

If Jeane Dixon is a telepath her claims to prophecy are nonsense. Merely knowing that Kennedy meant to run did not mean he would *actually* run. If it was telepathy then there was no prophecy involved in her original statement that Kennedy would run for president.

Carrying the idea further, if she uses telepathy, how about her predictions of tragedy for John and Bobby Kennedy?



I can imagine President Kennedy being apprehensive about a trip to Dallas. He might well have strongly projected the thought, "There are a lot of rightwing fanatics in Dallas. It could be dangerous but I'll have to risk it."

Is this what Jeane picked up and called prophecy?

Maybe Bobby also anticipated danger in the Los Angeles crowds and reflected it. Did Jeane also pick up his natural dread telepathically and call it prophecy?

Did Ted Kennedy project apprehension over a plane trip he was to take the next day? Did Jeane pick it up? She said within two weeks, so he would have been more aware of the time of danger than was Jeane.

When Jeane met Carole Lombard did Carole project a fear of flying? Did she dread the next six weeks filled with numerous plane flights? I gather the first plane she got on crashed so why a *six week* danger period unless Carole projected the fear of danger throughout that period herself.

Jeane's next prediction of danger was an assassination attempt on a presidential candidate. *The Enquirer* of June 25, 1972 carried the story "Jean Dixon Predicted Attempted Assassination of George Wallace."

If anyone had reason to fear an assassination attempt it was George Wallace. Would he not have mentally projected the fear, even though he may never have expressed it in words?

*The Enquirer* story relates how Jeane told a friend, Clyde Watts, that Wallace was in danger. As before, Jeane made no attempt to warn the victim. Nothing in the story indicates that Clyde Watts made any attempt to warn Wallace.

The story tells how she gave the warning a month before the attempt on Wallace's life. She said, "On April 13, I gave a speech in Oklahoma and said there would be an assassination attempt on one of the presidential nominees — a Democrat. I didn't want to say the name in public."



But why didn't she want to say the name in public?

The worst thing that could have happened would be that there would have been an attempt on Wallace's life; which there was anyway. Since she predicted it she would have been home free.

The best thing that could have happened is that security would have been tightened and Bremmer could have been disarmed and captured before he could fire. Then Jeane would have been a heroine indeed.

So I repeat, what did Jeane have to lose by saying Wallace's name in public? Nothing, unless she picked up the projection of fear but didn't know if it was from Wallace, McGovern or Muskie.

I don't believe she said the name, even in private. Clyde Watts is a retired Army Reserve Brigadier General. If Jeane named Wallace to him at all or if he believed her at all reliable, he would have taken action to get Wallace to tighten security.

Another thing to consider is that a lack of security has played a big part in Jeane's predictions about candidates.

It was an almost abnormal lack of security which made President Kennedy ride through Dallas in an open convertible. It was certainly abnormal of Bobby to traipse through the hotel crowds back to the unguarded kitchen where Sirhan waited. And for Wallace to mingle with a parking lot crowd is unthinkable for a man so hated by so many.

Let me run this up the flagpole to see if you salute, or at least twitch. What if Jeane Dixon weren't prophesying at all? What if these three men actually had death wishes going and were broadcasting them continually?

This doesn't mean that they were not still afraid. I think *all* the candidates were afraid. Many psychics predicted assasi-



nation attempts which didn't come off. They could have picked up the fears of Nixon, Agnew, McGovern, etc., along with those of the Kennedys and Wallace.

But only the Kennedy's and Wallace went out of their way to undermine whatever security measures they had working for them. Not only might they have been broadcasting death wishes and fears but their lack of security was obvious to everyone interested. One didn't need to be a prophet to know they were all asking for a bullet.

You might ask why, if this were not prophecy, did Jeane indicate only Wallace as a potential assassin's victim? But she *did* indicate another. In the same *Enquirer* story she said there would be an attempt on the life of yet another candidate before the campaign was over.

There wasn't, but the remaining candidates must have been sending out messages of fear you could cut with a knife. What prophecy?



## 2

## PREDICTIONS ON FILE

**T**HIS section will deal with all the prophecies I had access to which were public record. Some of them are biggies but most are smallies; the ones you forget or which the prophets hope you forget.

Many were so forgettable I had to look them up in the "Facts On File Year Books" in the Public Library. This is a set of reference works covering all the biggies and smallies which make the news year by year.

Some of the predictions are subject to interpretation. Where Alex Tanous predicted 1970 as a year of unrest for the Catholic Church I wrote (no). I looked up the Catholic Church for 1970 in Facts on File and saw that year as just another period of gradual decline. If you are closer to the subject you might have seen the reports as showing unrest.

Only one prediction left me in the dark. Joseph De Louise predicted Tom Jones' marriage would end in divorce in 1970. Facts on File didn't mention him. I like to feel that even if Tom Jones did get a divorce in 1970, the Facts on File people knew it but left it out.

Following are most of the predictions of 21 psychics covered over the years. At the ends of the predictions are the way



they actually turned out.

### JEANE DIXON

*National Enquirer* Feb. 14, 1971

Mostly for 1971

- Johnny Cash to disappear mysteriously and then reappear after a lot of speculation. (No)
- Dustin Hoffman to win more fame and success in 1971. (No. His only mention in "Facts" was his listing as one of the leads in "Who is Harry Kellerman and Why is He Saying those Terrible Things About Me?")
- Howard Hughes will have big losses financially. (No. His only newsworthy Fact on File was his June 18, 1971 divorce from Jean Peters)
- Tragedy faces Jane Fonda unless she changes her ways. (No. She's still going strong with no visible change in her ways)
- Senator Muskie to get a great boost for his career on his birthday. (No)
- A disaster on the scale of the Peruvian Quake and the Pakistan typhoon will hit in 1971. (No major disasters for that year)
- The economy will grow steadily toward renewed prosperity. (No. Just the opposite)
- King Hussein of Jordan will lose power. (No)
- Palestinian guerillas to disappear once Russian aid is withdrawn. (No)
- South Vietnamese Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky will be responsible for saving the lives of many Americans. (No)
- Assassination attempts against Nixon will be foiled by U.S. Security forces. (No such attempts were reported)

Radio astronomy or "Radio Astrology" to open up new



worlds in science. (No)

- Senator Henry (Scoop) Jackson to win immortal fame.(No)
- Angela Davis to have a bad year in which she pays for her bad judgement. (Angela Davis spent 1971 in jail pending her trial which freed her. She was highly publicized and well treated. She has not revised her attitudes and I don't think she regrets that year in the international limelight).

*Family Weekly Jan. 18, 1973*

- "The key to the return of our POW's lies in Moscow—not



*But the LORD told me Jackie was pregnant.*



in Hanoi or Laos." (No)

- "Most of our POW's will return in early 1974." (No. This issue was on sale the day after the peace was signed and the first POW's began coming back Feb. 13-14, 1973)

- "The economy of our nation will continue to improve.— Our government will make wonderful strides in economic affairs, which will benefit all." (Aside from the worst floods in 200 years, famine staring us in the face, the dollar going to hell, a disastrous fuel shortage and the near collapse of our government, 1973 looks like a great year)

It is said of Jeane Dixon that she has a record of 85% accuracy. It is also said that figures don't lie but liars figure.

## JOSEPH DE LOUISE

Joseph De Louise claims extra sensory perception. I believe he was very good at first. According to the *National Enquirer* he made several right predictions in 1968.

Earthquakes in Mexico, a gold price rise, that his state governor would not seek reelection, that Richard Ogilvie would be governor of Illinois, De Gaulle's reelection and an important breakthrough in atomic energy. They all came true that same year.

He was amazingly accurate in predicting, in detail, a train wreck and a bridge collapse, both causing several fatalities.

*National Enquirer* May 25, 1969

For 1969

- Jackie Onassis to bear a son. (No)

- A tragedy will involve the Kennedys around water. (The tragedy actually involved the Kopechnes when Mary Jo was drowned after being trapped in a car Teddy drove off a bridge



on July 19, 1969.)

This prophecy got De Louise a lot of publicity. But if you analyze it you will see that it is a simple one. There is nothing great about predicting a tragedy involving any large family. To tie it to water is not much of an improvement. Ted Kennedy, as well as many of the others, lives in Hyannisport and nearly the whole family gets much of their pleasure from water sports.

If a Kennedy child had broken his neck water skiing De Louise would have gotten the same amount of credit for accuracy. Besides, if all the Kennedys had heeded the warning and stayed ashore the drowning would still have occurred. So prophecy or no, it was still worthless)

- Prominent American civil rights leader to be assassinated. (no)
  - Crippling transport strike with many union officials arrested. (No)
  - Liz Taylor to retire from movies, break up with Richard and have abdominal illness. (No)
  - Attempts to burn several colleges and arrests of over 200 ringleaders of the civil unrest. (No)
  - Ex-Premier Sukarno to be assassinated. (No)
  - New form of birth control acceptable to the Catholic Church. (No)
  - Johnny Carson's contract not to be renewed and he is to be replaced in the Tonight Show. (No)
  - Panama Canal to be sabotaged. (No)
  - Earthquakes crossing Bombay, Thailand, Rangoon, Burma and Philippines, killing thousands. Bolivia also, with tremendous loss of life. (No)
  - Drastic stock market drop, talk of devaluing dollar. (Yes)
- This will touch off a major worldwide financial crisis. (No)
- Inflation to continue with government rent and wage freeze. (Yes; the beginning of the end)



*National Enquirer* Aug. 24, 1969

For 1969 and the future

- Nixon hospitalized. (July 21, 1973 for a few days for viral pneumonia. Hardly a prophecy since it came off four years later. Also, most presidents spend a few days in the hospital)
- Terrible quakes to hit northern California, Oregon and Washington. (Not yet)
- Government scandal that will make the Abe Fortas affair look like a tea party. (If he saw something it could have been Watergate. But it was undated, years in the future and so vague it is only a prophecy if you want it to be one)
- Marriage ahead in the Sinatra family. (If so it didn't make Facts On File)
- Russian space spectacular with 6, 7 or 8 ships linked up to form a space platform. (Not yet)
- Tragic accident to one of Queen Elizabeth's children. (Not yet)
- A divorce, career breakup and narcotics charge to hit Beatles. (So? It probably all happened. I didn't even bother to look it up. Such a prediction would apply, eventually, to any rock group)
- New type plastic heart that will make transplants unnecessary. (Not yet)
- Reagan seems in danger. (Not yet)

The most inaccurate prediction he made in 1969 was that he was going to stop making predictions. He continued to make predictions through 1970, '71 and '72.

He probably decided to stop predicting (or said he would) because of the Kopechne drowning. Such a promise would make most people think he is modest and unassuming.

His modesty is not so impressive, however, after seeing how a little hindsight turned a lucky guess into a crystal clear vision.



His original prediction, in the May 25, 1969 *National Enquirer*, was simple, vague and about as unspecific as a prediction can be. "There will be a tragedy involving the Kennedys around water." That's all there was to it.

But after it happened, he tells us that it was actually so clear that if he had written it down and had it witnessed beforehand he would have been sanctified by no less than Jeane Dixon. Here is how hindsight helped an otherwise ho hum prediction. In the Aug. 24, 1969 *Enquirer* he beefed it up thusly: "Slowly I felt myself become passive, in a kind of trance. Then I started to see water and as I did a woman's face appeared. Her eyes were closed, her hair was floating in the water and bubbles were coming from her mouth.

"Then the name 'Ted Kennedy' appeared, as though in a newspaper headline—then, distinctly, the word 'Drowned.' "

Yet, with such a clear hindsight into the "Kennedy" tragedy, in the same Aug. 24 article he said Ted was politically dead! He added that McGovern would be the Democratic nominee so I guess that puts him back in top place as a prophet.

*National Enquirer* May 10, 1970

Upcoming and loosely dated if at all

- Red China atomic accident before Sept. 1970 causes worldwide concern. (No)
- Agnew to be shot at but not killed, and soon. (No)
- Castro forced into exile by Aug. 1970. (No)
- Market advances to 900 by Sept. 1970. (No)
- Liz and Richard Burton to separate by fall of 1970. (No)
- Hundreds to die in Mediterranean boat accident by June or July of 1970. (No)
- Rose Kennedy should be guarded from a fall during the warmer months (of 1970?). (No fall reported)



- Tom Jones marriage to run into trouble and divorce proceedings. (Who cares?)
- Aristotle Onassis may be in danger in August or September, 1970. (No danger reported)
- Federal government to launch a mammoth investigation into an Alaskan oil scandal in 1970. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Two serious but unsuccessful attempts on Agnew's life. (No)
- Nixon to end Viet Nam war in 1970. (No)
- Ted Kennedy to be involved in another car accident. (No)
- Engagement in Nixon family. (No)
- Nixon to announce formation of new police agency to counter revolutionary activities in the U. S. (No)
- Drouth to hit lower midwest. (No)
- Dramatic space rescue in which one ship to be sent up to help another. Russia may be involved. (No)
- Nixon administration shakeup; many government figures ousted. (No. This one would have been perfect if forecast for 1973)

● The last prediction is interesting. You will find many predictions which would have been accurate had they been forecast for some time in the future. Then again, an undated prediction lacks potency. Most predictions concerning governments and economies will come true if you will only be patient.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

- Mrs. Martin Luther King to marry a doctor. (No)



- Pressure will grow to tax religious institutions. (No)
- Worst depression in U.S. history to start in 1971 and end in 1976. (No)
- U.S. to announce two weapons, one using sound waves, the other, laser. (No)
- Japan to have disastrous earthquakes. (No)
- Talk of moving capital to a western state. (No)
- Famous volcano to erupt with great loss of life. (No)
- World will watch a pending change in Russia. (No)
- Government to seriously consider reactivating W.W. II POW camps for dissidents. (No)
- Hundreds to die in a ship fire at sea. (No)
- Four U.S. cities hit by police strikes. National Guard brought in. (No)
- Three major political figures to die, one accidentally. (No)
- Large jet to disappear over the Atlantic with all aboard, including a political official. (No)
- Cancer research breakthrough. (Nothing dramatic)
- Haile Selassie's life to be in great danger. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

For 1972

- Artificial lung implant. (No)
- Government control over radio and TV due to election happenings. (No)
- A shooting around Sinatra. (No)
- Repeal of drug laws to cause release of thousands of marijuana users from jail. (No)
- Japan and China to develop ties (Yes) after U.S. boosts import surtax to 20%. (No)
- A planted bomb will explode at the Republican convention. (No)
- Stock market to soar. (Yes. Dow Jones up to 973.51 on



Aug. 14. Highest in 44 months. Closes over 1000 on Nov. 14.  
Highest in history)

### REV. MONTE ELLIS (AKASHAN)

Minister of Spiritual and Divine Science in Los Angeles.

Hits: Israeli attack on U.S. ship during the Six Day War.  
Predicted "Famous political man will die between June 6-9,  
1968." Bobby Kennedy was killed June 8.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Nixon indisposed with stomach trouble. (No)
- Two prominent news people to resign over a verbal attack by Agnew. (No)
- A top Red Chinese to defect to the west. (No)
- An illness to strike someone in the Kennedy family. (No)
- Terrible tornado destruction in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. (No)
- Eastbound plane to crash during Thanksgiving or Xmas holidays. (No)
- Youth in 20's to become strong leader in Israel. (No)
- One Arab nation to fight another. One will appeal to others for help. (Yes. A short, bitter battle was fought by Jordan and Syria. Jordan did ask for help)
- Trouble for Sinatra in Jan. or Feb. (No)
- Jackie Onassis to have marital troubles. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

- Agnew to further set himself apart from liberals and gain



support of more people in government. (No)

● Revolution in Egypt backed up by Russian arms. (No)

● Trouble to surround Johnny Carson. (No)

● Underground separatists to rock Canada. Many fires in Montreal. Many killed. (No)

● Billy Graham to suffer from an old ailment. (No)

● Dozen revolutionaries discovered in plot to terrorize large cities. Attempts will be made to burn public buildings including courthouses and police stations. (No)

● Epidemic of unknown virus to hit East Coast and Europe. (No)

● Ari Onassis to become quite ill. (No)

● Barry Goldwater to be in headlines before June. (No)

● Quake around Santa Monica, then other quakes around California. (Nothing worth national coverage)

● Ed Sullivan to be quite ill. (He won an Emmy and was not reported ill)

● Many disorders by revolutionaries to break out across U.S. in spring. (No)

● David Frost to marry. (No)

● Tricia Nixon to become engaged. (Probably. She was married June 12)

Russians in a space spectacular. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

For 1972

● U.S. prisoners of war to be released in May or June. (No)

● Jews permitted to leave Russia if they want to, according to a Russian announcement in July. (The *National Enquirer* for Jan. 14, 1973 said that prediction had come true. I saw no such announcement. However, the June 22-28, 1973 issue of *The Jewish Press* tells of 10,000 Jews demonstrating in Washington in an attempt to get Nixon to urge Brezhnev to



free the Russian Jews)

- Successful Nixon visit to China without incident. (Yes)
- Turbulence fomented by dissidents throughout year. (No)
- Nixon wins election by wide margin. (Yes)
- Agnew not running mate and to run for different office. (Wrong)
- New York City to have huge fire, possibly in large department store. (No)
- Hoover to retire in spring. (He died May 2)
- Ted Kennedy will not enter presidential race. (Right) He will, instead, support John Lindsay. (No. He supported McGovern)
- Violence to surround Nixon during trip through Illinois and Ohio. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

For 1973

- Richard Burton in narrow escape, accident or serious illness. (No)
- Quake to hit Italy and Turkey. (No)
- Sickness or death in the Kennedy family. (Yes)
- Howard Hughes in the news over Las Vegas investments. (Yes)
- Small quakes to buckle streets north of Los Angeles. (No)
- Cuba to feel sting of internal dissent. (No)
- Angela Davis to announce a change in philosophy and outlook. (No)
- Johnny Carson to change show's format. (No)

DR. ALEXANDER TANOUS

Claims ESP Hits: Eugene McCarthy to have marital trou-



bles. Judy Garland's name to be in headlines. Ike to die of a heart attack. The Abe Fortas scandal.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Clash between Russians and Chinese to concern the world. (No)
- Financially one of U.S.'s greatest years (No)
- Apollo Space Program setback. (Yes. Apollo 13 trouble caused the cancellation of the next two scheduled moon landings)
- Year of unrest in Catholic church. Gap between pope and hierarchy. (No)

### MAURICE WOODRUFF

Claims ESP Hits: Told Peter Sellers he would marry a blond with the initials B. E. (Britt Eklund). Show biz personalities find him accurate on personal advice.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Peter Sellers to remarry and a blond at least 10 years his junior. (Yes. He was 44 and married blond Miranda Quarry, 23)
- Tricia Nixon engaged to man with initials D or L. (No. She married Edward Finch Cox on June 12)
- Julie Nixon Eisenhower to give birth to a girl. (No)
- Ted Kennedy not to be president in the next eight years and probably never. (Time will tell)
- Cassius Clay to box again successfully, change and become



quieter. (Yes. He scored a knockout on Jerry Quarry Oct. 26 and he did become less of a loudmouth)

- World famous actress with initial C or K to die suddenly by late fall. (No)
- Dallas in the news for a crime involving a church. (No)
- Peter O'Toole to win Oscar for Goodby Mr. Chips. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

For 1972

- Riots in Los Angeles and San Francisco. (No)
- World capitals shaken by disclosure that several prominent men are Reds. (No)
- Ethel Kennedy to announce plans to remarry. (No)
- Supreme Court Justice in sex scandal. (No)
- Bob Hope to make remark which will bring him unpopularity. (No)
- Lucille Ball to retire from show biz. (No)
- Mini-war between Arabs and Israelis. (No)
- Indira Ghandi to lose job. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

For 1973

- World to worry over an illness of the pope. (No)
- Englishman Brian Forbes to get best director Oscar. (No)
- Aristotle Onassis in costly court action leading to scandal. (No)
- Famous American singer dies. (Only one I could find was tenor Louriitz Melchior, 82, March 18)
- Princess Anne romantically linked with one with the initial R or M. (Engagement to Mark Phillips announced May 29, 1973. Getting first and last initials right would have been fine. But to predict "R or M" and only get the initial of the



first name is unworthy of a real prophet)

- New life-prolonging heart patient drug discovered. (No)
- Dollar to be revalued upwards. (Certainly not above its 1972 value)

### EDWARD SNEDEKER

Claims visions when he concentrates on a person or subject. Hits: Predicted tragedy would hit Lennon Sisters four hours before their father had been killed. Pinpointed site of ten year old's body. Good with predictions for friends. Said Joe Namath would retire then return to football. Said astronaut to have trouble with his right foot. (That was the foot that pulled out the TV cable on the Moon)

*National Enquirer* Oct. 19, 1969

#### Upcoming

- Ted Kennedy to run for president in 1976 and lose.
- Mary Jo Kopechne's accident truths to be told. He feels she died in an accidental fall and was put in car. (We can only hope)
- Nixon to be hurt in helicopter accident. (Not yet)
- Caroline Kennedy involved in boating accident. (Not yet)
- Jackie Onassis to give birth around Jan. 1970 and divorce Ari. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

#### For 1972

- Economic conditions cause several assassinations of government officials. (No)
- New pope elected later in 1972. (No)



- The girls at the party, after which Teddy took Mary Jo a-drowning, will make news again. (No)
- Ari Onassis to be hospitalized for heart trouble. (No)
- Rose Kennedy hospitalized for chest pains. (No)
- Democrats to win by a landslide. (No)
- California National Guard to quell civil disturbances. (No)
- Albuquerque airliner crash in populous area; also quake there. (No)
- Kidnappings to hit prominent families. (No)
- Congress to launch vigorous probe of AMA in Sept. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

For 1973

- Late night TV talk shows to become a thing of the past. (No)
- Civil strife in Cuba and Castro to retire to Russia. (No)
- L.B.J.'s son-in-law to be involved in a serious auto accident. (No)
- Mass exodus from California. (No)

### CLARA SCHUFF

Claims psychic powers which "have amazed her followers."  
Hits: Obviously good on a personal level. Probably telepathic.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Good year for Ted Kennedy and he will be in the running for the presidency. (No)
- Minor quakes on West Coast but no major ones. (None listed)



- Nixon in danger of being poisoned while away from the White House. (No)
- U.S. to establish undersea city. (No)
- New, sensational Mars rocket developed. (No)
- New mineral, unknown substance, discovered on Moon. (No)
- No child for Jackie (True); instead, divorce. (No)
- Agnew and Nixon conflict and Agnew dropped from ticket. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

- Business down. (Up slightly) Unemployment up. (No)
- The cure for cancer to be found. (No)
- First (real?) contact with UFO's (Over S.A. ). (No)
- California to have several minor quakes. (No. One major, Feb. 9. 62 dead.)
- Reagan narrowly escapes injury from student demonstrator. (No)
- Ten man conspiracy to kill Nixon. (No)
- Revolutionaries to reach peak of activity in spring or early summer. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

For 1972

- Tricia Nixon (Cox) gives birth to son. (No)
- Liz Taylor to retire from films. (No)
- Unsuccessful revolt against Castro to rock Cuba. (No)
- Fantastic discoveries through Moon rocks. (No)
- Nixon to win the youth vote over China trip. (Don't think so)
- Nuclear power station found emitting dangerously. (No)



- Male birth control pill needed only every 21 days. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

For 1973

- Archeologists to discover several secret rooms under one of the pyramids. (No)
- One room has actual pyramid plans plus anti-gravity secrets. (No)
- Howard Hughes to make first public appearance in 20 years to announce charity projects. (No)
- Many Southwest quakes with worst in Arizona. (No)
- Major Pentagon shakeup to lead to excellent defense ideas. (No)

*National Enquirer* July 30, 1972

RALPH C. (DOC) ANDERSON

Claims trances and scenes in mind's eye. Hits: Assassination of Martin L. King two days before his death. Also Bob Kennedy. Date of German's surrender and atomic bomb dropped on Japan. Also Japan's surrender ten days later.

*National Enquirer* April 11, 1971

For 1971 and 1972

- Nixon to lose 1972 election. (No)
- Cracks in earth's crust to cause Alaska quake. (No)
- George Wallace to make bigger bid for the presidency. (No)
- Alaska mineral rush like gold rush. (No)
- Major incident between U.S. and China within eight months to lead to war. (No)
- Ted Kennedy won't run for president. (Right)
- Great U.S. leader to die early part of 1971. (Thomas



Dewey died March 16, Thomas Dodd died May 24. I don't think he meant either of those clowns)

- Viet Nam war to get bigger. (No)
- George Raft to make movie comeback. (No)
- North Korean night incident in which U. S. troops involved. (No)
- Evidence James Earl Ray did not kill Martin L. King. (No)
- Major famine in U.S. within two years. (No)
- Riots in 1971, burning of Washington, D.C. (No)

### DAVID BUBAR

Claims to be psychic. Hits: Death of Senator Everett Dirksen, the linking of three Russian space ships and the election of George Wallace for governor. Genuinely psychic on person-to-person basis. Probably telepathic.

*National Enquirer* Mar. 21, 1971

For 1971 and 1972

- John Wayne should be careful of his throat. (Shouldn't we all?)
- New source of energy will be discovered. (No)
- Suicidal air attack on U.S. building with small plane and explosives. (No)
- Ted Kennedy in danger from air accident. (No)
- Cure for some major diseases, including cancer by early 1974.
- Elvis Presley to become one of the greatest spiritual leaders of our time. (Ha!)
- Bad quake to hit Southwest during hot weather. (No)
- Marlon Brando should avoid demonstrations lest he suffer a head injury. (No demos or injuries reported)



- Jackie connected with a new baby, possibly her own. (No)

### MARC REYMONT

Claims predictions of headlines. Hits: Obvious clairvoyant concerning many general, local headlines like "Nation Told Horrors of County Jail." He also predicted such news stories as a photographer killed in Cambodia, alarms out for suspects in presidential assassination plot and Army doctor cleared of murder charges.

So what happened?

*National Enquirer* Dec. 13, 1970

For 1971 and 1972

- Major train wreck in Indiana Jan., 1971. (No)
- U.S. troops in Latin America in 1971. (No)
- Lindsay to defeat Nixon. (No)
- U.S. out of Viet Nam by Oct. or Nov., 1972. (No)
- Agnew never again to hold significant national office. (No)
- International incident involving a U.S. ship troubling Russia in Feb. 1971. (No)
- Wierd FBI shakeup by late 1971 or early 1972. (No)

### MADAME REBECCA HABIBI

Card reader. Claims gift from "God". Hits: Said in 1939 that Eisenhower would be president and serve two terms. Gives card readings for individuals with good results. Tests out well. Undoubtedly telepathic and probably actually clairvoyant at one time.



*National Enquirer* June 29, 1969

For 1970 and 1972

- Jackie Onassis to bear daughter in about a year. (No)
- Viet Nam War to end early in 1970. (No)
- Ted Kennedy to run for president in 1972 and lose. (No. He didn't run)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 18, 1970

For 1970

- Jackie to stay married for the time being. (Yes)
- Someone to try to kill President Nixon. (No. An assassination plot was reported but it did not get to the point where it could be called "an attempt")
- Nixon to be ill. (No)
- Viet Nam war over before end of 1970. (No)
- Nixon's popularity to rise. (Yes. Headed "Most admired" list in 1970)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

- Viet war to end (No) but campus violence to continue. (No)
- Reagan to lose public favor, finish term and retire. (No)
- Great economic trouble with increasing unemployment. (No)
- Agnew to face much violence and retire. (No)
- Jackie to bear child and marriage to go smoothly. (No)
- Fighting among Arab nations. (No)
- Tricia Nixon to marry late 1971 or early 1972. (No. She married on June 12, 1971 which was mid-year)
- California to have small quakes. (So? California has small



quakes constantly)

- Russia and China to clash along their border. (No)

### MRS. SHIRLEY HARRISON

Claims extra sensory perception. Hits: John F. Kennedy's assassination, Jack Ruby's natural death and the exact place the Boston Strangler would strike next. She has made many detailed projections of future events and of hidden things like the body of a murdered boy.

She is obviously psychic but has little ability to know true ESP from wild hunches.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

Up to 1979

- Russia will make the first manned Moon landing. (No)
- Jackie and Ari will stay together in Greece and Jackie will stay out of politics. (All true so far)
- Statement of the reality of UFO's from outer space will be made within ten years.
- Contact with other life form of superior intelligence within ten years.
- Devaluation of U.S. Dollar. (Yes)

### TASSIA LOUTA

Greek astrologer. Hits: John Kennedy's assassination and Jackie's marriage to Ari.

*National Enquirer* Feb. 21, 1971



For 1971

- Devaluation of the dollar. (Yes)
- Reshuffling in Kremlin and friendship with China. (No)
- Leading Russian figure to die. (Yes. Kruschev)
- French government to fall. (No)
- Public reaction against U.S. government with violent upheavals in the spring. (No)
- Failing health for Ari Onassis. (No)
- Major theft embarrasses White House. (No)
- King Hussein in danger of death unless he abdicates. (No)
- War between Arabs and Israel. (No)
- Major space triumph for U.S. to leave world breathless. (I don't know about breathless, but the Apollo 14 and 15 Moon landings were successful)
- Princess Anne of England engaged to a commoner. (No)
- Assassination attempts on Nixon and Agnew. (No)

### MRS. DOROTHY ALLISON

Claims to receive visions. Hits: Bombing-kidnap plot against Washington buildings and Henry Kissinger. Bobby or Ted Kennedy to be killed by Arab or Hindu in a kitchen or restaurant west of New Jersey.

*National Enquirer* March 7, 1971

For 1971 and 1972

- Jackie and Ari to divorce by 1973. (No)
- Nixon to be defeated in election. (No)
- Johnson may seem to be dying but he will regain his health and be better than before. (No. He died)
- Nixon in danger of assassination. (No)
- Viet Nam War to continue. (Yes)



Shooting around Sinatra. (No)

John-John in danger. (No)

Ted Kennedy to run for president and win. (No)

Agnew to miss out on second term as Vice President. (No)

Howard Hughes to have a lot of trouble with one woman.

(Yes, I suppose. He divorced Jean Peters June 18, 1971)

### MARJORIE STAVES

British clairvoyant. Claims she is projected to another dimension where she reads the vibrations of individuals. Hits: Muhammad Ali's victory over Sonny Liston, deaths of the three astronauts and death of race driver Donald Campbell.

*National Enquirer* Feb. 28, 1971

#### For 1971

Nixon in grave danger on water or crossing it. (No)

Great danger from Japan. (No)

Nixon to be re-elected in 1972. (Yes)

End to 1970 recession by mid-year of 1971. (No)

Muhammad Ali to beat Joe Frazier. (No)

American involvement in Middle East war. (No)

Assassination of a foreign head of state. (No)

Radical shakeup in Vatican. (No)

#### For 1973

● Africa to explode into tribal warfare. (No)

● America to play major role in great inroads into cure for cancer. (No)

● Assassination attempt on Illinois area congressman about





*Now this here gob of leaves means Ethel Kennedy will run off with a bippy.*

---

mid-year. (No)

England disturbed over Queen's illness. (Not yet)

Two great Hollywood stars to die suddenly. (Take your pick: Betty Grable, Jack Hawkins, Robert Ryan, Buster Keaton, Wally Cox, Michael Dunn, Laurence Harvey and Bobby Darin)

Terrible hurricane to hit Florida with great loss of life. (No)

### MRS. KATHARINE SABIN

Claims to be an objective card reader and that she taps her subconscious mind. Hits: Death signs around Ted Kennedy. Grand Jury to clear Ted in Kopechne drowning. Romantic scandal over Jackie Onassis' interest in another man. Illness for someone in the space program. (Charles Duke got German measles)

*National Enquirer* May 24, 1970



## Upcoming

Joan and Ted Kennedy to stay together. (Yes)

In Washington rioting likely around White House, landmark or art object burned. (Not yet)

Nixon faces assassination danger. (Not yet) (In light of so many assassination attempts being successful over the years and predictions along this line being so common, I think "danger" should be defined.

Oswald's attempt on the life of John Kennedy, Sirhan's attempt against Bobby Kennedy and James Earl Ray's attempt against Martin Luther King were all successful. John Bremmer's attempt to kill George Wallace was not successful. Several years ago some armed Puerto Ricans got onto the White House grounds in an attempt to kill Truman. A couple of them were killed by Secret Service men and the assassination attempt was foiled.

Now in all these attempts, whether successful or not, the targets were in danger. Action had been taken to make good the threat.

But some loudmouthed drunk holding forth in a bar or a group of crazed militants plotting in a tenement does not constitute danger or an assassination attempt. It is only when they arm themselves and leave the premises in the direction of the target that a prediction of "danger" or "an assassination attempt" is valid)

Ted Kennedy to lose 1970 senate election. (No)

Pat Nixon will be ill but recovers. (Not yet)

Ethel Kennedy to marry within a year. (No)

## JACQUELINE EASTLUND

Claims doing "God's" work. Hits: Personal for Elke Sommers' husband, Joe Hyams. "I see your dining room in flames



next year." To Rona Barrett, "I see you in the midst of a number of bodies not far from your home. I see knife wounds and much blood. I think it might be a scene from a movie but you are so appalled that it must be real." Rona was first at the scene of the Tate murders the next day. Predicted a plane crash only hours away and even saw several of its numbers.

### SYBIL LEEK

Witch, astrologer and author of 20 books on occultism.

Through 1974

Reagan to lose election. (No)

Russians to have a new premier within one year. (No)

POW release in 1972. (No)

Riots in Russia between 1972 and late 1974. (Not yet)

Disaster in Ethiopia by March 1973. (No)

Physicist to defect from Russia and seek asylum here by April 29, 1973. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

For 1973

Hidden chamber found in Great Pyramid with key to many scientific mysteries. (No)

New planet to be discovered and named. (No)

Elvis Presley in tremendous changes in his attempt to get right with God. (No)

Nearly overall cancer cure. (No)

Nixons to become grandparents twice. (No)

Kennedy children in tragic headlines. (Yes)



*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

Terrorism to sweep the country, especially against innocent people. (No)

Nixon to face two major crises April and June-July. (No)

Agnew in trouble; job and health. (No)

Huge public monument, possibly Lincoln Memorial, to be destroyed by terrorists. (No)

Year of natural disasters for Japan. (No)

Jackie closer to kids. (No)

Strong outside influence on Ari Onassis. (No)

VD recognized as big a problem as cancer, war, road accidents. (No)

Complete breakdown in New York subway system with many casualties. (No)

Liz Taylor to get more film honors plus marital troubles. (No)

Americans in great numbers to migrate to other countries, especially Australia. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 16, 1972

For 1972

Nixon to lose election, possibly to Humphry. (No)

Hoover's FBI reign to end. (Yes. He died May 2)

FBI scandal which can't be hushed up. (No)

March fatalities from Pacific Coast quakes. (Yes. 30 die in Peru quake March 20)

Mao Tse Tung to die by June. (No)

Assassination attempt against Indira Gandhi and more danger in Feb. (No)

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973



For 1973

Nixon in danger around Xmas Eve. (No)

Unusual, extreme West Coast weather to cause large landslides. (No)

Shortly after June 21, news of Castro's health. (No)

In April, Prince Charles linked romantically with regal Nordic. (No)

South Vietnamese government to fall late in the year. (No)

In July a freak mining disaster east of the Mississippi. (No)

Unemployment, especially among highly educated. (Yes)

CARROLL RIGHTER

Astrologer. Hits: Good with personalities.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 17, 1971

For 1971

Canadian separatists to trouble Trudeau. (No)

Pornography to lose its appeal here and around world. (Ha!)

Agnew in danger. (No)

Jackie to devote more time to kids, avoid public eye. (No)

Cold war to get colder. (Yes)

Franco to remain healthy. (Yes)

● Queen Elizabeth to have a financial disappointment. (In 1971 Bessie had a personal fortune of \$4,800,000. She only got a \$1,140,000 yearly allowance and wanted more. Let's get a Bundles For Bessie drive going like during the war)

● U.S. to drop peace at any price, take belligerent stance in foreign affairs. (No)

● Nixon to draw opposition to his policies. (Yes) Youth is with him. (No)



Viet Nam War to end with help of outsiders. (No)

Government to try to appease rebellious youth then will use repressive measures. (No)

Queen Elizabeth to suffer unhappiness in family relationships. (No)

Middle East problems to be solved. (No)

In the April 11, 1971 issue of *The National Enquirer*, Carroll Righter gave J. Edgar Hoover's personal horoscope. For 1972 he said, "Emerging from 1971, Hoover will face a very satisfactory 1972 in terms of improved health, effectiveness and all-out happiness." Hoover died May 2, 1972.

Now such a horoscope is not just a mistake, nor is it simply one of those cute "how wrong can you get?" items for a humor column. Instead, it is an example of the kind of stupidity and bungling which holds the science of astrology up to ridicule.

Had Righter only predicted a big change in Hoover's life we believers would have been satisfied. And there is no getting out of it by saying the prediction was for Hoover's life on the other side.

If an astrologer of note can't look at the horoscope of a strong personality and see such a climax as death in his chart then either that astrologer is not worthy of his calling or astrology is all foolishness.

PETER CLARK

British astrologer.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

Much tighter price controls in U.S. economy. (Yes)

South America to have a disaster bringing world aid. (Yes.



The Nicaraguan earthquake)

Princess Anne engaged (Yes) but not to wed for two years.  
(Wrong)

Great changes in Indian Government. (Not Yet)

Princess Anne's problems with parents to make world headlines. (Not yet)

Nixon to face serious trade wars. (Yes)

Wave of violence in U.S. to shock the nation. (Not yet)

### MRS. FLORENCE VATY

Astrologer to movie stars.

*National Enquirer* Jan. 14, 1973

New planet to be discovered and named for peace. (Not yet)

Jackie and Ari to experience a tragedy. (Not yet)

Cancer research to produce cures for common cold and arthritis. (Not yet)

Research this year leads to overall cancer cure in 1974.

### RAYMOND E. KELLY

In early 1972 the *National Enquirer* held a contest for the best amateur prophets for that year. They got 1075 entries and opened them in January 1973.

Raymond E. Kelly, 45, of Greensboro, N. C. sent in the allowed five predictions and *The Enquirer* received them on March 22, 1972. Four were completely right and the fifth was not completely wrong.

J. Edgar Hoover will die.





Jeane Dixon

Joseph De Louise

Akashan

Maurice Woodruff

Dorothy Allison

Clara Schuff

Edward Snedeker

Doc Anderson

David Bubar

Madame Rebecca Habibi

Marc Reymont

Marjorie Staves

Tassia Louta

Jacqueline Eastlund

Sybil Leek

Carroll Richter

Katherine Sabin



- An assassination attempt on the life of George Wallace.
- The Reelection of Nixon.
- The abolishment of capital punishment.
- Mayor John Lindsay of New York not to be reelected.

Lindsay was not reelected mainly because no election was held for mayor of New York in 1972. So technically, Lindsay was not reelected. He just stayed on.

A second place winner got three right and the winner of third place scored on two. There were two honorable mentions with one right each.

So out of 1075 contestants allowed five predictions each, there were only 11½ right forecasts. This would be about one right out of about 450 predictions. Also, out of the 1075 contestants there were only five who scored at all or one out of 211.

Of the professional prophets, only 16 out of the 21 scored at all. Out of 400 predictions, only 43 were right or partially right. This would be about one out of ten right for the professionals as opposed to only one out of 450 for the amateurs.

We have no way of knowing what the amateurs guessed. It is obvious, however, that they were random to the point of absurdity. Nor would they have been educated guesses as the professionals came up with. At any rate, the amateurs were not making claims to ESP or divine guidance.

The educated guess counts for a lot in prophecy. It is also meaningful in other forecasts. If laymen meteorologists or baseball fans were matched for predictions against professional weathermen or sportswriters the gap in accuracy would be about the same.

Educated guesses are arrived at by prophets through their studies of trends. They have more contacts among news-



makers and they are constantly questioned about their contacts and coming events.

They have a broader field of general knowledge and the questions they get key their minds into specific issues. With this help their sub and superconsciousnesses are better able to get in gear.

The prophet takes his question, based on whatever knowledge he has on the subject and files it in his subconscious. His superconscious takes it from there, taps *The Source* for the answer, and then runs it back through the subconscious.

If the prophet doesn't have a good frame of reference in his subconscious the message from his superconscious will be garbled. Or it may be so vague that any interpretation sent out will be accepted by the prophet. You would be surprised to learn what kind of garbled and vague interpretations an ignorant subconscious will pawn off as the truth on his equally ignorant prophet.

If you have read of the Oracles of Delphi you will know that they were ignorant country girls who sat over fissures in the earth where gasses came through and made them giddy. Important people would ask them questions and they would give back garbled messages which often proved true, after the event occurred.

It was believed that the ignorance of the girls would keep them from giving prejudiced answers. However, their ignorance meant a very poor frame of reference for dealing with any political or military questions fed to them. So their answers were delivered in such a childish and over-simplified manner that they were usually worse than no answers at all.

It is often said of Nostradamus that his prophecies were impossible to decipher until they had come true. It is believed by many that he put his prophecies into seemingly meaningless doggerel lest he offend his king, Charles IX.

In 1558 Nostradamus published his main prophetic work.





*Making our cows go dry was one thing, but invoking Gloria Steinem...?*

Its prophecies carry through to around 2000 A.D. Surely if Nostradamus had feared his king he would have only garbled those prophecies relating to him or to his interests. The same goes for his prediction that, as interpreted by some, the Catholic Church would collapse. At any rate, prophecies for times after he expected to die would have been plainer.

But the later the prophecies are for, the more garbled they are. This is simply because his subconscious had no adequate frame of reference to give data on events so far ahead. Changes even a hundred years ahead could be understood. But beyond that, the images and terms coming into his subconscious simply would not relate to those images and terms familiar to his own time.

Even in our time, technology has so far outpaced the average vocabulary that we depend on TV for all our imagery and would be hard put to explain anything mechanical. You may remember wanting to discuss a subject with someone and using, as a point of reference, a TV program which had covered



the subject. When you learn your friend did not see the program the conversation lapses because unless he saw the program he won't understand what you are talking about.

So the better the education of the prophet, the clearer the prophecy if it is anything besides social gossip or very basic current events. But if it is technical, if it involves military, political or foreign intrigue, it takes a highly educated prophet to receive it with any clarity.

If it is of the far future, not only must the prophet be well-educated but so must his audience. H.G. Wells and Hugo Gernsback wrote of many things that have since come true. As science fiction writers they were remarkably intelligent and well-educated. Their readers were also in the top category of brains. Average people simply could not understand Wells and Gernsback until today when we have movies and TV to supply the imagery and girls like Raquel Welch to explain the plots.

So the uneducated prophet is limited. He may indeed start out with a few seemingly unbidden visions which will astound many by their accuracy. These are nearly always of tragedies common to our times and simple to describe and to understand.

Then the prophet comes to believe he has been touched by "God." From now on he is performing. He puts in a request for an answer to a question. If his superconscious picks it up at all, it may take days to run the answer back through his subconscious. His ignorance may distort it then even if it is a true prophecy.

But he is impatient. He believes that since he has asked he shall receive, NOW. So he takes the first silly answer that occurs to him. That is why the answers he submits to the *National Enquirer* are so pitiful when compared to the hits that won him fame.

The only way he can beat the time lag or be assured of an-



swers which can be understood, especially if he is poorly educated, is to operate through trance. There, his conscious mind is asleep and his superconscious can operate directly through his subconscious with the terminology and imagery his audience can understand.

This is how Edgar Cayce worked. He was uneducated and would have understood little of what came through him. But his superconscious bypassed his ignorance and spoke directly to those who could understand the answers they sought.







## 3

## MY OWN RAMBLINGS IN THE PSYCHIC WORLD

**I** REMEMBER skipping to school at the age of six. I was in the first grade at P.S. 82 in Brooklyn. A new thought entered my head as I skipped; "Who was I before I was me?"

A picture followed the thought; of a Union Cavalry officer on a horse. I don't remember having been impressed by any pictures of Civil War soldiers. Nor do I remember ever hearing of the idea of reincarnation. Mama was straight Church of Christ and Daddy was devout Grand Ol' Opry. I'm certain the concept was never mentioned in our home.

For some reason I never brought up my new idea at home. It never became a part of my religious thought. I kept believing the Bible and going to church. Only I stopped being afraid of all the hell-fire sermons screamed at us by the preacher.

I don't claim to have ever had any psychic leanings. I was always more of a curiosity seeker than a mystic.

In 1953, at the age of twenty, I joined the Rosicrucian Order (AMORC). You see their ads in all the magazines. Their commonest ad featured Ben Franklin, Isaac Newton and Francis Bacon. "These great minds were Rosicrucians. . .



What secret powers did they possess?"

I sent for their free book, "The Mastery of Life" and after I read it I just had to sign up.

I joined the Nefertiti Lodge in Chicago. The members were the friendliest, most intelligent group I had ever met. Their rituals were beautiful. The pretty colombs with their semi-Egyptian costumes really turned me on. Everything was decorated like in ancient Egypt. It was just like coming home.

While with the Nefertiti Lodge I also joined the Martinist Order.

I stayed a Rosicrucian until late 1961 and got to the Eleventh Degree, Monograph ninety-one. I had learned a lot but it had gotten too routine for me. Even so, that group might keep you fascinated for the rest of your life.

The most interesting thing that I learned through the Rosicrucians was how to prove reincarnation. I was with friends at the home of John Jones, who had been a Rosicrucian for just ages. Jonesy was a very old and wonderfully good man and was much like the High Lama in Lost Horizon.

Someone asked him if there was any way to prove reincarnation. He answered that the Aura had impressed upon it every image the Soul had ever worn. He could demonstrate it.

He then had me sit in front of a full-length mirror. Then he put out all the lights except a dim one nearby. This was to cut out all background distractions.

I was told to relax although I could blink if I wished and I didn't need to sit perfectly still. After less than five minutes, my features in the mirror began to change.

Slowly, one personality after another appeared, all me. The happy thing about it was that all the people there saw the same images I was seeing and at the same times.

Most of the images were of old people or military types. This is because the image is retained on the Aura near the end of each life. As military types I probably volunteered a lot.



Some were bearded and some clean shaven. Some were even women. There were children, of course, indicating I had died young those times.

The personalities were even wearing period costumes. There were no recognizable personalities in my past although Jonesy pointed out one notable character type. This was a Knights Templar with a bowl type haircut being burned at the stake by the Church. I must have been framed. I have always had feelings of hostility towards the Catholic Church, maybe because of that.

I have since conducted the mirror goody for others. Once was with my Taos News editor, Jim Colgrove. He appeared, strikingly, as a German burgermeister type. He, his wife and I saw the same thing, along with the usual panorama of past players.

I told a girl, name of Holly, about this experiment and when she went home she and her husband tried it. She told me that at one time she appeared as a near skeleton; probably having died of starvation. This so terrified her husband that he actually ran and hid under the bed. Of course, he wasn't very stable and she wasn't much better off.

You can also conduct this experiment alone. I suggest a mirror that at least takes in your head and chest. Have a candle burning off to one side and no other light.

Next, I got involved with the Agasha Temple of Wisdom in Los Angeles, run by Richard Zenor. He was a trance medium and had a huge hall on Western Avenue. I liked it there but it was pretty phoney.

Zenor's spirit guide would come through and introduce some popular figure like Abe Lincoln or Jesus. They would each go on with such dull and uninspired rubbish I was amazed that they thought they could get away with it. Even a spirit wouldn't be caught dead with that dialogue.

Then, high mucky-muck world movers would come



through predicting terrible earthquakes and giving exact locations and dates. They would always add that they were doing all in their power to prevent them.

So if the quakes didn't happen they were heroes for having prevented them. If they did come about they had predicted them. Either way, they couldn't lose.

Hal Rodrian, a friend I had met at Zenor's, invited me to visit a trance medium he had been going to on the sly. He said one of her spirits, Aganon, was my guide and wanted to talk to me.

I went with him to a home presided over by a blowzy old lady, typical of trance mediums. There were about a dozen people there and we all, except the medium, sat around in a circle on the floor in the dark.

At first the guides of the regular members came through, telling them how they were solving all their problems, from acne to car payments. One guide came through to a young woman and told her he was working on her throat so she could become a trance medium. She was thrilled.

Another woman was being developed by her guide to improve her psychic powers. She said she saw a spirit dog in the middle of the group. I spoke up, and said I was petting the dog. She and a man said they saw me petting the dog. My hands were resting by my sides on the floor. There was no dog.

Finally Aganon came through to me. He told me I was an old soul and really terrific and he had been with me all my life. I said that was fine but what did he want to talk to me about?

He said he was going to make me into the greatest trance medium in history. I told him I didn't want to be a trance medium. He said he knew best because he was 30,000 years old.

I answered that if he knew me at all he would know I





*I'm your spirit guide and I know what's best for you.*

---

wouldn't be a trance medium and sleep through anything going on. Furthermore, if he felt a need for another trance medium he could damn well get born and be a trance medium himself.

It's been years so I don't exactly remember how it ended but he said he had to go as he had something burning on the stove, or some spiritual equivalent, and signed off. After that things were sort of left hanging and the meeting broke up sooner than planned.

As Hal drove me home he said they didn't want me back there.



The next bunch I began running with was the flying saucer fanatics.

I attended a big saucer convention at a large hall in Los Angeles sometime in the late 1950's. It was set up by Gabriel Green and represented saucer enthusiasts, some of whom were quite sincere. But others were the most pathetic phonies imaginable.

One example of the sincere ones was two boys in their late teens who had watched a saucer for 45 minutes one night. It was hovering high overhead and had lights beneath it.

One of the boys had a flashlight and he would blink it on and off in a pattern. The saucer would blink back, imitating the pattern. There was a highway patrolman on the scene and he verified the sighting and even signed an affidavit to that effect.

Then there was some clown claiming he had broken the code on the footprint of George Van Tassel's desert spaceman. It seems this hippy from Venus was clumping about Van Tassel's place. He couldn't speak English so after making with a lot of sign language and modeling his uniform he sagely pointed to his shoe sole and the imprint it had left on the ground.

The print consisted of various squiggles and symbols. When he left, Van Tassel copied the print and sent it to friends. They promptly tried to work a lot of religio-mystical significance into it.

I can imagine going to Venus and leaving my footprints in their sand. It would be fun to keep in touch and see what kind of religion they would make up from CAT'S PAW, GOODYEAR or some other trade mark stamped into my shoe sole.

Another saucerite was this desperately ugly woman calling herself Dawn something or other. I wouldn't have noted her





*In my true form on Venus I'm a beautiful princess.*

---

homeliness if she hadn't emphasized it herself.

She said these Venusian spacemen took her on their saucer to Venus. There, they worshipped her and transformed her into a lovely princess, which was her true form.

My main complaint about this convention was that Green did no screening of saucerites to separate the serious sighters from the obvious frauds. The saucer with the blinking lights attested to by the patrolman's affidavit seemed genuine. Also Major Donald Keyhoe's representative was plausible. But including the mystic fanatics and people like the pitiful,



ego-starved Dawn on the same program just held the whole UFO phenomenon up to ridicule.

While at that convention I met one of Mother Mary's followers who invited me to one of her saucer contact meetings. Mother Mary presided and she claimed to have been to India and all over, talking to more "Masters" than I had thought existed. She was also keyed in on all our friends from outer space.

One fellow there played a tape he said he'd gotten from a radio message beamed from a saucer. It was full of sweetness and light and was all garbage as far as I was concerned. It was a combination of the New Testament and Star Trek.

Another of her members used a home-movie screen to project pictures of his camping trip. In one picture he was sitting in front of his house trailer. A high burning campfire blotted out part of him and the trailer.

The next picture was of the same scene but here the man and his trailer showed plainly through the flames. He said the photo developer claimed he had never seen anything like it and couldn't figure out how it happened. The man said the space people had done it.

The people in the group carried on like it was the Second Coming. Mother Mary, the pudgy old wretch, just sat back and smiled knowingly.

Well, I smiled knowingly, too. It was just a simple double exposure. Anyone at all objective, especially the photo developer, would have recognized it as such. The man was a liar and his audience were fools. They were so anxious to believe in visitors from outer space that they would accept even the most ridiculous evidence to back up their beliefs.

The last I heard of Mother Mary was that she finally moved to Mount Shasta and there passed on to her reward; a wooden nickel and a slug.



In 1964 I went to Phoenix and got a job as an attendant in the Arizona State Nuthouse. That was a ball. I mainly worked in the hospital's hospital ward. The patients there were not only mentally ill but physically ill, too. You can't beat odds like that.

For a while I was truly my brother's keeper. But when I handed in my keys it was every man for himself and let the devil take the hindmost.

In 1967 I joined Anton La Vey's Satanic Church in San Francisco. My purpose was to learn witchcraft and black magic.

So-called "white" magicians say that magic is magic and it is the use you put it to which makes it black or white. This is simply not so.

The white witch, fooling around with her crosses, rosaries, etc., is getting results, if any, from her own psychic force. But the black witch is invoking the aid of elementals and other lower entities to do her work. She doesn't have to be any more psychic than Archie Bunker.

These elementals, familiars and such non-human life forms are all on the black or negative spectra in the spiritual realm. They can be telepathic or quite psychic in other ways. But even if they do have psychic ability they are usually stupid and most often bungle things.

It gives me laughs to hear of so-called "Christian" mediums calling them to give messages to clients. They will come through posing as Aunt Abigail, a husband, a departed cousin, and give the most loving comfort to the sobbing suckers.

They can give sermons that would inspire Billy Graham. But every "soul" coming through a medium is spiritually as black as the ace of spades.

It doesn't matter to them if they come through in a church





*A church or a Ouija board; a job's a job.*

or a coven or even through a Ouija board. They will go anywhere they can get work. Their prime urge is to function and be recognized as beings; any beings.

For all practical purposes, the spirit manifests through the physical. The disembodied human and animal spirit can get a new body to work through, and does. The non-human/non-animal spirit, however, is stuck as only a fleshless unit of conscious energy and so has to fake it through mediums, witches,



etc.

Someone should write a "Grapes of Wrath" for elementals. They are truly the Oakies of the nether world.

The Satanic Church was a fun group for a while. Even so, I found the great majority there were only acting out their resentment against conventional sexual mores and orthodox religion. Few seemed really interested in black magic or witchcraft.

I found Anton to be extremely intelligent and entertaining. I also found that he was possessed of more actual human goodness than most of the preachers and psychic types I had met.

While in his group I became the most skilled maker of functional magic amulets and talismans. They are collector's items today.

A big part of the activity there was trying to bring forth Satan. We tried and tried and tried. Lord knows I tried. But nothing ever happened. Maybe it was all the giggling or maybe he was off trying to get some preacher's daughter to kiss on her first date.

In June of 1968 I plunged into Scientology. I had dabbled in it while I was in Sydney, Australia in 1963. I had no money then so I figured that now, while I had a good job on a newspaper I should try it again.

The idea behind Scientology is that all your hangups, psychosomatic illnesses, neuroses, psychosis, etc., are caused by incidents improperly stored in your subconscious mind. Incidents and phrases are recalled out of context to apply to situations where, if you were able to examine them logically, you could see they could not apply to your present situation at all.

But since they are on a subconscious level where they can't





*And nobody brought the hot dogs?*







be examined logically, they pop up, unasked for at the worst times and make you look like an idiot. For instance, you may have been attacked by a vicious dog at the age of two. Now at thirty-two you are confronted by another vicious, snarling mutt. Instead of just kicking him across the street you subconsciously hark back to your traumatic reaction at the age of two and go into a screaming fit.

L. Ron Hubbard elaborates on this idea beautifully in his first book, "Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health." He calls the subconscious the "reactive mind" and the traumatic incidents or phrases "ingrams".

I believe his original ideas and his approach to the problem to be much more valid than those of modern psychiatrists. I won't go further into it here but if you are interested, get Hubbard's book on Dianetics. If you do, be sure to take one 100 milligram tablet of niacin each day while reading Dianetics. Hundreds of buried incidents are reviewed in his book and many will apply to everyone so they will stimulate you and dredge up long repressed bad experiences. The niacin will alleviate the depressing symptoms which might occur.

Hubbard's theory in Dianetics was that if you dredge up all your traumas you will be "clear", that is, free from all your neuroses. This would naturally make you a lot better than you are now. His first book gives a method which is slow but is quite capable of producing great benefits to its practitioners.

But well enough has never been let alone. Hubbard next launched a broader scope of its application which promised to remove such bad incidents from all one's past lives. He calls this advance "Scientology" and now promises virtual godhood.

This is supposedly achieved with a kind of lie detector called an "E-Meter". The E-Meter has two wires leading from it and they are attached to two tin cans. The subject or "pre-



clear" holds a can in each hand and is asked questions.

If the question is sensitive and bothers the preclear the needle on the meter moves. The question is then repeated until the preclear has dredged up all the buried material on that issue. When the needle stops moving another question is dealt with.

It is surprising how deep one can probe in this way and it beats lying around on a psychiatrist's couch and lying. Because, in the hands of an operator who really knows his E-Meter the preclear can't get away with lying as he can with the psychiatrist. And the goal is identical.

I learned on my first 1968 session that there will be a "read" on any improperly answered question. My "auditor" was a girl who asked if I had ever been "audited" before.

I told her, "No".

She said, "There's a read on that. Have you ever been audited before?"

I answered, "I ought to know and I say 'no'".

She said, "There's still a read on it. Better think back".

Then it flashed into my mind that I had been audited before in Sydney five years back. I had not forgotten my association with the Sydney Scientologists. But I had only been on the E-Meter a few minutes a couple of times as part of an introductory course in the science. I didn't consider that I *was* being audited. But my subconscious knew.

A lie detector would have passed me on that, but not the E-Meter!

I was impressed, amazed and convinced.

All might have gone well, for a little while, if they weren't saddled with their stupid "suppressives" list. This concerned any organization, group or person who might be opposed to Scientology. It almost goes without saying that a suppressive is also anyone Hubbard is or might be opposed to, especially any competitive therapy or mystical philosophy.



It would appear that their reaction to suppressives would be only in the interests of the person being audited. After all, they would want the preclear to be relatively free from distracting influences.

If one is undergoing any kind of therapy those closest to him should give him encouragement. But if they are openly opposed to the therapy and slander the therapist, they are holding the person back, if not actually doing him harm.

So the preclear is supposed to break all ties with those opposed to his being audited. Fine so far, but what if it is his wife? Leave her. A boss? Quit work. A church? Drop out.

No compromise. No working it out or adjusting to a less than ideal situation until they have helped you to rise above it. Just break clean and usually without notice. No letters. No phone calls. When they say break, they mean it!

And you must do it just the way they say. The E-Meter knows! And if you have phoned; if you still even have photos or souvenirs of the suppressive the E-Meter will tell on you. Then you are sent to the Ethics Officer.

Do you remember being sent to the principal when you were naughty at school? It's funny as you look back on it. But it wasn't funny then and the same thing is even less funny now that you are an adult.

My undoing was partly because of witchcraft. I was no longer a warlock and had no contact with any such group. But I had told them of my past membership in the Church of Satan. But I did have an excellent collection of books on witchcraft and the occult.

One of those books is an original copy of the third edition of "Saducismus Triumphatus" by Joseph Glanville and Henry More, printed in 1686. Another is "Letters on the Truths Contained in Popular Superstitions" by Herbert Mayo, M. D. printed in 1849. Both of these books are priceless and virtually unobtainable and I was bloody well not going to give





*Baphomet or Satanic goat*

---

them up.

Their possession had nothing to do with my recalling past incidents. It was simply a contest of wills. Unless I submitted totally to *their* will I was out. They wouldn't have it any other way.

In submitting to their will thousands of families have been broken up. The situation has gotten so bad that several countries have tried to ban Scientology.

The cruelest and most stupid example of the rejection of suppressives is described in Robert Kaufman's "Inside Sci-



entology". He tells of the Scientology academy at Fyfield in England. It seems an American couple undergoing auditing had a little boy whom the organization had labeled "suppressive".

His parents must have shown great strength of will in not abandoning or destroying the child. In the lunchroom the child would be made to eat off alone and away from the parents.

Kaufman said of him, on page 97 of "Inside Scientology". "He was the saddest little boy I ever saw, his pinched, bewildered features in complete contrast to those of his sunny little sister, who always sat with her parents". This treatment must have been hell on the child and I guarantee such parents will be hell on the rest of society.

In this submission to Scientology, the benefits to the preclear are secondary, if important at all. The main thing to Scientology seems to be to cut off from the preclear every influence which may offer him any alternative to their society or ideas. Actually, when they have totally cut him off from all appeals to reason he has only them and he belongs to them.

But isn't godhood worth it? What if you put aside, even for one whole life, all the things that keep you from advancing? What if you drop all those things, people and interests which came to you because of your negative impulses or were forced on you by bad circumstances? Could you possibly fail to improve in the long run?

In the case of Scientology you must examine the evidence. "Inside Scientology" tells of people who have advanced to Scientology's highest levels, paid thousands of dollars for auditing, dropped their families and friends and all contacts outside the organization.

Yet, many are still quarrelsome, vicious and hateful; human traits they should have dropped a long way back in their



program of super development. Bob Kaufman's most damning but simple indictment of these high level Scientologists is that after all their efforts, payments, self denial and alienation from the rest of humanity "They are no different from anybody else". And now, even these most loyal are dropping out of Scientology in droves.

When I was around the Scientologists in Los Angeles I looked for signs of superiority in those who had advanced to the higher levels. I didn't see anyone worth imitating, much less envying.

They boast of the great psychic and social abilities their followers can develop. They also boast that they have many distinguished public figures in their ranks.

I only read of one such in a brochure of theirs. He was actor Steven Boyd who played opposite Charlton Heston in "Ben Hur". He also played Livius opposite Alec Guinness in the 1964 epic, "The Fall of the Roman Empire". I considered him a fine performer and waited for his super-stardom. I haven't seen him in anything since. Maybe they told him the entertainment industry was suppressive.

I have no regrets about any of my psychic adventures. They were all either beneficial or instructive. Their entertainment value alone has been worth the price.

Warnings against such investigations are often valid. This is true of one who so wants to believe that he will accept an idea and then reject all other evidence to the contrary. Believing is fun but it must be tempered with reason.

Many people are so empty that they must latch on to a belief, any belief, just to have something. Nothing can shake that belief, no matter how foolish, because that's all they have.

Some people will get into one such group as I have des-





*Ya wanta get in the god game, Mac; it starts right here.*

---

cribed and lose everything and ruin their lives and perhaps even go insane. But these people have no one to blame but themselves. They are empty and unprepared. They rush in without first arming themselves with a basis of comparison.

There are a lot of con-artists in the god game and if you think you are going to get something for nothing you are



crazy to begin with. So if you are a natural born sucker it's a lot safer to buy a swamp.

There is a nonsense poem I have always enjoyed. I believe it fits the person seeking answers beyond the ordinary world of the five senses. It is "Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll. You can find it in "Through the Looking Glass."

### JABBERWOCKY

Tw'as brillig and the slithy toves  
    did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
    And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
    The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
    The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
    Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
    And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
    The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
    And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
    The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
    He went galumping back.



"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Following is an English Class essay I wrote on Jabberwocky in 1960.

## JABBERWOCKY

LEWIS CARROLL

"Jabberwocky", considered a nonsense poem by many, is actually an account of an initiation into the realms of the psychic and occultism.

Its beginning describes the daydream stage, the Lotus Land of the meek and the timid. This land is merely a transient flash of color and sound to the overly careful realists. Ere they feel themselves slipping over the edge to face the Jabberwock they draw back into the enervating reality of the printed form and the time clock.

The middle stanzas tell of one who has not drawn back. He is properly warned by the Great Story Teller that there are dangers here. There is no middle ground in the world of the occult. One either masters his fantasies or is mastered. Few dare beyond the outer rim of occultism. Many who do venture forth are caught up in the maelstrom of the negative elementals of the inner mind. These are lost and huddle in mental institutions or visit mediums for messages from Aunt

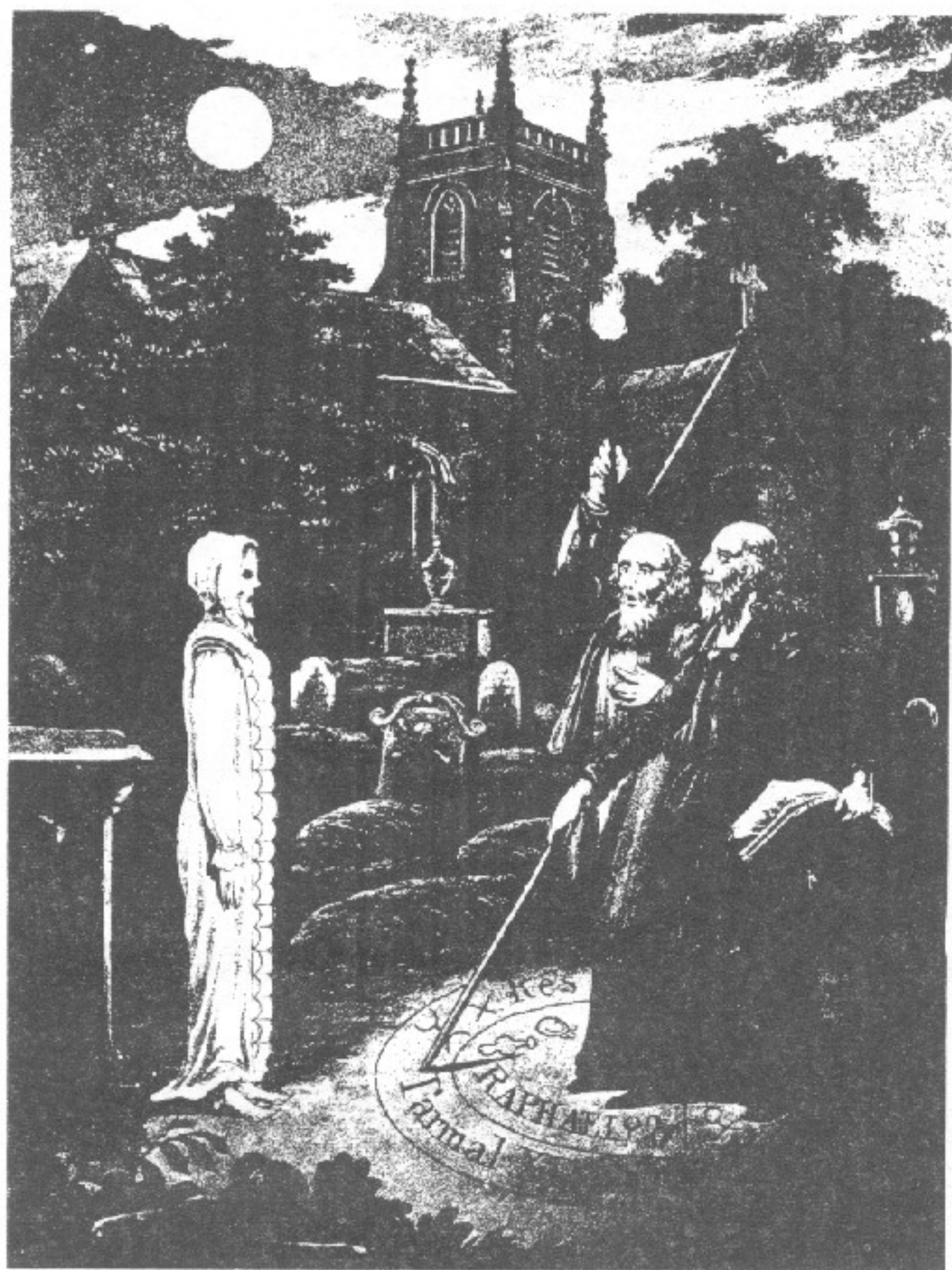


Abigail.

But some do penetrate the inner reaches of the occult and conquer. Their confidence in their power over the metaphysical concepts they may face carries them over any visionary crisis.

So, armed with the vorpal sword (a broad knowledge of the occult and the confidence to use that knowledge) the initiate goes boldly into that realm of the psychic and the unknown. Meeting the jabberwock and the Bandersnatch (the demons of the spirit world and the ignorance of this one) he conquers. That is the mark of a beamish person indeed.





*She says Elvis Presley will be a great spiritual leader; but what's an Elvis Presley?*



## 4

## BIBLE BANDITS

**A** BIBLE Bandit is one who uses the Bible to promote non-scriptural ideas. A Bible Bandit is also an unstable person who uses odd verses and phrases in the Bible to justify ideas and attitudes we consider vicious and ignorant today.

I am only concerned with the first type of Bible Bandit although I was brought up among the latter type.

The first type of Bible Bandit abounds in the world of occultism. If he were in many parts of Asia he could stay honest, since the occult is widely accepted there. But in a Judeo-Christian society he is as out of place as a Bible scholar in a herd of Jesus freaks.

The occult Bible Bandit promotes modern prophecy, astrology, spiritualism and reincarnation. He disregards the Bible writers' contempt and even hatred of such concepts and practices. Instead, he grasps at any scriptural straw to label his heresies "gospel".

I was brought up in the Church of Christ where I met many fine people and many silly ones. At the age of six I was



confronted with the threat that if I, a child, did not get right with God, then God would allow me to be tortured for ever and ever.

My father would occasionally maul me, usually with just cause. After the traditional screaming and yelling was over I was let alone and my atrocity was forgotten.

My elders in church often compared the heavenly father with the earthly one. The heavenly one was supposed to be infinitely loving. Yet he would permit me to be punished forever for disagreeing with a Bible story or for disobeying him. My own dad wasn't exactly loving but he would not have permitted me to suffer after a punishment was acknowledged. Their god just didn't ring true, somehow.

Yet this was my traditional religion so I stayed with it out of interest and because it was fun to debate church doctrine. Here I met my first Bible Bandits using the scriptures as threats against anyone so evil as to disagree with *them*.

I soon learned to counter every vicious threat with an equally absurd contradiction. I was once told it was bad to laugh and jeer at the account of Jesus cursing to death an innocent fig tree because it was unable to bear fruit out of season. (Mark 11:13-14, 20-21) I said that if Jesus did this he was a fool and a vandal, no matter what powers he had. I was threatened with hell-fire and damnation for not seeing the justice in it.

I answered with the account of the thief on the cross beside Jesus. That fellow got what was coming to him, by the laws of his time. He was not a Christian. He never put a nickel in the contribution. He never repented or was even baptized. (Luke 23:39-43) And when he was free and a thief, would Jesus' message have been more acceptable to him than me? Besides, if he knew anything at all about Jesus and his promises, a little last minute boot licking, it couldn't hurt.

So a child can be damned for unbelief while a dying thief



is saved. That is idiocy.

People who made such shabby use of their god as to use him as a booger man to frighten children were my first Bible Bandits. Far more interesting, however, were those I met later who used the Bible to win Christian converts to their unChristian beliefs.

The Bible was written by many different people with many different ideas of the Creator and what is right. Any agreement of one writer's idea of the Creator with that of a past writer was largely for convenience. As writer after writer put down his own views he agreed with former writers mainly to gain their followers.

It has always been so. Even in our time one group after another puts forth its pet theories under the heading of Christianity.

Since this book is mainly about prophecy I will deal with it first. Also, prophecy draws more heavily on Divine Authority than does astrology, spiritualism or reincarnation.

I have no quarrel with prophets who claim intuition or extra sensory perception. Even if a psychic says his talent comes from "God" and means the Universal Creative Force I have no argument.

But if he claims to be a strict adherent to a religion such as Judaism, Christianity or Islam, then his god is not a universal creative force. His god is a specific being and has a name, (Jehovah, Jesus, Allah) and a sex (He). This is a personal god as opposed to a Universal Creative Spirit.

Christians may disagree, saying that their god is universal. Yet their belief that non-Christians will not go to Heaven speaks for itself. (John 14:6)



Then, for a prophet to say "God told me", is to imply that Jehovah, Jesus, Allah, etc. knew that prophet and meaningfully imparted a message to him. If this were indeed the case there would be no margin for error. Nor would the message be given to him when he was not feeling well or under any circumstance where he would misinterpret it.

Would you give a friend an important message when he was drunk, half asleep, or otherwise distracted? Would not a superior entity be even more sure than you that the one given the message knew what was being told to him?

So for a modern prophet to say he is gifted by a personal god is arrogant, presumptuous and even blasphemous to the god he claims to represent. A claim of divine inspiration should be backed up by nothing less than a record of infallibility.

Each prophet should label every prophecy as either coming from his god, a prediction or simply a hunch. He should not put it on record unless he is sure of its source. Then in a few months, a year at most, the score should be tallied. If any prophecies by "God" prove false then the prophet should forever remain silent on future events.

In Old Testament times this silence was strictly enforced, by death. Deuteronomy 18:20-22 states: "20 But the Prophet, which shall presume to speak a word in my name, which I have not commanded him to speak, or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that prophet shall die. 21 And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? 22 When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him."

In case you are unfamiliar with Bible language I will try to make it plainer in light of the overall attitudes and practices



of that day.

In verse 20 Jehovah says, "If a prophet says something in my name which I didn't tell him to say, then you must kill him".

The questioner would naturally fear for his own life if he should try to kill a *true* prophet of Jehovah. So it is as if he asks in verse 21, "But how are we to know you didn't tell him to say what he said?"

Verse 22 gives the simple answer, "If what he prophesied in my name doesn't happen, then I didn't tell him to say it. So don't be afraid of him".

In Ezekiel 13:2-9, Jehovah demands of his followers that they actively oppose such prophets: "2 Son of man, prophesy against the prophets of Israel that prophesy, and say thou unto them that prophesy out of their own hearts, Hear ye the word of the Lord; 3 Thus saith the Lord God; Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! 4 O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. 5 Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. 6 They have seen vanity and lying divination, saying, The Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made *others* to hope that they would confirm the word. 7 Have ye not seen a vain vision, and have ye not spoken a lying divination, whereas ye say, The Lord saith it; albeit I have not spoken? 8 Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Because ye have spoken vanity, and seen lies, therefore, behold, I *am* against you, saith the Lord God. 9 And mine hand shall be upon the prophets that see vanity, and that divine lies: they shall not be in the assembly of my people, neither shall they be written in the writing of the house of Israel, neither shall they enter into the land of Israel; and ye shall know that I *am* the Lord God."

If the Catholics launch another inquisition, Jeane Dixon



had better run for her life.

Next to prophecies which don't come true are prophecies which would have certainly been made had our prophets been divinely inspired. In the Jan. 14, 1973 *National Enquirer* are the *Enquirer's* pet prophets with their predictions for 1973. Jeane Dixon is not among them but her coverage of 1973 in the Jan. 28, 1973 edition of *Family Weekly* alone has earned her the terrible wrath of her god, Jehovah.

Nine out of the ten *Enquirer* prophets listed business as usual for 1973. Romance, frivolity, earthquakes, cancer cures, etc. made this year's predictions much like those of last year. Not one predicted Watergate, the fuel crisis or the food shortage (which promises famine) or Vice President Agnew's resignation or the war in the Middle East. (In the Nov. 11 issue of the *National Enquirer* there is a story, headlined on the front page, of how "Jeane Dixon Predicted Agnew Resignation". This headline probably sold a lot of copies to Dixon Devotees but I can't credit a prediction published after the event occurred.

That the *Enquirer* has a vested interest in Jeane and any accurate prophecies is obvious. But trying to make capital out of a post-event prediction is a statement of their own resignation from the field of serious journalism.

According to their article, Jeane called *Enquirer* Executive Editor Iain Calder on Sept. 27 and insisted that Agnew would resign. If this is true, we will never know if she arrived at the prediction through divine inspiration or got it from one or more of the millions of Americans who expected Agnew to bow out any day regardless of his refusal to resign. Hardly a prediction needing psychic talent!

Again, if the story is true, she obviously wanted to get her prediction on record and certainly before it happened. But



why the *Enquirer*, published weekly instead of the *Washington Post*, which is a daily? A prediction that might come true any day lacks weight in a weekly publication and especially one which is not on sale until weeks after its stories have been set in type.

The article continues that Jeane wanted the story held up until she had the name of Agnew's successor. She couldn't get the name as of Oct. 11, the day after Agnew's resignation, but she said the chosen one would be great with Congress and in international affairs.

Again, hardly more than a shot in the dark. Even a quick reading of her paper boy's bubble gum cards would have told her that President Nixon would choose any one of many who fit this description.

Probably the *Enquirer* went to press on Oct. 12, since Gerald Ford's nomination was announced on Oct. 13. We can only imagine Jeane's frustration in so narrowly missing the opportunity to predict that we have a Ford in our future.

British astrologer Peter Clark predicted tighter price controls in the U. S. and a serious trade war for Nixon. He was not at all specific in these predictions and his other predictions were of little value if at all accurate.

Jeane Dixon, however, masterfully predicted just the opposite of what we see today. This not only proves her to be completely burned out as a seecress but Jews and Christians might see her as working for the opponents of Jehovah.

Repeating her 1973 predictions in *Family Weekly*: "The economy of our nation will continue to improve. — Our government will make wonderful strides in economic affairs, which will benefit all."

When things are rotten and getting worse, predicting business as usual is not only not prophecy but is a disservice to people who believe and might otherwise prepare. This is bad. And to predict good times when things turn out to be just



the opposite is not simply a mistake, it is actually evil. If people don't know what is to happen they should shut up.

If you had a lot of stocks, when things looked bad you would probably sell. But what if your stock broker told you he had inside information that your stock would rise? When you were wiped out, wouldn't you suspect him of working against you?

The Bible has quite a tirade and threats against such prophets. I refer you to Jeremiah 14:12-16. **"12 When they fast, I will not hear their cry; and when they offer burnt offering and an oblation, I will not accept them: but I will consume them by the sword, and by the famine, and by the pestilence. 13 Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, the prophets say unto them, Ye shall not see the sword, neither shall ye have famine; but I will give you assured peace in this place. 14 Then the Lord said unto me, The prophets prophesy lies in my name: I sent them not, neither have I commanded them, neither spake unto them: they prophesy unto you a false vision and divination, and a thing of nought, and the deceit of their heart. 15 Therefore thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets that prophesy in my name, and I sent them not, yet they say, Sword and famine shall not be in this land; By sword and famine shall these prophets be consumed. 16 And the people to whom they prophesy shall be cast out in the streets of Jerusalem because of the famine and the sword; and they shall have none to bury them, their wives, nor their sons, nor their daughters: for I will pour their wickedness upon them."** (italics mine)

The most maddening thing about many Bible Bandits is their insulting attitude toward the intelligence of those who want to believe in them. The worst offender I have found in this line is Jess Stearn, author of "The Door to the Future"



and "Adventures Into the Psychic".

He has a long and admirable list of credits as a working reporter but when he deals with the Bible he writes like a cub aspiring to be a hack. He obviously has no respect for the Bible as a great book.

An author who expects his works to be read by millions has no excuse for misquoting the Bible. To avoid mistakes one should use either Young's or Strong's concordance, The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible and two or more popular versions of the Bible.

All these can be found in most public libraries and certainly at any religious book store. So they are easily available, especially to any professional person.

Failure to use such aids leads to loss of credibility in the author's work. After all, if Stern is untruthful about things I can easily check, why should I believe his accounts of things which I cannot check?

On page 75 of "Adventures Into the Psychic" Stern writes, "...and is there not a Book of Prophets in the Bible...?" No Jess, there is not a Book of Prophets in the Bible. One has only to open a Bible and look in the Table of Contents to see that. There is a Book of Judges and two Books of Kings but no "Book of Prophets".

On page 19 he writes, "...as the Good Book says, that coming events cast their shadow before them". On page 24 of "The Door to the Future", he quotes Jeane Dixon as saying, "The Bible says that all events are foreshadowed".

The Bible does not say that coming events cast their shadows before them or are foreshadowed. In fact, this principle is contrary to the Biblical treatment of prophecy. Coming events were told by Jehovah to favored prophets.

Obviously, Jess Stern was heavily influenced in Biblical misquoting by the frauds he interviewed. This is still no excuse for not checking the statements himself.



Professional Bible Bandits will even quote Shakespeare and say it is from the Bible if it will convince one more ignorant sucker. That's how they have to work it if they want to make money in the god game but have no brains or ability. It also shows their contempt for those who believe in them.

Stern even makes Nostradamus out to be a Bible Bandit. On page 189 of "The Door to the Future" he quotes Nostradamus as saying about prophets, "Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to the small and weak."

This is a paraphrase of Matt. 11:25 and Luke 10:21. It does not describe people prophesying future events but instead, indicate those who accepted Jesus. Here, Jesus is exulting that the wise and prudent, who constantly mocked him, were blind to his message but it was instead revealed to babes. In Luke 10:17-21 it refers to the seventy simple folk Jesus commissioned to go out and preach that "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." (Luke 10:9)

In my criticism of Bible Bandits I don't mean to nit-pick. It is true that many Bible verses are vague and one man's interpretation is as good as that of another. But most verses, in context, mean just what they say. So whether one believes in the Bible or not, one must honor it for having a message of its own. A person who makes a verse mean anything he wants it to mean might just as well preach from the telephone directory.

Next we come to astrology and here the Bible Bandits really shine. On page 225 of "Adventures Into the Psychic" Stern writes, "...pinpointed the John F. Kennedy assassination with a fastidiousness that revived the Biblical concept that the stars ordain".

There is no Biblical concept that the stars ordain. Every



Old Testament reference to astrology is derogatory. Isaiah's derisive challenge to the astrologers should show his contempt for them and for any who might use them to foretell the future. He says in Isaiah 47:11-15, "**11 Therefore shall evil come upon thee; *thou shalt not know from whence it riseth*: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off: and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know. 12 Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast laboured from thy youth; if so be thou shalt be able to profit, if so be thou mayest prevail. 13 Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. *Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. 14 Behold, they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver themselves from the power of the flame: there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it. 15 Thus shall they be unto thee with whom thou hast laboured, even thy merchants, from thy youth: they shall wander every one to his quarter; none shall save thee.*"** (italics mine)

On page 115 of "The Door to the Future" Stern credits modern astrologers with finding over 200 references to astrology in the Bible. He especially cites Psalms 8:3-4 as the modern astrologer's Biblical sanction.

"**3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; 4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"**

This is the passage from which the astrologers made their corruption, "The stars ordain." You can see, however, that verse three says "**the moon and the stars which *thou* (Jehovah) has ordained**" and is not an indication that the moon and the stars, themselves, ordain anything. So this is



no reference to astrology at all. It is simply a worshipful comparison of the magnitude of the heavens and stars to the relative insignificance of man.

Nor do any of the other mentions of heavenly bodies in the Old Testament refer to astrology or to the predicting of future human events. Even so, Stern goes on to quote Genesis 1:14 "And God said, let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years:" (italics mine)

The heavens were the clock and calendar of those days. That's all the reference indicates; nothing more.

Job 38:31 says, "Canst thou bind the *sweet influences* of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" (italics mine) This is supposed to be a real clincher for astrology.

If the Greek translator of the Hebrew text got his names right he meant the Pleiades, a cluster of seven stars, particularly bright and pretty on a moonless night. On such a night I am greatly influenced by the heavens and especially thrilled by the brighter stars that hold my eye. I am influenced aesthetically. The whole chapter is poetry and might not the Pleiades have had a poetic influence on a Hebrew serenading his love?

Perhaps the writer meant the Pleiades in a certain place heralded the best time to plant barley. Or as a means of navigation they might have been the best beacon for finding the way home.

Do the astrologers believe that the term *sweet influences* can have only one meaning; theirs? And since the Hebrews were so hostile to astrologers I should choose any meaning to that verse over one favoring astrology.

The hostility to astrologers is further elaborated on in the Book of Daniel. Even Nebuchadnezzar found Daniel and his friends ten times better than his court astrologers. Dan. 1:



19-20. Read the following verses for yourself and as you go along you will probably conclude, as do I, that the writers of the Bible had little, if any, respect for astrologers.

Dan. 1:19-20, 2:3, 10, 27, 4:7, 5:7-8, 11, 15. It is true that the astrologers were asked to interpret the king's dream and the handwriting on the wall. These were not their specialties but by computing the king's birthdate, the date of the dream and of the writing, they should have been able to come up with a future highlight in the king's horoscope which would shed light on both the dream and the writing.

Stern carries the Bible sanction of astrology over to the New Testament on page 80 of "Adventures Into the Psychic." Here he writes, "Does not the Bible say the stars ordain and 'thy days are numbered like the hairs on thy head'?"

Again, the Bible does not say the stars ordain. Also, there is no such phrase in the Bible as "thy days are numbered." The real verse is in Matthew 10:29-31 and Luke 12:6-7. In Matthew it says, "29 Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. 30 But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. 31 Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Again, this is no reference to astrology. It is simply an expression of Jehovah's knowledge of his creation and the relative importance of man in that creation.

On page 225 of "Adventures Into the Psychic", Stern shows elation on behalf of astrologers with a recent version of the New Testament which describes the wise men as astrologers.

The story of the wise men, although a great motif for Christmas cards, is not consistent with Christian doctrine. In



fact, it is one of the shakiest tales in the Bible.

There is no basis for a belief that the wise men were Jews. And if they were not Jews there would be little reason for their coming all that way to worship *the King of the Jews*. (Matt. 2:1-2)

Furthermore, a real star serves as a fixed directional beacon for navigators but would not have "went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." (Matt. 2:9) A flying saucer, maybe, but a star, never.

The writer was probably a Hellenized Jewish Christian who wrote after the crucifixion. He most likely expected Jesus to come back in his lifetime and to become the actual, legal and divine, universally accepted, literal King of the Jews. It didn't happen. So if the wise men were astrologers, they were wrong.

Jesus was not accepted as King of the Jews then and he is not accepted by the Jews as their king today. I am sure that the wise men would not knowingly have made the trip in expectation of an event which would not occur before the next 1900 years, if ever.

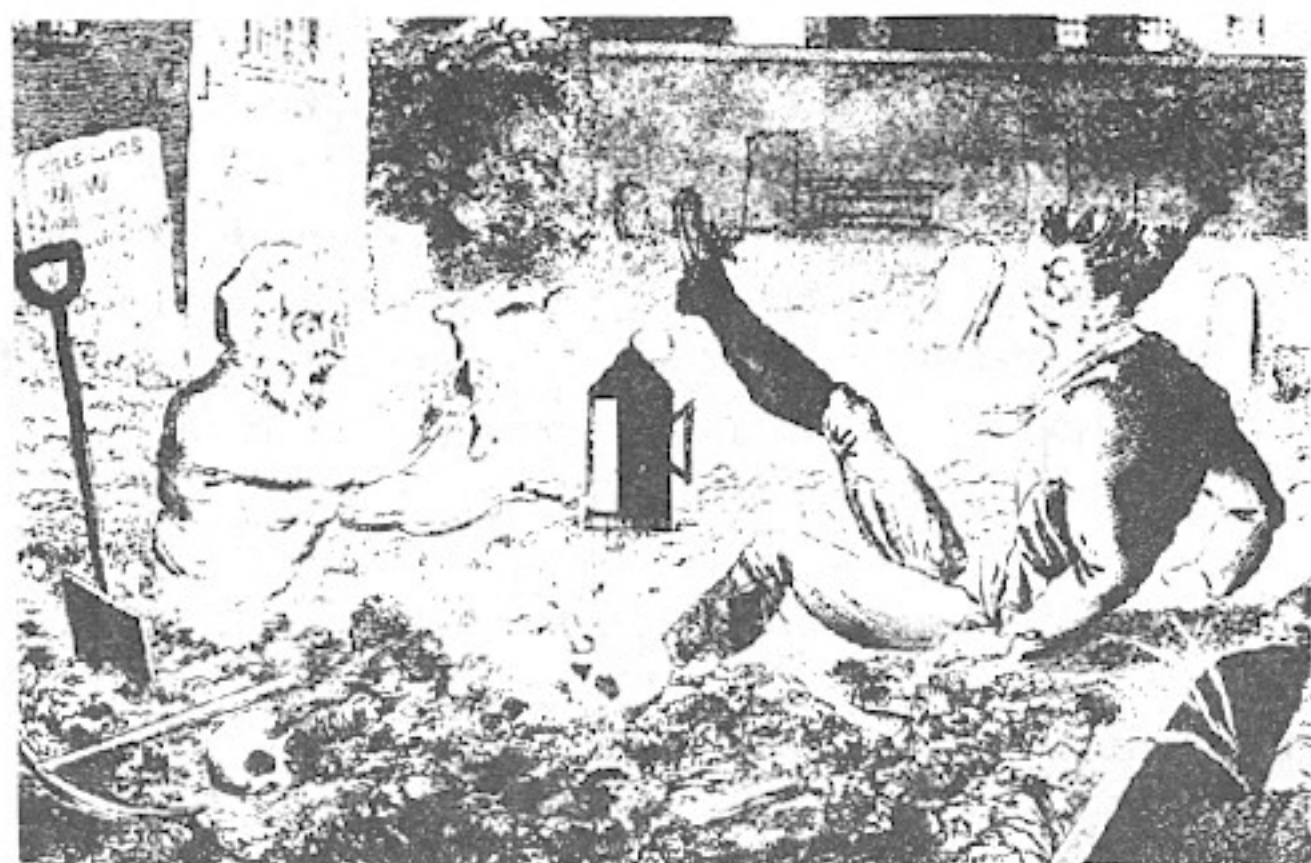
In spiritualism, also, Bible Bandits make a poor showing in proving Bible sanction. The worst offenders scripturally are the spiritualist churches.

They begin their services with a song, a prayer and the passing of the plate. Then, after a short inspirational talk sprinkled with irrelevant Bible quotes, and misquotes, the medium goes into the old act.

The one whose church I attended most was the late Rev. Mae Taylor. She was about the sweetest old lady I have ever met. She was very kind to me and so sincere I seldom challenged the moronic spirits who came through her to me lest I hurt her feelings.

Most of her congregation were old and lonely people. She would tell them she saw a golden globe going toward them or





*I don't care what that medium told you, I didn't take it with me.*

a golden key. She would tell them that their dead husbands or wives were watching over them and would visit at night and kiss their eyes. This undoubtedly gave a great deal of comfort to so many who had absolutely nothing else going for them so I found no fault in her.

Most such churches are very comfortable and non-controversial. They have their own congregations and have learned to live with scriptural inconsistencies.

The majority of legitimate trance mediums, trumpet mediums and those who produce materializations and other phenomena seldom try to pass for Christians. The real Bible Bandits among spiritualists, however, are those phonics out to snare rich Christian clients. They bring forth Jesus, Moses and saints for all seasons.

Their pet defence is the First Epistle of John 4:1-6.

**"1 Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. 2 Hereby know ye the Spirit of God:**



Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: 3 And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of god: and this is that *spirit* of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already it is in the world. 5 They are of the world: therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error."

This is very convincing to some bereaved person who yearns for contact with a departed loved one. Of course, if a client *does* challenge a spirit to see if it is of God, he is hooked. Those spirits can and will quote scripture like you wouldn't believe. They will lie and carry on and rattle off verse after verse, making most of it up as they go along.

If the writer of the First Epistle of John had known anything about the kind of spirits that come through mediums he would have known that this was no test at all. So he obviously meant an entirely different kind of spirit. The quote, the preceeding third chapter and the rest of the fourth makes no mention of familiar spirits, mediums or any kind of contact with the dead. This makes it even less likely that the writer meant *spiritualist's* spirits:

Then in verse six he says, "Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." Such spirits are purely figurative so we face the same question we had concerning the sweet influences of Pleiades. What kind of *influences*? What kind of *spirits*?

The First Epistle of John does not give approval to spiritualism. I can't even find a recognition of the phenomenon in the entire New Testament.

The Old Testament, however, is completely hostile to mediums, familiar spirits, etc. Leviticus 19:31 leaves no room for argument. "Regard not them that hath familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the



Lord your God."

This is reinforced by chapter 20, verse 6 which says, "And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

And death to the medium in the same chapter: "27 A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones: their blood *shall be* upon them."

Deuteronomy 18:10-14 catalogued Jehovah's competition and stressed that he would simply not put up with those who followed such practices. "10 There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire (human sacrifice), or an observer of times (astrologer), or an enchanter, or a witch. 11 Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. 12 For all that do these things *are* an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out before thee. 13 Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. 14 For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners: but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee to do so."

Lest anyone wants to nit-pick that a familiar spirit is only a spirit inhabiting a witch's cat instead of being a Medium's assistant in the spirit world, I give you First Samuel 28:3-20. The account is so direct and interesting I have quoted it all.

"3 Now Samuel was dead, and all Israel had lamented him, and buried him in Ramah, even in his own city. And Saul had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land. 4 And the Philistines gathered themselves together, and came and pitched in Shunem: and Saul gathered all Israel together, and they pitched in Gilboa. 5 And when



Saul enquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets. 7 Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said unto him, Behold, *there is* a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor. 8 And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: and he said, I pray thee, divine unto me by the familiar spirit, and bring me *him* up, whom I shall name unto thee. 9 And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that have familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land: wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life, to cause me to die? 10 And Saul swore to her by the Lord, saying, As the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing. 11 Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. 12 And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: and the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul. 13 And the king said unto her, Be not afraid: for what sawest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth. 14 And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it *was* Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself. 15 And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? and Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. 16 Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? 17 And the Lord hath done to him,



as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, even to David: 18 Because thou obeydest not the voice of the Lord, nor executedest his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. 19 Moreover the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines: and tomorrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me: the Lord also shall deliver the host of Israel into the hand of the Philistines. 20 Then Saul fell straightway all along the earth, and was sore afraid, because of the words of Samuel: and there was no strength in him; for he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night."

The writer of First Chronicles attributed Saul's defeat partly to his visit to a medium. 1 Chron. 10:13-14 says, "13 So Saul died for his transgression which he committed against the Lord, even against the word of the Lord, which he kept not, and also for asking council of one that had a familiar spirit, to enquire of it; 14 And enquired not of the Lord: therefore he slew him, and turned the kingdom unto David the son of Jesse."

Of course, that writer evidently had a different account of Saul's visit to the medium, since Saul, in 1 Sam. 28:6, *did* enquire of the Lord but got no answer.

Josiah, the fifteenth king of Judah, also disposed of the "workers with familiar spirits" as soon as he took over. (2 Kings 23:24)

Isaiah the prophet indicates that the only link between the living and the dead should be Jehovah. Isaiah 8:19 says, "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?"



An important non-Christian belief taught by many in the psychic set is the doctrine of reincarnation. Jeane Dixon has written a book called "Reincarnation Prayers to Live By." In her interview by Helen Bentley, Jeane implied that Jack Warner means to do a movie on it. This should be the most spiritually uplifting film since the production of "Portnoy's Complaint."

Many astrologers and spiritualists also teach reincarnation. This can be quite humorous among spiritualists. The same medium who will teach rebirth will bring forth Lincoln, Washington or even Cleopatra, all of whom would have been reborn by this time.

Many Eastern religions teach that a living organism is composed of a unit of conscious energy (soul, spirit) and a body. When the body dies the unit of conscious energy transfers to a brand new body. This is reincarnation.

Most Western religions teach that when the body dies the unit of conscious energy goes either to a place of eternal punishment or of bliss. Instead of torment, some Western religions describe a purgatory, or place of purification, where the unit of conscious energy is prepared for the place or condition of eternal bliss.

Reincarnationist Bible Bandits always back up their link of reincarnation with Christianity by quoting Malachi 4:5-6. Here Jehovah says, "5 Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: 6 And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Reincarnationists point out that Elijah was dead when those lines were written. He would then have to be physically reborn in order to carry out another mission.



The 17th chapter of Matthew describes Jesus' transfiguration on the mountain where his disciples saw him speaking to Moses and Elias (New Testament spelling of Elijah). In verses 10-13 Jesus explains that John the Baptist had at one time been Elijah the prophet and had returned as promised in Malichi 4:5-6.

Matt. 17:10-13 says, "10 And his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? 11 And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. 12 But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them. 13 Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist."

Further on, in John 9:1-3 it is plainly demonstrated that Jesus' disciples believed in reincarnation. John 9: "1 And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. 2 And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? 3 Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.

For the disciples to ask Jesus if sinning had caused the man to be born blind proves they believed in reincarnation. For how could he have sinned before birth if he had not lived before?

Jesus could not help but know they believed this and yet he did not say the belief was wrong. Instead, he explained in verse 3 that the man was born blind so that the works of God should be made manifest in him. In other words, the man was born blind so that Jesus could prove his powers by healing him.

This, in itself, puts the Christians in another dilemma. With so many naturally blind people around, would the Creator have blinded a baby just so Jesus could have come



along years later and shown off his powers?

Here is an admittedly innocent child, purposely doomed to years of misery as a blind person and a beggar (verse 8) and in verse 7. The senseless cruelty of it far outweighs any goodness demonstrated in the healing.

If these verses dealing with reincarnation were properly translated from the originals then it is obvious that Jesus and his disciples *did* believe in reincarnation. Yet believing a thing and teaching it are quite different.

The urgency of Jesus' mission no doubt caused him to threaten, with permanent, burning hell, all those who did not accept him as the Christ. Those who believed in reincarnation would not have been moved to drop everything and rush to get in under the wire before "the great and dreadful day of the Lord" came.

So Christianity teaches contrary to the doctrine of reincarnation. In Hebrews 9:27 Paul wrote, "And it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:...."

Jesus did indeed teach a burning hell. Matthew 5:22 says, "....but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." In verses 29 and 30 Jesus continues with the idea that not only does the soul not leave the body for a better existence but that the body will be cast into hell along with the soul. For who would care if his body were burned if he had left it? See also Matt. 18:9 where Jesus implies that the body will go to heaven and if a person has one blind eye here he will also have one blind eye there.

If you still doubt he was teaching a literal burning hell read Mark 9:43-48.

Matthew 10:28 tacks his non-separation teaching down. "28 And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

In Luke 16:19-26 Jesus illustrates hell in a parable. Here



the flames burn (24) and the sentence is permanent (26). So hell, as Jesus taught it, was not a state of mind. It was both physical and mental and it hurt and it was forever.

So neither Judaism nor Christianity sanctions belief in modern prophets, astrology, spiritualism or reincarnation. If you are still comforted by those who can sometimes see bits of the future, including the pregnancies of socialites, then go ahead and revere them. If astrology gives you your answers, fine. If you want to be a spiritualist, be one; if a reincarnationist, very well.

But these schools of thought are not sanctioned by Christian doctrines. If Christianity has any merit you only pollute it by adding to it ideas its authors didn't consider worthy of elaboration. It is silly to back up your own beliefs with three of four verses that have to be interpreted and nitpicked over.

If your philosophy can't stand on its own merits then abandon it. Otherwise, you only weaken your own philosophy and also the religion you cannibalize to back it up.





*You girls and your witch's brew with a vodka chaser!*



## 5

JEANE DIXON

**W**HILE researching this book I was talking with Bonnie Benzonelli Gool, owner of The Humboldt House, an antique store at 108 F Street in Eureka. A man was pawing over the goodies and half listening. Bonnie told him the subject was Jeane Dixon.

He seemed to snap to attention and replied, "Jeane Dixon? Hey, she's great, ain't she!"

Just the name, Jeane Dixon, fills people with awe. She has a reputation which anyone would envy. On researching her, however, I find that this reputation is largely undeserved.

Moreover, its perpetuation is a disservice to more honest and reliable people like Dr. Paul Ehrlich, author of "The Population Bomb" and William and Paul Paddock, authors of "Famine 1975." Many like them might get through to the people with worthwhile predictions if people like Jeane would only shut up.

But she will not get out of the limelight. She hangs in there, giving her devotees one prediction after another. If she is only partly right her publicists give her headlines. If she is dead wrong they cover it up.

She has even come to be credited with predictions she



never made. Soon she won't even need to open her mouth at all to stay on top. If she dies, she might, like spiritualist Arthur Ford, seem to go on giving predictions from the next world.

On another occasion I dropped an unfavorable comment about Jeane Dixon. A girl present said, "But Jeane Dixon predicted Nixon would get real sick at just this time."

I said, "Well, where did you see that?"

She answered, "In the *Enquirer* and it said in July at this time."

I went home and checked the *Enquirer's* 1973 predictions. Sure enough, in the Jan. 1973 issue, was a prediction about Nixon. It said that Nixon's position and his life would be seriously threatened. The most dangerous time would be in the early part of July when special precautions to safeguard him must be taken. The prediction went on, "This applies especially to air travel."

What actually happened was that President Nixon contracted viral pneumonia on July 12. To a healthy sixty-year-old man this normally amounts to a bad cold. Aggravated by tension and nervous upset, viral pneumonia is like a case of flu.

It is understandable that Nixon's troubles with Watergate would aggravate his condition. And as the president of the United States, any respiratory ailment would be regarded as dangerous. To take any such condition for granted would be stupid.

So it is agreed that Nixon's life was seriously threatened in the early part of July. What then? The prediction ended, "This applies especially to air travel."

Now, if the President had heeded the prediction he would have stayed on the ground during July. So what? The danger wasn't from an air accident but from a virus.



But the clincher to the prediction is that Jeane Dixon didn't even make it. She has so much undeserved fame as a prophetess that any accurate prediction one remembers will be credited to her.

Actually, Eve Petulengro, a British astrologer, made the prediction. I wasn't even going to include her in my book because her predictions are mostly for show-biz people and jet-set trash. I don't keep up with predictions about them.

I couldn't care less if Liz Taylor was to be a victim of a large scale robbery around May 13 (which she wasn't). Nor would I be bothered if Ari Onassis' shipping empire encountered major setbacks during the first part of 1973 (which it didn't).

Ho Hum also to her prediction that in 1973 Sophia Loren (another sacred cow) would have a terrible film flop and would not live it down for some time. I didn't know Sophia had lived down *any* of her films.

Eva's next prediction was that Alfred Hitchcock would suffer a physical ailment which would halt his film career. I hope not but it hasn't happened as of this writing. Her last, and quite vague, prediction was a tragedy in a major American family, causing mourning throughout the country. No such national mourning occurred.

Jeane Dixon got her inspiration to prophecy from an old Gypsy fortune teller. When the Gypsy examined Jean's hands she said, according to Ruth Montgomery, "This little girl is going to be very famous. She will be able to see world-wide changes, because she is blessed with the gift for prophecy. Never have I seen such palm lines!" Then she gave her a crystal ball.

It so happens that the Gypsy fortune teller was Madam Esther Pierce, the great-aunt of Bonnie Benzonelli Gool. She



passed on in the late 1920's, soon after she read for Jeane Dixon.

Madam Pierce had correspondence with people all over the world. Clients would write and ask her advice and several were people of importance, although none famous to history that Bonnie knows of.

She was a real Gypsy and died quite old. She lived across the street from Luther Burbank's property in Santa Rosa, California. She owned her own home, a nice little white frame house and lived in *it*, not in the caravan Jeane described, although Jeane's innocent childhood romanticism is understandable.

The only time she lived in the caravan was when she was on the road. When the good weather came she would go up and down the Redwood Country and into Oregon and Washington, telling fortunes along the way. When bad weather set in she would go back to Santa Rosa.

She was great at making predictions. People who knew her swore by her knowledge. A perfect stranger could go in and talk to her and she would sit there without even taking out her cards or looking at their hands or a crystal ball. Yet she could tell them things about their past that would always throw them. She was definitely telepathic.

She wouldn't have taken much notice of little Jeane Dixon, other than recognizing a budding telepath. She was always good with children and liked to give them a show and make them feel big.

Concerning the crystal ball episode, Bonnie said, "She gave a crystal ball to practically every little girl who came in there. She bought them by the gross.

"She was a good businesswoman; let's put it like that. She gave out crystal balls like merchants used to give out Christmas plates and souvenirs and things like that."

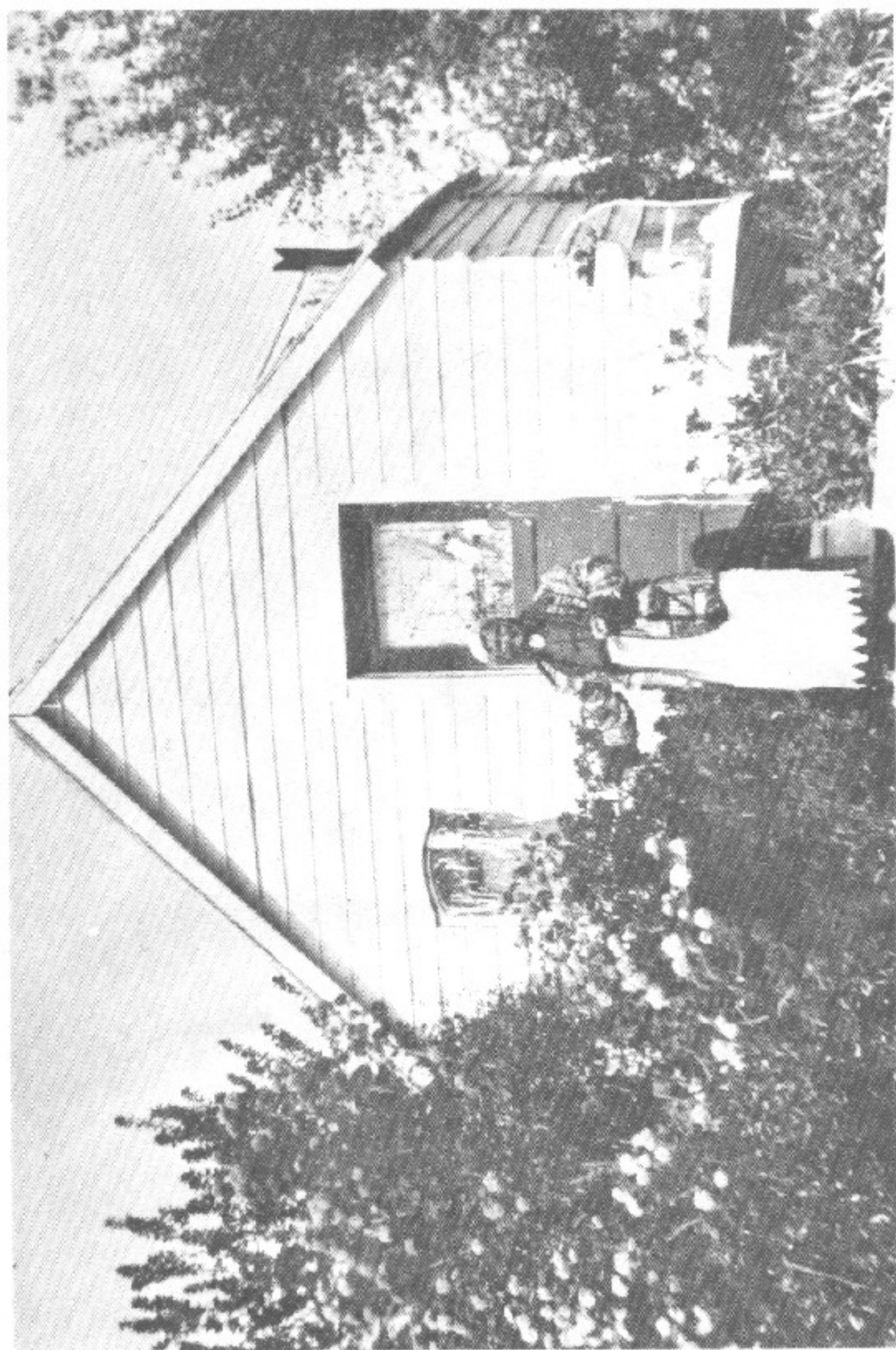
This flattered the mothers and they would generously





**Madam Ester Pierce, the Gypsy Jeane Dixon claims discovered her.**





Madam Pierce in front of the house she lived in.





Madam Pierce reading the palm of Bonnie's aunt.





Madam Pierce's caravan horse.





Madam Pierce with her dog.





Madam Pierce in her youth reading a client's palm at right.



cross her palm. She always told the kids nice things.

On the night Bonnie was born Madam Pierce predicted that she was going to rule two continents with her voice. She also predicted that Bonnie would die by drowning before she was forty. Bonnie has just passed fifty and still can't sing.

She did predict Bonnie's father's death and also her own. "When she moved from Santa Rosa she came to Healdsburg and lived just around the corner from us to be close to the family. She said she hadn't long to live.

"It was also strange that as she was dying she was with us and there was no notice sent out and no calls went to anybody. But within three days the yard was full of Gypsies who came from all over the country to pay their last respects.

She gave instructions that her caravan was to be burned. There is little likelihood that she was a Christian. Bonnie doesn't think she was.

Madam Pierce never gave a child a bad reading and seldom disappointed an adult. Her favorite prediction for little girls was that they would be able to see into the future. If those predictions had been based on psychic revelation instead of being simply professional flattery, there would be hundreds of women like Jeane claiming Madam Pierce as their mentor. Jeane Dixon was simply more impressionable than the rest.

Or maybe she just had more drive. If Madam Pierce had told Jeane she would rule two continents with her voice she might have become the Maria Callas of Pershing Square.

One ability Jeane apparently had, and which might have been noted by Madam Pierce, was telepathy. This is usually the springboard to prophecy. If one reads in another's mind a plan and that plan is completed, then the telepath can claim



to have seen the completed act as a prophecy.

For instance, if you are wanting to buy a house a telepath might tell you you *will* move into a new house, describing the kind of house you have in mind. If you have not told him of your plans you are amazed.

Furthermore, his "prediction" makes you even more confident of succeeding in your plans. You might even unconsciously be more on the lookout for the kind of house he described than the one you might have bought. So if you spot a house which reminds you of his description you snap it up. Then he is a prophet by reputation, without being a prophet at all.

Most of Jeane Dixon's prophecies for private clients read to me like her telepathic reception of hoped for gains. When such clients are assured that their hopes are a future reality they don't destroy their chances by anxieties and a lack of confidence. Total assurance of success will help most any plan to succeed.

Telepathic "prophecy" works just as well on a client who expects the worst from, say, a wild niece. If said wild niece spent last night in jail after a pot party the client will probably reflect worry about her and her future.

The telepath can then say, "You have a niece who is in danger. If she is not watched carefully she won't be with you long." These are your own worst fears. When your niece turns up a few weeks later, dead from a drug overdose, you go around praising the telepath as a true prophet.

Jeane claims to be a telepath and I don't doubt that she is one. But telepathy is not prophecy. To accept the results of telepathy as prophecy is to further discredit the real phenomenon of actually seeing into the future.

I'm sure Jeane has used telepathy for most of her right predictions. But it isn't enough for her to claim telepathic powers. Her ego seems so starved that when she does hit the



mark she boosts her image as one being an actual link between her "God" in Heaven and all the rest of us common trash here on Earth.

However, her arrogance in claiming such intimacy with the Christian gods, coupled with her errors, destroys her credibility.

I have no obligation to dwell on her accurate predictions. Her accuracy, as does yours or mine, speaks for itself. However, if one claims divine inspiration, one is not allowed inaccuracies, vagaries or downright lying. Also, to hold that the Creator would use such flawed and confused instruments to demonstrate the Presence is not only presumptuous but blasphemous.

In *Ladies Home Journal*, Nov. 1965, Bill Davidson quotes Jeane as saying, "The Holy Mother comes to me. God comes to me. He talks to me." Another quote from the same article, "My gift is from God and if I commercialize it he will take the gift away."

In that article she was credited with 60% accuracy. Now she is credited with 80%. But in light of her claims of divine contacts, less than 100% accuracy amounts to fraud. For, why should she settle for anything from a source which might be in error when she is so close to the source of all truth?

Yet, in that article, she is said to have predicted World War Three in 1958 over Red China's attempt to take Quemoy and Matsu. It also told of her prediction that Nixon would defeat John F. Kennedy in 1960. In a *Harper's* August, 1967 article she predicted a cure for cancer in that year.

On page 111 of "A Gift of Prophecy" she predicted that the Russians would be first on the moon.

Another claim made by Jeane is that she doesn't commercialize her talents. This is simply not true. She could not help but be wealthy from royalties on her book, "My Life and



Prophecies" and her interest in Ruth Montgomery's "A Gift of Prophecy." Her yearly predictions are also syndicated and she writes a column, "Your Horoscope" in *Rising Sign: The Astrology Newspaper*. She also lectures and is a guest on TV talk shows across the country. I consider her income from these enterprises legitimate, but it was she who made the claim of not commercializing on her "gift."

Then there is the real estate business she helps her husband with. In a July 1973 interview on the Helen Bentley Show in San Francisco, Miss Bentley asked Jeane, "Do people let you talk about real estate when they want to know what you have to say about them personally?"

Jeane answered, "I will not, I do not mix the two at all. They're one and apart. Church is church and this office is a business office."

Truly, I can't see her giving psychic readings in her real estate office. But wouldn't her presence make a potential customer choose her husband's agency?

After all, she couldn't afford to sell him a swamp. Real estate being a gamble for both the agent and the client, wouldn't a famous psychic minding the store better the odds for both parties?

If you wanted property would you go to John Doe, who might indeed sell you a swamp, or to Jeane Dixon, whom you would expect to handle only the luckiest properties? After all, John Doe has only the average real estate agent's reputation to maintain. Jeane, however, would be expected to have the inside track on good deals in property, promising far less margin for gamble than does her mundane counterpart, John Doe.

If she were representing the U. S. Government instead of "God," her husband's real estate agency might be termed a conflict of interests. Now admit it; wouldn't you feel safer buying land from Senator Sam Ervin than from that crummy



little John Doe?

This present topic, on my part, might seem biased and unfair. But again, Jeane made the non-commercializing claim and yet we are supposed to believe she does not use her name and reputation to promote her husband's business. A simple remedy would be for her to hire another real estate agent to take her place in the office.

Past performances mold opinions on present acts. A past performance of Jeane's is recorded on pages 19 and 31 of Jess Stern's "The Door to the Future."

Here, Jeane mentally saw a raffle ticket number for a Cadillac. She then deliberately pawed over the raffle ticket books until the right one was found. She bought the ticket for her husband and he got the Cadillac. The event was a war time benefit at Fort Meyer, Virginia.

Now the buyers of the rest of the tickets were probably patriotic. Yet we must assume that every buyer really wanted to win that Cadillac. How many of those tickets do you think would have been sold if it were known that Jeane Dixon had already, knowingly, bought the winning ticket?

We can only speculate how she knew the winning number. Possibly the manager of the raffle had already decided on what number to pick and Jeane read his mind. Or maybe she did have a real glimpse into the future. But it doesn't really matter and I will go along with the story that she got the number through her psychic powers.

But her act is proof that the possession of psychic powers is not an indication of honesty or goodness. And can Jeane deny that she was guilty of cheating and material profit through the use of "God's gift?" How else can one interpret it?

On pages 74 and 75 of Stern's book "Adventures Into the Psychic" he describes a female psychic who started out well and had a "true gift." She prided herself on not taking



money for readings. Nonetheless, she took in a fortune from commercial enterprises made successful by the publicity she constantly encouraged. She put out a stream of predictions which kept her in the public eye. In time she was psychically burned out and was so often wrong that she discredited herself and her fellow psychics.

Sound like anyone we know?

Actually, Stern wasn't writing about Jeane Dixon but the description fits her pretty well. On page 24 of "The Door to the Future" he quotes her as saying, "The difference between extrasensory perception and spiritual prophecy is materialism; and the more material you are the less clearly you see."

I credit her with having some extrasensory perception but no spiritual gift at all. Her accuracy is failing with every claim of "God's" revelation.

She now seems to have become desperate over the Watergate affair. Her reputation demands that she be abreast of all the big news stories. A famous psychic such as she cannot afford to have missed foreseeing something as big as Watergate. Her efforts to backtrack and claim credit for having predicted Watergate are becoming a pathetic exercise in futility.

When Watergate began to break big, one TV anchorman looked up from reading his notes on the latest developments. As I remember, although I am not sure, it was Harry Reasoner of ABC. He said, and I paraphrase, "In 1968 Jean Dixon predicted that President Nixon would be involved in a wiretap scandal but would come out of it all right."

*Rising Sign: The Astrology Newspaper*, Aug. 23 through Sept. 22, 1973, quoted Jeane's syndicated prediction on Oct. 20, 1968. "A wiretapping scandal which I have predicted previously is yet to come. It will involve Richard Nixon, but will show him as a sincere man and will help his public image—The entire matter will affect Mr. Nixon favorably and would seem to put him in a position to right a great wrong,



which would be for the good of the image of the United States." (*italics mine*)

It is obvious by now that Nixon will never live down Watergate, as far as his political career is concerned. His hedging and his refusal to hand over the tapes has caused the majority of Americans to doubt his sincerity. Whatever she saw, her prediction that it would be a credit to Nixon was dead wrong.

Also, such a prediction would have been quite easy, since wiretap scandals have been popping up for years and Nixon was bound to be involved in one sooner or later.

Furthermore, for a prediction to carry any weight as a prophecy it must not only be specific about the person involved but must indicate the importance of the event.

For instance, a prophet might say a person would be in a boating accident but would come out of it all right. Now, if this person were to be out fishing on a lake and his boat turned over and he was able to swim safely to shore this would be a proper prediction. But if the person were, instead, a survivor of the sinking of the Titanic, the prediction would have been so pitifully inadequate as to be nonsense.

Furthermore, what if the prediction was that the person would be in a boating accident and come out all right, but he drowned. This would invalidate the prediction.

In her Helen Bentley interview Jeane said, "This prediction about the wiretapping, I picked up the man-made plans right after the murder of the Diem regime (Nov. 2, 1963) in Viet Nam. And may I warn too; and I wrote a letter to the President then; I said, "Please, let's listen to General De Gaulle. Let's not send men into Viet Nam, help him with money.



(Him who? De Gaulle? The French were out of Viet Nam by then) If we do we'll fall into the trap that has been so cleverly contrived for us in the Far East by our opposing forces. And this Watergate is another trap, and a big one."

Helen Bentley then said, "We'll go on to another question." I didn't blame her. Helen is a kind soul.

Now, Jeane's statement was that she had picked up man-made plans to wiretap the Democratic campaign headquarters. In saying she *picked up the man-made plans* for the bugging, she eliminated prophecy or seeing the thing as an accomplished event.

So the only way we can give her claim any validity is to believe that there were actually plans afoot to bug the Democrats two election campaigns ahead! It is to laugh. The thing was done so badly that all the participants committed political suicide and several were jailed. It could not have been planned more than a few weeks before, much less eight years!

Maybe the man-made plans she picked up were from Nixon, himself. In 1956, Nixon's brother, Donald, received a \$205,000 loan from Howard Hughes. There was a report that the President had the Secret Service tap Donald's phone for about a year, sometime after he became president in 1968.

It could be that in 1963 Nixon planned to bug *his brother's* phones as soon in the future as he could arrange it, in order to make sure Donald's big financial deals were legitimate. That might have been the bugging plans Jeane picked up at that early date. It seems more reasonable to believe this than that political bugging plans were entertained eight years before the plans were to be put into effect.

Jeane simply did not predict Watergate. Fears of failure in this might then have prompted her to credit the prediction to the Bible. The July 31, 1973 Hollywood Squares TV show mentioned this in one of their questions. It was claimed that



Jeane Dixon said that Watergate was predicted in the Bible in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah.

This book of the Bible recounts the return of the Jews from captivity and their project of reestablishing themselves in Jerusalem about 2415 years ago. Several gates are mentioned as being under repair and as meeting places. At that time I think they were too involved with their own problems to be concerned with American political cheating 2415 years in their future.

In Nehemiah there is the sheep gate (3:1, 32, 12:39), the fish gate (3:3), the valley gate (3:13), the dung gate (3:13, 14, 12:31), the fountain gate (3:15, 12:37), the *water* gate (3:26, 8:1, 3, 16), and the horse gate (3:28).

The main *water* gate verse reads, "8:1 And all the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street that was before the water gate; and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel."

Now, according to Bible Bandit Jeane, we are to believe that this was not an account of a meeting which happened 2415 years ago at the water gate in Jerusalem, but the Democratic Party's convention to nominate their presidential candidate in 1972. The man the Bible writer meant was not Ezra, the Jewish scribe, but George McGovern, the American senator. Nor did they mean "**the book of the law of Moses which the Lord had commanded unto Israel**", but the U.S. Constitution of James Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, etc. which our founding fathers had commanded unto America.

Read the rest of the eighth chapter of Nehemiah for yourself. If you still believe it is a prophecy of our times instead of a meeting which took place in Jerusalem about 444 B. C., then good for you. If you run next door, I'm sure your neighbor will give you a cooky.



One of Jeane Dixon's proudest boasts is her palm prints, especially her left one. She goes into ecstasies over this configuration of lines, stars, mounts, etc. and puts it forth as proof that she indeed has the gift of prophecy.

I have made only a slight study of palmistry. I have compared my head, heart, life lines, etc. with examples in books. I have not been impressed. With so many better ways of determining a person's characteristics and potentials I find the palm print to be the least rewarding and believe it to be a waste of time.

I have visited palmists at times and found their examination of my palms to be irrelevant, especially if they studied only my hands. In comparing notes with others I have found that most palmists use the same general method.

They first make a great show of pointing out the lines, stars, mounts, etc., as if educating you in the art. In this form of light hypnotism they relax you and get you to fix your gaze on your palm.

As they go through their palmistry lecture, which they know by heart, they are constantly examining your face. While they talk in generalities of past family problems they will mention parents, children, wives, husbands, etc. When they see you become alert at one of these mentions they become more specific. This applies to occupations, interests and experiences which we all share but which affect us differently.

So by our reactions, the generalities are narrowed down to specifics. A good palmist is usually a good psychologist or maybe even a telepath.

If you are a woman who knows of a palmist go to her as you are and let her do her stuff. Remember well what she told you. Better, take notes afterward or carry a tape recorder in your purse.

Go again a month later wearing a heavy veil as if you were



in mourning. If she can't examine your face and if you don't give her much assurance by telling her when she is right you will really show her up as a phoney. Of course, if she is legitimate, all she needs to tell your fortune is to see your palms. Your refusal to help her otherwise will not bother her at all if she is for real.

I would say this estimate of mine concerning palmists is about 90% accurate. The reason for this is that serious, talented occultists seldom use palmistry as their advertised way of making money.

Palmistry may be a revealing science among occultists who study the palm only and not the face. This would also demand an extensive comparison of thousands of palm prints of persons to see if murderer's palms were the same and if the palms of creative geniuses were the same and so on.

I don't think Jeane's "discoverer," Madam Pierce, was such a scientific palmist.

Yet Jeane uses her palm as one proof that she is divinely gifted as a psychic. On her Helen Bentley interview a woman asked her, "Jeane, I have a question about your palm. I'm very curious about your palm; about the mystic cross."

Helen Bentley then said, "Let's see it, can we?"

Jeane answered, "Everybody asks about the palm of my hand. Here it is. Here is the moon and a tremendous star. You see; here is the moon and a tremendous star. And if you notice, my hands, on the inside, look like very, very old hands. That means the spirit in my body and soul is very, very ancient. (Her prophetic palm is best described in Ruth Montgomery's book, "A Gift of Prophecy" on page 15).

"And this is it; it is a moon here with a tremendous star. And when people come from the far eastern orient it's the first thing they ask. They will not even shake hands with me.

"And there's even been some people who come from India, Pakistan, and that, who *when they see the palm of my*



*band, they will lay prostrate on the ground, saying, 'God has given you the gift of prophecy.' "* (Italics mine)

I have never seen Jeane's palm. Such a great palm should be shared by others. She should at least give scientific palm-ists a chance to compare it with the palms of us lesser mortals.

I challenge her to publish her palm print along with her birth statistics. In fact, this should be a requisite for all psychics who claim exceptional abilities as shown by their palm or birth dates. (Incidentally, I was born at 11:25 a.m. on March 6, 1932 in Wichita, Kansas at home)

Lastly, we come to the two private audiences Jeane claims to have had with President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. She says the first took place on a Thursday at 11 a.m. sometime in November of 1944. The next claimed visit was again on a Thursday at 11 a.m. in mid-January of 1945.

Jeane's first account of her visits is on pages 25-27 and 36-38 of Jess Stern's "The Door to the Future." The second is on pages 43 through 48 of Ruth Montgomery's "A Gift of Prophecy."

In Jess Stern's book she tells of only one appointment.

Here she begins the account by making it very secretive. She blames a story by a columnist on the cab driver who took her to the White House. But do Washington cab drivers know which of their thousands of White House fares have appointments with the President?

And why the secrecy on her part or the President's? And if there was felt a need for secrecy due to possible official embarrassment the meetings would not have been scheduled during the normal hours of presidential business.

To Stern she went on, seemingly ill at ease and wanting to change the subject. He pressed her, however, and she con-





*Whattaya want Dearie, TWA?*



tinued, telling him that she saw no one else in the White House but Roosevelt, not even a guard. There was only one lone guard outside the White House.

Here she tells of a call from a woman, also a confirmation call and that the outside guard knew of her appointment. On page 38 the lone White House guard has come from outside the building and is now just outside the President's door.

In this incident, Jeane Dixon paints a picture of a Thursday morning at 11 a.m. during the height of the greatest war in human history. The dwelling and person of the most important man on earth at that time is virtually unguarded and no business is being conducted. One lone guard outside the building. No guard or anyone else inside between the entrance, the corridor and anteroom outside the President's oval office!

In Ruth Montgomery's "A Gift of Prophecy," Jeane tells of *two* appointments to talk to Roosevelt, both again, at 11 a.m.

She seems to have considered the absurdity of her account to Jess Stern in his book published in 1963. She made it more believable in her account to Montgomery in 1965. However, I question her good sense in changing her story at all since both stories were to be public record and making them differ could not help but make one, or both, a lie.

But I digress. In the Montgomery story on page 43 she tells of the phone call from a woman making the appointment and then of its later confirmation by a man. On her arrival at the White House she gave her name to a guard who expected her and waved her inside the grounds. She walked to the White House and entered a lobby where she was met by William D. Simmons to whom she gave her name. Simmons then led her past a guard who greeted her by name.

After this appointment yet another appointment is described on page 46. In this appointment she places a group



of men sitting in the lobby.

The impression given by the first story is one of loneliness. Here is sweet mother Jeane comforting this poor, lonely man with all the troubles of the world on his shoulders.

Had the setting been real she would have had to step over the body of the lone guard and wait in line behind hoards of Nazi and Japanese assassins. War time, you know.

Her tale to Montgomery gives Roosevelt both an inside guard and an outside guard. And with Mr. Simmons present, there is no appearance of a security gap. But the differences in the stories of the appointments caused me to doubt that the appointments took place at all.

I sent a letter to the White House Appointments Secretary. I included Xerox copies of all the book pages referring to the appointments. My letter was forwarded to James B. Rhoads, Archivist of the United States. He, in turn, forwarded it to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library where it was answered by William J. Stewart, Acting Director.

Now, according to both versions combined of Jeane Dixon's first appointment with Roosevelt, at least five persons knew of her appointment. There was the secretary who made the appointment, the man who called to verify it, an inside guard, an outside guard and Mr. Simmons.

Yet, according to Mr. Stewart, "Her name does not appear in the White House appointment diaries for the periods indicated, and we are unable to find elsewhere in the papers here any evidence that she met with the President."

There would have been no need to omit her appointments from the records because of secrecy. And if secrecy was wanted due to possible official embarrassment, the appointments would have been scheduled for the evenings during the President's free time. Such evening appointments *might* have stayed off the records.

Since the appointments were made three days ahead there



was no urgency. Nor were they just casual meetings. So since the appointments were neither urgent nor casual, and since at least five government employees knew of the appointments, there is no reason to believe they could have been left out of the appointment diaries.

Following are four letters. The first is the carbon of mine to the White House. The second is from James B. Rhoads, the National Archivist. The third is from William J. Stewart, Acting Director of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. The fourth is from John W. Warner, Jr., Assistant to the Director, United States Secret Service. Never let it be said that our government is too big to be helpful and cooperative.



## Atlas Formulaires

P. O. Box 438

Eureka, California 95501

July 23, 1973

White House  
Appointments Secretary

Dear Secretary:

I am working on a book entitled, "Our Modern Prophets; How Accurate Are They?".

Jeane Dixon claims widely to have had two private audiences with President Roosevelt in 1945. Only her version of the interviews are given, naturally.

I can't believe her versions. Also, her description of White House security in those critical times is silly.

I researched all the back articles available on her and find no verification of such a visit. An unnamed Time writer wrote for August 13, 65 that, "no historians seem to have recorded the event."

I feel that if one citizen can make so much indirect capital out of claiming two visits to a president, then the rest of us citizens have a right to know if those visits actually took place. It would also be interesting to know if White House security was so lax during war time.

As stated in the excerpts of "A Gift Of Prophecy" by Ruth Montgomery, the first appointment was on a Thursday at 11:00 A.M. in November of 1944. The second was in mid-January and again at 11:00 A.M. in 1945.

The first excerpt, from "Door To The Future", by Jess Stearn, 1963, tells of one lone guard outside and no one inside. In Montgomery's book, 1965, she's made the security believable, although the accounts are now in total conflict. Wouldn't you just love to see Dixon on that Watergate thing?

I would very much appreciate it if your office would either verify or deny those two appointments, and her account of White House security. It would also be fantastic to learn, if the appointments took place, they were bugged.

Thank you for your time and I do hope you reply.

Cordially yours,

*Kurt Saxon*

Kurt Saxon



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION

*National Archives and Records Service*  
Washington, DC 20408



August 8, 1973

Mr. Kurt Saxon  
Atlas Formularies  
P.O. Box 438  
Eureka, California 95501

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Your letter of July 23 has been referred by the White House Appointments Secretary to me for reply. If there is any information available to respond to your questions, it is most likely in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, Hyde Park, New York 12538. We have asked the director of the Roosevelt Library, Mr. Josef C. James, to have the staff make a search for evidence relating to your interests. You will hear directly from him before long.

Sincerely,

JAMES B. RHOADS  
Archivist of the United States



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION  
*National Archives and Records Service*  
*Franklin D. Roosevelt Library*  
*Hyde Park, NY 12538*



August 16, 1973

Mr. Kurt Saxon  
Atlas Formularies  
P.O. Box 438  
Eureka, California 95501

Dear Mr. Saxon:

This is in reply to your letter of July 23 to the White House and referred to us through the Archivist of the United States.

We are unable to affirm or deny that Jeanne Dixon visited Franklin Roosevelt as stated in the book A Gift of Prophecy. Her name does not appear in the White House appointment diaries for the periods indicated, and we are unable to find elsewhere in the papers here any evidence that she met with the President. However, Mr. Roosevelt was in Washington at the times mentioned so we cannot say that it was impossible for them to have met then.

I am sorry that we do not have detailed information as to how many guards were posted at particular posts at the White House.

Sincerely yours,

*William J. Stewart*

WILLIAM J. STEWART  
Acting Director





OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY  
UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20223

September 11, 1973

Mr. Kurt Saxon  
P. O. Box 438  
Ureka, California 95501

Dear Mr. Saxon:

Your recent letter to the White House Appointments Secretary requesting information about certain meetings with President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1945 has been referred to the Secret Service for reply.

We are unable to provide you with the information you requested. Secret Service policy prohibits our commenting on the President's (or former Presidents') appointments or itinerary.

You may wish to write to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Presidential Library, Hyde Park, New York 12538, for any information they may be able to provide on this subject.

Sincerely,

John W. Warner, Jr.  
Assistant to the Director



## MOTHER SHIPTON

People believe what they want to. "My mind is made up; don't confuse me with facts." But if your only comfort is in a provable lie you are poor indeed.

As I have shown early in this book, people believe in a psychic this year even though her last year's predictions were wrong. Occultists in various fields claim they are backed up by the Bible. Their claims are false and could easily be checked but their devotees don't want honesty in their fantasies.

The oddest of the true believers, however, are the Mother Shiptonites. I can't recall how many sensational articles I have seen which glorify Mother Shipton's prophecies, especially the goody about the world coming to an end in 1991.

Anyone with more than just a casual interest in Mother Shipton can find several references to the hoax in the nearest library. Even Jess Stern, on pages 141-146 of "The Door to the Future," gives an excellent exposure to the Shipton nonsense.

Yet the *National Enquirer* for Jan. 4, 1970 gives the lie nearly a full page. "The World Will End In 1991," says the headline of a story by Martin Glass, quoting Eric Maple.

Martin Glass cannot be excused for his failure to research Mother Shipton. Eric Maple is touted as being Britain's foremost authority on folklore and superstition. If Eric was not simply trying to make Martin Glass look like a fool then Eric is a liar and a fraud.

Following is the reprint of the *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for December 1881. If you read it well you will see that people then were just as gullible and the psychic swindlers had easy pickings.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCLXXIX. - DECEMBER, 1881. - Vol. LXIV.

There has recently come under my own personal observation evidence of the extreme anxiety of the common people to verify any alleged extraordinary phenomenon. Fifteen years ago one Charles Hindley, while editing certain old and worthless pamphlets that were hawked about London two hundred years ago, much as Zadkiel's Almanac is now, conceived the sorry notion of publishing the "Prophecies of Mother Shipton"—certain prophecies of his own forging. These fictitious utterances were embodied in that kind of runic doggerel which prevails in the Roxborough Ballads, and they represent the old female "astrologer" Mother Shipton (who was born about the year 1488) as predicting:

"Carriages without horses shall go,  
Around the world thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders do.  
England shall at last admit a Jew.

"A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England—but, alas!  
War will follow with the work,  
In the land of the pagan and Turk;  
And state and state in fierce strife  
Will seek each other's life.  
But when the North shall divide the South,  
An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.

"The world then to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

The allusions in this doggerel to steam, the telegraph, iron ships, California, Disraeli, the American war (going on while Hindley was writing), and even the Crystal Palace, at once attracted the attention of antiquarians. A correspondence occurred in *Notes and Queries* (Series IV., vol. ii.), and in the end Hindley's confession of the forgery was made and published. But the Chinese proverb was veri-

fied that the royal chariot and postilions can not overtake the word once escaped. These fictitious utterances obtained a wide circulation and belief among the class which is not accustomed to read *Notes and Queries*, and unfortunately among these appears to be some person authorized to write in a respectable London journal. In the *Globe* newspaper of February 17, 1877, portions of the forged predictions were printed as being very wonderful, and, still more wonderful, they were said to have been "published" in 1448, *i. e.*, before the introduction of printing! The allusion to the war in Turkey—the only hit really—attracted attention, and the immediate result was that the "prophecies" were printed on a card, price twopence, now sold in vast numbers throughout the length and breadth of the land. On the windows of hundreds of newspaper and candy shops in London one reads, "Read Mother Shipton's Wonderful Prophecies!" Having invested his twopence, one possesses a coarse piece of pasteboard, five inches by three, on which are the lines already quoted, and more of a similar kind, under the following heading: "Mother Shipton's Prophecies! Have recently been discovered in the British Museum, written in an old manuscript work, A.D. 1448, and portions have been published in the *Globe* newspaper of February 17, 1877. This wonderful woman lived till she was of extraordinary age. She died at Clifton in Yorkshire, from which is taken the following epitaph, copied from a stone monument:

"Here lyes she who never ly'd,  
Whose skill often has been try'd,  
Her Prophecies shall survive,  
And ever keep her name alive."

But besides this cheap edition of the spurious additions to originally spurious "prophecies," there is on the market a sensationally decorated sixpenny book, which, I am told, is being circulated widely in all the colonies, and possibly it is known in America. On the cover Mother



## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Shipton is represented careering amid comets and stars on her broomstick, her familiars accompanying her in shape of a cat crouching behind her, and an owl perched before her on the broom handle. The steam train and the balloon, which she is declared to have predicted, are included. Inside is related the old story of Mother Shipton's birth from the unhallowed marriage of her mother with the devil; the prodigies which attended her infancy, such as her cradle being found suspended up the chimney with the child in it without visible means of support, and her reading a book at first sight; and then the prophecies after the fact forged in the seventeenth century, followed by those forged in this nineteenth century. The fact is notable that on the placards and on the book-cover the thing made most prominent is the prediction that the world is to come to an end in 1881. This is the most fascinating item. It is notorious that English mines have within these recent years remained vacant for twenty-four hours where Zadkiel's Almanac had predicted an explosion on that day; and it is not at all unlikely that after the growing interest in the events of 1881, if that year shall be safely passed without an explosion of the planet, Mother Shipton will be blown as sky-high as in the picture, and a world of delusions will come to an end.

I fear it will be impossible otherwise to deliver the English masses from this unhappy piece of miseducation. And yet there has been revealed amid it all the popular hunger for truth. I am assured by friends of mine employed in the British Museum that for months that institution has been fairly besieged by people anxious to know if there be any such manuscript as that referred to, or if the predictions are genuine. And even after the uniform denial had been given for seven or eight months after the *Globe* article appeared, there were sometimes as many as fifty applications in a single day, most of them from working-people who could little afford the time.

The forger of these "prophecies" may have been unconscious of the full character of his crime; but a little reflection will show that the class of minds which have been misled at a vital point is precisely that which most requires exact guidance in distinguishing the rational prevision



THE REAL MOTHER SHIPTON.

from that which would be marvellous, and both of these from that which would be monstrous. They whose belief (or even quasi-belief) is built up by a certain process of honest reasoning, on however mistaken premises, do not yield a position merely to authority, and that is all the busy men at the Museum can spare time to give the multitudinous inquirers. What is mere unsupported denial against the vast number of facts built into the pyramid whose apex Hindley selects to pedestal his lie? Toward the close of the fifteenth century—certainly more than a generation after the date given above, 1448—lived the woman who became known as Mother Shipton, whose repute as a prophetess, however, rests upon nothing earlier than 1641. At that time a pamphlet appeared with this title: "The Prophetess of Mother Shipton. In the raigne of King Henry the Eighth. Foretelling the death of Cardinall Wolsey, the Lord Percy, and others, as also what should happen in insuing times. London. Printed for Richard Lowndes at his shop adjoyning the Ludgate, 1641." On the title-page is a nearly full-length and very coarse woodcut, not of the conventional "witch," but of the mediæval country-woman. The



book was evidently forged, probably by the "astrologer" of the time, Lily, and it is to be feared that the evidences of the success of the forgery two hundred years ago set an all too tempting example before the artful editor of 1862. As a specimen of the "Prophesie," I have transcribed from the ancient book itself the concluding sentences: "Then shall be in the North that one woman shall say unto another, Mother, I have seen a man to-day, and for one man there shall be a thousand women; there shall be a man sitting upon St. James's Church Hill weeping his fill; and after that a ship come sayling up the Thames till it come against London, and the Master of the ship shall weep, and the Marriners shall aske him why hee weepeth, seeing he hath made so good a voyage, and hee shall say, Ah, what a goodly Citie this was! none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drinke for our money." This was Lily's great and only lit—if, as is probable, he wrote the book—for the great fire of London occurred twenty-five years later, and the astrologers had no difficulty in putting that and this together. The last lines in the book are these:

"Unhappy hee that lives to see these days;  
But happy are the dead, Shipton's wife says."

It is very likely that in this couplet we have some "old wives' rune," which had lasted like a nursery rhyme, or like "Poor Richard's" saws of a later day, and that this suggested the idea of fabricating a number of prophecies so vague that one or two at least might be fitted on to some events likely to come, and ascribing them to the old Dame Shipton.

**END**